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HISTORY

OF THE

GALLEY FAMILY

WITH

ocal and Old-Time Sketches

IN THE YOUGH REGION

BY

HENRIETTA GALLEY and J. O. ARNOLD, M.D.

Edition Limited to 350 Copies, of which this is N_0 . 304

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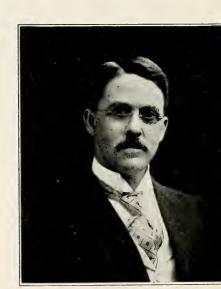
HON. HENRY GALLEY.

Author of the first chapter of the Family History and proposer of the Galley Family Reunion.



HENRIETTA GALLEY.
Secretary of the Galley Reunic
and author of the FAMILY
HISTORY.

JESSE OGLEVEE ARNOLD, M.D.
Author of the Local and Old-Time Sketches and Editor and Publisher of the Book.



Preface

HEN Henry Ward Beecher was asked for what he was most thankful life, he replied: "Ancestors, ancestors that loved God, and did not f man."

The mission of this little book, is to honor the memory of worthy and rs, who loved God and feared not man; and to aid in preserving the hister those ancestors, and of the life, manners and customs of the days in where lived.

More than 20 years ago, the late Hon. Henry Galley, of Dickerson Run. 1

came interested in hunting up the family records of his ancestors.

The results of his efforts at that time are embodied in the first chapter e Family History portion of this book. Mr. Galley also set on foot the place of culminated in 1897 in the first reunion of the widely scattered family

nich he belonged

At this reunion many expressed the desire to see the family history consted and put in print for permanent preservation. Nothing definite was do it this direction, however, until the annual family meeting of 1906, when we want that the next year would be the tenth anniversary of the funion, and the time appointed for the second general reunion, it was decided.

t try to prepare and publish a "Family History" for that occasion.

Naturally the friends turned with one accord to the reunion Secretals Henrietta Galley, as the one person best qualified for this work, and viter hereof was assigned to the duty of assisting her. Miss Galley was that time, and has been ever since, sojourning on the Pacific Coast, and viter's home is in Philadelphia. Not the most favorable circumstances, plps, for successful co-operation in such an undertaking, but being removed freeh other "as far as the East is from the West" we at least felt safe from digers of personal encounter, however much we might fear the attacks of the companies. In due time we started in with the avowed intention to "allow filty one to escape" between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Quoting from our prospectus: "It was suggested that we should not o polish the family records in as complete and serviceable a shape as possible that we should make the History doubly interesting by including in i

dicription of "the good old times of long ago."

We undertook the task "in fear and trembling," for we thought we kn snething of the difficulties that confronted us. Time has taught us that d not begin to know the enormity of our undertaking, and only a sense dy to the friends who had thus shown their confidence in us, as well as tl memory of our ancestors and to the family at large, could ever have p sided us to persevere in what we have found to be a far more difficult a tle-consuming work, under the circumstances, than we had any idea of filt." The task of gathering even a small amount of accurate data conce if more than a thousand persons scattered all over this broad land, is not ely one or one that can be accomplished quickly. To this task my co-labo he given the most of her time in the past two years. She soon found that ws not dealing with "the short and simple annals of the poor;" that " mre record of her kinship was prolonged and complex, and that the about in riches of their lives is exemplified in nothing more vividly, than in the faing biennial fruitage of their family trees." Any reader who may be inclin to hink the getting up of a family history is but a pleasant pastime for a su nir holiday, would do well to communicate with Miss Galley before beginn th work.

The chapter of her experiences in this connection would in itself make an interesting addition to the book. Many of these were indeed discouraging, others were equally hopeful and helpful, some were mirth-provoking in the extreme, and some were well-nigh provoking without the mirth; but with it all she has been long suffering and patient, and has given us a most valuable family history.

Although she would not have us even refer to the amount of hard work she has done, or to the many difficulties and discouragements she had to meet, yet we feel that it is only fairness and justice that the friends everywhere should know at least something of "the trials and tribulations" of their worthy historian. Say what you please about all the rest of the book, but spare your

criticisms of that portion devoted to the family records.

If it is not as complete and accurate in every respect as you would like, we assure you it is from no lack of effort to have it so, and that in all probability it is because you, or some of the other good friends failed to be as prompt or as careful as you should have been in replying to the inquiries sent you.

Even after the manuscript was ready for the printer, names and data continued to arrive in reply to letters that had been sent out many months before. We waited as long as we felt was justice to those who had been prompt, or safe to our own physical welfare. The volume had to be closed, however much we regretted to leave out many names that should be on the records.

We suggest that blank pages here and there, and names and dates necessarily omitted, may be filled in by these in position to do so, or who would use

the book as an individual family record.

On the whole, we do not hesitate to say that a worthy family has been given a most complete and commendable history, for which we all owe a lasting

debt of gratitude to its author and compiler, Miss Henrietta Galley.

As to Parts 11 and III, perhaps a few words of explanation are in order. The lives of many of the descendents of Peter Galley were so intimately associated with the region of the Youhiogheny River, in the beautiful valley of which his only son Philip, as a pioneer settler, located and raised his family of eleven children, that any history of the Galley Family could scarcely be considered complete, that did not include at least a resume of the life and times and activities that have characterized this historic region. Then again, so many whose childhood days were spent here, or who are interested because their parents or grandparents were born and raised in this region, have suggested that this or that bit of history be included; this change with its whys and wherefores noted, that historic spot located or event narrated; and especially that those old-time social and domestic customs once prevalent here, should be described; that we have felt justified in adding the various and varied old-time sketches found in Part 111.

Of course such extraneous matter as this cannot be considered strictly within the province of a Family History, but we have not tried to follow precedent, nor written to placate critics, or please the literati. Our only aim has been to give our readers the most interesting and most useful book possible under the circumstances, and to follow as closely as we could, their suggestions as to what would really be useful and interesting. The writer regrets very much that his part of the work has had to be put out in such unfinished and incomplete shape. He is painfully aware of the many imperfections to be found throughout the historic notes and sketches, and while he would offer no applogy, he deems it but fair to say that he has had absolutely no time to rewrite or even make extensive corrections.

The greater part of his work was necessarily done at odd hours crowded into the measure of a professional life already full. He stands ready to admit the truth of the criticisms which he knows are sure to be offered, and he hasn't

doubt that there are scores of others in the family who could have done tune work in less time and a great deal better, but unfortunately the duty laced upon him, and not upon one of those better qualified to do it. We nly hope that as our readers get farther and farther away from the times a sings we have herein described, the increasing interest in the subject majerly, will charitably cover up a multitude of fiterary sins, and will enable ttle book, in years to come, to stand out in something like the fullness ature, which we had once fondly hoped to give it, e'er it left our hands.

A word as to our fountain-heads of information. In those chapters pur istorical, we have consulted many books and authorities, and have gathe ur data from the most reliable sources. The greater part of our narrativ ne description of old-time places, persons and events-was obtained direct rom friends and members of the family, who, by virtue of their age, speak as one having authority." We have had much encouragement and I rom a number of friends of mature experience, whom we refrain from call ld, for we have found them, as a rule, far younger in spirit and in interes ur work, than their figures in the family records would indicate. To all th re are deeply grateful, and throughout our work we have had the aid of m ersons and books whose help we can only thus generally, but gratef cknowledge. In several chapters it will be seen we have quoted directly xtensively from the writings of others. Especially are we indebted to t ost excellent recent publication, "The Centennial History of Connellsville" tuch of the history of the coke industry, and the story of Colonel Crawfe earight's classic history of the "Old Pike," Veech's "Monongahela of O ustead's "Rose and Elza," Ellis' "Fayette County," "Doddridge's Notuck's "Local Sketches," "The old and New Monongahela," "Glimpses ioneer Life," and many other books have been consulted or quoted freely.

In conclusion let us say we have tried to serve this little historic repasnose brought together by Miss Galley for the real purpose of the book, we smuch skill and variety in preparation as our limited time and larder we dmit. We have realized that our guests are of all ages, and from all pa

f the country, and therefore of widely varying appetites and tastes.

It is our desire that each one shall get something to his liking, though nay not partake of the whole menu. There are always some in so larg athering, with pronounced indigestion; these must be careful, much of the is light, and we trust it will not hurt them; if perchance one has countries that the interval of the properties at all, he may at least enjoy the flowers.

Thanking you one and all for having had the honor to serve you even small a way, and bidding you thrice welcome to whatever of enjoyng of help you may receive at our hands, we are yours for the glory and g

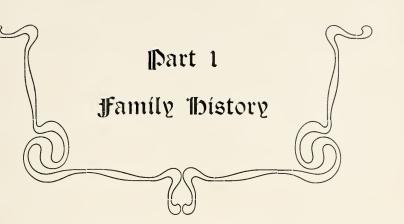
ame of our ancestors.

J. O. ARNOLD, M. D.

503 N. 18th St., Philadelphia,

June 20, 1908.







PETER GALLEY married Sophia Sterne in Lancaster County, Pa., about the year 1773.

ISSUE. Born

Born Died
2 Philip 1775 8. 31. 1852
3 Daughter In infancy

2 Philip Galley married Magdalena Newcomer, who was born Jan. 26, 1774. Died Aug. 24, 1851.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
4	Peter Galley	1. 10. 1798	5, 10, 1865
	Catherine Galley	12. 16. 1799	1888
	John Galley	4. 18. 1801	1. 6. 1888
	Jacob Galley	4. 4. 1803	11. 10. 1829
	David Galley	5. 9. 1805	2. 20. 1876
	Elizabeth Galley	10. 3. 1807	8. 4. 1858
	Samuel Galley	12. 23. 1809	12. 9. 1899
	Jonathan Galley	2. 26. 1812	1. 10. 1900
	Barbara Galley	2. 14. 1814	4. 15. 1891
	Abraham Galley	9. 28. 1816	11. 6. 1893
14	Henry Galley	6. 12. 1819	12. 2. 1895

The History of the Galley Family in America begins with Peter Galley, who emigrated to America from Germany about the year 1770 and settled in Lancaster County, Pa. Here he met and married Sophia Sterne about the year 1773 or 1774. To them were born two children—a son and a daughter. The daughter died in infancy, and the son, named Philip, was the only child of that marriage.

Peter Galley died soon after, and his son, ²Philip, was taken charge of by his uncle, Philip Sterne, to whom he was afterwards

bound until he became of age.

Philip Sterne was a citizen of Donegal township, Lancaster Co., Pa., and was engaged in the farming and nursery business. He was a successful business man and raised the said Philip Galley to industry, sobriety and honesty. Sophia, the mother of the said Philip Galley, afterwards married a man named Auckerman—a Hessian—and to them were born one son and five daughters. They moved to what was then called "the West" and settled in Tyrone township, Fayette Co., Pa.

Philip Galley, while living with his uncle, Philip Sterne, learned the weaving trade and grafting of fruit trees, as well as farming. After he became of age, he married Magdalena Newcomer, daughter of Peter and Catharine Newcomer, of Lancaster Co., Pa. After his marriage Philip Galley and wife moved to Frederick Co., Maryland. In the course of two or three years, they moved to "the West" and

settled in Tyrone township, Fayette Co., Pa., where numbers of Lancaster County people had settled, among them the Newcomers, Stricklers, Stauffers and others.

The Broad Ford and Mt. Pleasant R. R. now runs through the farm that Philip Galley bought, and Morgan Station is on a part of

the farm.

Philip Galley was born about the year 1775 and died August 31, 1852. His wife, Magdalena Newcomer Galley, was born January 26, 1774. Died August 24, 1851.

Philip Galley and Magdalena, his wife, after their marriage, as before stated, lived in Frederick Co., Maryland, and their first child, Peter, was born in that State. They moved across the mountains to Fayette Co., Pa., about the year 1798 or 1799 and bought a part of the Henry Newcomer farm in Tyrone township. They remained on that farm 22 years. It was here that ten of the eleven above named children were born. During these 22 years he carried on the farming and nursery business, was prosperous and soon had money enough not only to pay for the farm he settled upon, but about the year 1816 bought the farm on which the writer now lives, from Joseph Huston, who was, prior to that time, engaged in the iron and banking business. The farm contained about 300 acres and was bought and paid for with a depreciated currency then known as Connellsville, Perryopolis and Muttontown bank paper.

These banks had failed, and as the said Huston was a stockholder in these banks, he took that kind of money off my father's hands in exchange for the farm before mentioned, and upon which he moved with his family in the year 1821. Peter then being married, bought the old homestead farm in Tyrone township and remained upon it while he lived. My father continued to carry on the nursery business on the river bottom lands, and being strong-handed, pushed his farming and grafting business so that money came into his hands quite rapidly for the time in which he lived. As an evidence of this fact, it is well known that he bought a farm for each of his sons, and all of his children were left in good homes. After living some thirty years on the river bottom, and at the ripe age of 77 years, father and mother died, and their remains now rest in the cemetery grounds on the hill. (The cemetery grounds, and monument are illustrated on opposite page.) The farm having been divided between Abraham and the writer hereof, is still in our hands. I have thus written a brief history of Philip Galley and his descendants from the best information I have been able to gather.

As will be seen, I have no definite data as to the year Peter Galley emigrated to America, nor do I remember the part from which he came, but this I do know—that my father learned that his father left

a home and kindred and came to America to join in with a people that were struggling to extricate themselves from the oppression of Monarchy. Neither have I any definite data of the marriage of father and mother, but from the best evidence I could gather, it was about the year 1797. On my mother's side, Peter Newcomer was married to Catherine Good. The Goods are a numerous family, and were early settlers in the region of Lancaster Co., Pa., and along the Juniata River. David Good, who was a cousin to my mother, came out to this country some time before my father moved from his Tyrone farm.



He was a coverlet weaver by trade. My brother Jacob learned the trade from him and followed it up to the time he was killed. David Good afterwards settled in Huntington Co. and carried on an iron iurnace. His descendants still live in that region. Having thus traced the Galley ancestry as best I could, I will close the history by giving the place and residence of each of my brothers and sisters: Peter lived and died on the old homestead in Tyrone township. Catherine Galley Smith lived and died in Connellsville township. John Galley is in his eighty-seventh year, and lives on Dickerson Run, Dunbar

township. Jacob Galley lived on a farm adjoining Peter Galley's place now called Upper Tyrone township. David Galley lived and died i what is now called Lower Tyrone township. Elizabeth Galle Oglevee lived and died in the vicinity of Vanderbilt, Dunbar township. Samuel Galley first located on a farm in North Union township afterwards moved to Illinois, and is now living in Nebraska. Jona than Galley moved on a farm in German township, and has remaine there up to this time. Barbara Galley Snyder first moved to a farm in what is known as the "Forks," Westmoreland Co., Pa., afterward to the Rankin farm in Franklin township, and is now living on a farm part of which once belonged to Farrington Oglevee. Abraham Galle lives on the upland of the old homestead, and the writer lives in the old mansion house on the river bottom.

This history is now so far written this eighteenth day of May A. D. one thousand eight hundred eighty-seven by

HENRY GALLEY



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HARRISBURG PENNSYLVANIA U.S.A July 31, 1907.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby Certify that the name of PETER GALLEY appears as that of a Private on a Alphabetical List of Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the Second Pennsylvania Continental Line. Walter Stewart, Colonal. Company Commander not stated.

See p. 872, Volume Two, Pennsylvania Archives, Fifth Series.

In testimony whereof I hereby affix the Seal of this Department. Custodian Public Records,
Pennaylvania State Library.



PETER GALLEY.

Peter Galley, at the age of 21, married (1st) Nancy, daughter Henry Strickler, Dec. 9, 1819.

ISSUE.

1		Born	Died
15	Frances Galley	10, 22, 1820	2. 4. 1894
16	Martha Galley	4. 10. 1822	11. 20. 1905
17	William Galley	2, 23, 1824	6. 14. 1882
18	Mary Galley	8. 9. 1825	3. 22. 1870
19	Henry Galley	4. 28. 1827	12. 24. 1905
20	Elizabeth Galley	10. 6. 1828	5. 4. 1852

Nancy died in 1830, at the age of 33 years.

Peter Galley married (2d) Frances Sherrick Galley.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
21	Anna Galley	6. 16. 1831	12, 14, 1886
22	Sarah Galley	9. 20. 1832	
23	Hiram Galley	4, 4, 1834	9. 6. 1834
24	Philip Galley	4, 10, 1835	12. 25. 1865
25	Cyrus Galley	11, 29, 1836	
26	Susanna Galley	10. 27. 1838	1. 19. 1883
27	Catherine Galley	3, 27, 1840	2. 26. 1856
28	John Galley	7. 12 1842	8. 3. 1901
29	Joannah Galley	1, 6, 1845	1. 24. 1902
30	Malinda Galley	11. 11. 1846	6. 1866
31	Maria Galley	11. 4. 1848	

Frances Sherrick Galley died Aug. 6, 1849, aged 45.

Peter Galley married (3d) Susan Stauffer, a widow, January 22, 1852, who outlived him.

Peter Galley, oldest son of Philip and Magdalena Newcomer Galley, was born at Hagerstown, Maryland, Jan. 10, 1798. His father removed with his family to Fayette Co., Pa., when Peter was nine months old, or about the first of October, 1798.

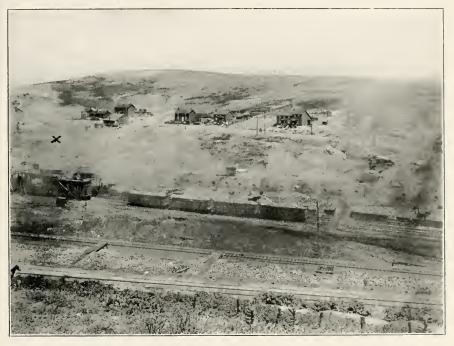
He bought a farm of 100½ acres from Andrew Shallenberger, May 4, 1799. This farm was located about a mile north of the Youghiogheny River, on the Broad Ford Run, where the Morgan coke works are now located. Here he conducted a nursery and farming business for 22 years, as elsewhere stated, and then sold the farm to his oldest son, Peter, the subject of this sketch.

Peter Galley, at the age of 21, or in the year 1819, married Nancy, daughter of Henry Strickler. She bore him six children, and died 1830, aged 33 years. Peter subsequently married Frances Sherrick Galley, widow of his brother Jacob. To them were born eleven children. Frences Sherrick Galley died in 1849, at the age of 45, and Peter then married Susan Stauffer, who outlived him. Of the seventeen children born to Peter Galley, but three survive at this writing (Dec., 1906), namely. Sarah, Joannah and Marie, two of whom live in Denver and one in Berthoud, Colorado.

Peter Galley was a man of intelligence and good judgment. He had only a common school education, but was a reader, especially of the newspapers, and kept up with his times. He regretted the fact that he had not secured a more liberal education, and tried to give his children a chance to go to school, saying that an education was the best fortune he could leave them. He was a just man and desired to treat his children all alike. On this account he kept a book account of all moneys and goods supplied to each child at marriage and of all moneys advanced to any who chose to attend school, other than the

public school, these sums to be deducted out of each child's share in the final distribution of his estate.

In addition to farming his acres, he carried on a saw-mill business for many years and was fairly successful in business, rearing his large family in comfort and in accordance with the best standards of his time and community. In politics he was a Democrat and in religion



SITE OF ORIGINAL HOME OF PHILIP GALLEY, AND LATER OF HIS OLDEST SON, PETER.

X About where house and barn stood.

a Protestant—a member of the Christian or Disciple Church.* Though he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis a few years before his death, he was never sick in bed in his life until his last sickness. He died of typhoid fever on May 10, 1865, at the age of 67 years and five months.

^{*} The Bethel Congregation of Disciples, or Bethel Christian Church, was organized in May, 1845, with thirty members. Jacob Newmyer, Peter Galley and John Taylor were elected Elders, and Nathan Reece and Jacob Newcomer Deacons.

15 Frances Galley married Cyrus Duncan Robison Feb. 21, 1839.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died	
32	Amzi Robison	11, 6, 1839	5, 11, 1881	
33	John R. Robison	7. 5. 1841		
34	Smith R. Robison	1, 27, 1814	10. 9. 1850	
35	William Robison	11. 8. 1847		
36	Sabina Robison	10, 27, 1849	3. 9. 1871	
37	Mary E. Robison	9, 29, 1851		
38	Martha F. Robison	3. 4. 1862	1. 26. 1904	

John Robison married Frances Watson Mar. 5, 1885.

ISSUE

Born

39 Rhōda Robison 1, 3, 1886

35William Robison married Mary Cooper May 9, 1880.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
40 M	aggie Röbison	-	2, 20, 1883
41 G	race Robison	7. 30. 1888	
42 R	uth Robison	6. 15. 1895	

Vance Cyrus Gilmore died Feb. 11, 1905.

ISSUE.

43 Ora Eugene Gilmore 8, 26, 1870

Ora Eugene Gilmore married Maude E. Postelewaite Feb. 1, 1893.

Mary E. Robison married Robert P. Brashear Sep. 7. 1875. Robert P. Brashear died Aug. 12, 1884.

ISSUE.

44 Frances Brashear 6, 12, 1876 45 Robert Speck Brashear 7, 31, 1879

⁴¹Frances Brashear married William McCray Porter Aug. 8, 1898.

ISSUE.

46 Mary Margaret Louise Porter Born 6, 12, 1900

³⁸Martha F. Robison married James H. Cole, 1882.

ISSUE.

Born

47 Mary H. Cole 4, 10, 1883 6, 22, 1885

48 William Cyrus Cole 49 Loma Catherine Cole 9, 30, 1890

> ⁴⁷Mary H. Cole married J. W. Gobright Dec. 21, 1904. ¹⁶Martha Galley married John Newcomer Dec. 14, 1841.

ISSUE. Born

		DOLL	Dict
50	Smith Newcomer	5. 14. 1843	4. 6. 1903
51	J. D. Newcomer	1, 18, 1845	
52	U. D. Newcomer	3. 7. 1847	
53	Geo. W. Newcomer	11, 17, 1848	
54	Clark Newcomer	10. 9, 1850	
55	Scott Newcomer	4. 15. 1852	
56	Nancy Ann Newcomer	1. 29. 1855	
57	Frank B. Newcomer	1, 26, 1857	10. 19. 1896
58	William H. Newcomer	3. 19. 1859	
59	Charles A. Newcomer	3, 19, 1863	

⁵⁰Smith Newcomer married Lou Farley.

ISSUE.

Born

60 Harry K Newcomer 6. 2. 1870

"Harry K. Newcomer married (1st) Dessie May Portrude Jun 24, 1900. Dessie May Portrude died May 5, 1901.

ISSUE.

Born

61 Dorothy May Newcomer 4, 10, 1901

Harry K. Newcomer married (2d) Mabel Janet Crusinberr June 2, 1906.

⁵¹ J. D. Newcomer married Caroline A. Stoddard Nov. 19, 1872.

ISSUE.

Born

62 Carl S. Newcomer 4. 7. 1878 63 Jay S. Newcomer 12, 27, 1879

⁶²Carl S. Newcomer married Mabel Brewer May 12, 1892.

ISSUE.

Died Born 64 Carl Brewer Newcomer 1, 5, 1904 6. 19. 1904

⁵²U. D. Newcomer married Elizabeth Parker Apr. 18, 1871.

ISSUE.

Born

65 Minnie May Newcomer 1, 16, 1872 66 Ernest Ruel Newcomer

3, 29, 1873

66 Ernest Ruel Newcomer married Nettie Van Dike Sep. 2, 1903. 58 Geo. W. Newcomer married Laura E. Johnson Oct. 24, 1878.

		ISSUE.	
		Born	Died
	Bertha L. Newcomer	7. 27. 1879	
	Berton J. Newcomer	1. 1, 1881	4. 17. 1889
	Grace Lee Newcomer	12. 6. 1884	
	John Earl Newcomer	6. 8. 1886	4. 19. 1889
71	Pauline R. Newcomer	5. 18, 1890	

⁶⁷Bertha L. Newcomer married Harry J. Pike June 9, 1898.

ISSUE.

Born 72 Helen Dale Pike 3, 15, 1899 73 Velma Ruth Pike 74 Geo. Richard Pike 5, 6, 1901 9, 18, 1903

> 69 Grace Lee Newcomer married Geo. Milton Young Apr. 21, 1906. NO ISSUE.

54Clark Newcomer married Ida Rush June 27, 1877. NO ISSUE.

55 Scott Newcomer married Ida A. Bogus Nov. 29, 1882.

ISSUE.

Born

75 Roy Newcomer 12, 15, 1885

⁶⁶Nancy Ann Newcomer married C. A. Younkin Oct. 27, 1873.

ISSUE.

Born 76 Marcus W. Younkin 10. 3, 1874 77 Loyd A. Younkin 5. 9. 1884 78 Frank B. Younkin 5. 9, 1884

Marcus W. Younkin married Azzie Adams Dec., 1895.

78 Frank B. Younkin married Ella Cain May 22, 1906.

⁵⁷Frank B. Newcomer married Nellie Gearhart Jan. 1, 1890.

ISSUE.

Born Died 79 Anna Newcomer 4. 26. 1892 5, 15, 1894

58William H. Newcomer married Charlotte Bloodgood June 1885.

ISSUE.

Born 80 Roger B. Newcomer 81 Olive M Newcomer 82 John A. Newcomer 5. 8. 1886 3. 15. 1890 8. 5. 1892

⁵⁰Charles A. Newcomer married Laura E. Thompson Oct. 1887.

ISSUE.

Born

 83 Mildred Newcomer
 8, 28, 1888

 48 Madge Newcomer
 3, 6, 1895

 (Twins) 85 Majorie Newcomer 86 Herbert Newcomer 3. 6. 1895 8. 21. 1896

¹⁷William Galley married (1st) Mary Ann Hill Mar. 23, 1858.

ISSUE.

Born

87 Charles Peter Galley 2. 9. 1859

88 Roberta H. Galley (Died in infancy)

William Galley married (2d) Pluma Coburn.

ISSUE.

Born

 89 Emma Frances Galley
 12. 20, 1863

 90 William Wallace Galley
 3, 7, 1865

 91 Martha Verona Galley
 5, 6, 1869

ST Charles Peter Galley married Elfleeda Childs Feb. 2, 1888.

ISSUE.

Born 92 Lester Galley93 Hollis Galley94 Mary Galley95 Cyrus Abel Galley 12. 12. 1888 7. 8. 1891

2, 18, 1896

7, 4, 1902

**Emma Frances Galley married Hugh H. Howard Dec. 5, 1885.
***William Wallace Galley married Minnie Wendler Oct. 13, 1886.

ISSUE.

96 Esther Galley97 Baby Galley

Martha Verona Galley married Rev. H. F. Reed June 23, 1905.

Mary Galley married William W. Beam May 12, 1842.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
98	Philip G. Beam	11, 22, 1843	
99	Mary E. Beam	3, 23, 1845	
100	William C. Beam	11, 14, 1847	1861
101	Martha L. Beam	2. 11. 1852	1854
102	Ann Eliza Beam	1, 5, 1854	1868
103	John C. Beam	9. 22. 1857	
104	Willis P. Beam	7. 15. 1859	
105	Nancy B. Beam	12. 25. 1862	. 1864
196	Jennie P. Beam	3, 16, 1867	
107	Loannah G. Ream	11 8 1869	

Philip G. Beam married Mattie Wray Sep. 17, 1870.

ISSUE.

			Во	rn
108	Walter Beam	6.	19.	1871
109	Thomas P. Beam	11.	ĩ.	1873
110	Clark C. Beam	9.	4.	1876
111	Kate A. Beam	2.	4.	1878
112	Harry O. Beam	10.	4.	1881
113	Orville W. Beam	3.	10.	1883
114	Mabel B. Beam	10,	20.	1885
115	John W. Ream	4	9	1889

Mary E. Beam married Josiah Wible Nov. 10, 1863.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
116 Kate Aleida Wible	11. 22. 1864	
117 Minnie May Wible	5, 25, 1866	
118 Laura Ida Wible	12, 30, 1868	
119 Martha Elenor Wible	3. 12. 1871	1872
120 Cora Jane Wible	3, 26, 1873	1873
121 Mary Elizabeth Wible	12. 11. 1874	1896
122 Sarah Ann Wible	6. 18. 1876	1876
123 George Winfield Wible	12. 10. 1877	
124 E nice King Wible	8. 11. 1880	

116 Kate Aleida Wible married Robert Duke Sep. 24, 1885.

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- 1	€.	<i>~</i>		Ιŀ	41
- 4	\mathbf{c}	u	•	, ,	<u>.</u>

	IDDUI.	
	Born	Died
125 Arthur Duke	3. 16. 1887	
126 Clark Duke	11, 24, 1889	1893
127 Eunice Duke	12. 2. 1890	
128 Robert Duke	5. 5. 1895	
129 Earl Duke	6 1897	
130 Mary Duke	12. 1899	1900
131 Eva Duke	4. 25. 1903	
(Twins)		
132 Edith Duke	4. 25. 1903	

¹¹⁷Minnie May Wible married (1st) Theodore C. Ament Sep. 1884.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
133 Carl Ament	1. 11. 1886	
134 Everette F. Ament	2. 5. 1888	11. 1. 1888
135 Alfred Ament	7. 30. 1890	

Minnie May Wible married (2d) Mr. Buckingham.

118 Laura Ida Wible married Edward Wright Oct. 1, 1891.

ISSUE.

			Born
136	Glen Wright	2.	5. 1892
137	Flossie Wright	9.	8. 1898

104Willis P. Beam married Lizzie McGinnis Nov. 23, 1879.

ISSUE.

Born 138 Mayme Beam 1. 15. 1881

138 Mayme Beam married John Walton Rowan June 20, 1900.

ISSUE.

		1	OUL
139	Ruby Vivian Rowan	7.	2. 1901
140	Roy Willis Rowan	11.	5. 1904
141	Walter Arthur Rowan	8. 2.	4. 1906

106 Jennie P. Beam married Anson M. Castle Dec. 19, 1888.

ISSUE.

		Во	rn
142 Joannah Irene Castle	12.	23.	1889
143 Chester Beam Castle	ĩ.	23.	1891
144 Ethel May Castle	8.	6.	1895

107 Joannah G. Beam married Mr. Stroup.

ISSUE.

145 Jennie Stroup

146 Elisander Stroup

147 Baby Stroup

19 Henry Galley married Helena Powell Feb. 7, 1860.

ISSUE.

Born
148 Albert W. Galley
12. 25. 1860
149 William E. Galley
8. 12. 1865
150 Joseph H. Galley
6. 30. 1877

149 William E. Galley married Abbie Bowlby Sep. 8, 1898.

ISSUE.

Born

151 Henry Bowlby Galley 2, 25, 1902

²⁰Elizabeth Galley married Samuel McFadden Aug. 10, 1847.

ISSUE.

Born

 152 Mary Ellen McFadden
 12. 6. 1848

 153 Nancy Jane McFadden
 2. 2. 1852

154 Joseph C. McFadden 3, 18, 1850

¹⁵²Mary Ellen McFadden married B. F. Wible Apr. 21, 1870. ISSUE.

155 Etta Wible

156 Samuel Wible

157 Ida Belle Wible

Nancy McFadden married J. W. Whitefield Aug. 26, 1873.

ISSUE.

Born

158 Belle Zora Whitefield 3, 15, 1876

159 Joseph Clark Whitefield 1, 21, 1878

160 Robert Sylvester Whitefield 2, 16, 1883

161 Chas, Raymond Whitefield 10, 16, 1889

162 Wm. Livingston Whitefield 5, 27, 1892

158 Belle Zora Whitefield married J. B. Taylor Mar. 22, 1897.

¹⁵⁹Joseph Clark Whitefield married Lou Alice Shelby Dec. 22

ISSUE.

Born
163 Vera May Whitefield 4. 30. 1904

¹⁶⁰Robert Sylvester Whitefield married Alice Thompson Oct. 1905.

ISSUE.

Born 164 Mildred Lucille Whitefield 7. 5. 1906

154 Joseph C. McFadden married Caroline Chicken Dec. 11, 1873

ISSUE.

Born

165 Olive Lavona McFadden 11. 26. 1874

166 Henry Everette McFadden 4. 9. 1877

167 Holmes L. McFadden 7. 10. 1886

165 Olive Lavona McFadden married J. B. Little Apr. 24, 1901.

ISSUE.

Born
168 Coral Dorothy Little
4. 5. 1902
169 Robert Lowell Little
8. 13. 1903

166Henry Everette McFadden married Nellie Wayland Oct. 1906.

²¹Anne Galley married (1st) Johnson Robison, 1850. Johnson Robison died Nov., 1852.

ISSUE.

Born 170 Alexander Robison 12, 26, 1851

Anna Galley married (2d) Rev. S. B. Teagarden Sep. 11, 1856

ISSUE.

	Born
171 Flora Teagarden	1857
172 Rosella Teagarden	1859
173 Elmer Jay Teagarden	1861
174 Willard Teagarden	1865

¹⁷⁰Alexander Robison married Anna McCracken Oct., 1873.

¹⁷¹Flora Teagarden married Mr. Tucker, 1886.

ISSUE.

	1	OUR
75 Lee Roy Tucker	11.	1888
76 Ralph Tucker	1.	1891
77 Rodney Tucker	11.	1894

172 Rosella Teagarden married L. L. Breeze May 18, 1891.

ISSUE.

Born

178 Leon Breeze 2, 27, 1892

¹⁷³Elmer Jay Teagarden married Anna Morris, 1892.

ISSUE.

=Born

 179 Lyrel Teagarden
 4. 1894

 180 Elmer Teagarden
 8. 1900

174 Willard Teagarden married Rachel McCracken Mar., 1903.

ISSUE.

Born

181 Wallace Teagarden 10, 1906

²²Sarah Galley married Joseph Rist Nov. 5, 1854.

ISSUE.

Born 3. 21, 1872

Died 11. 12. 1875

²¹Philip Galley married (1st) Mary Hughs, 1859. Mary Hughs died Apr. 10, 1862.

ISSUE.

Born

183 William H. Galley 5, 4860 184 Daughter Galley (Died in infancy)

Philip Galley married (2d) Lizzie Guttery.

ISSUE.

185 Charles Galley (Died in infancy)

183 William H. Galley married Jennie Corson.

²⁵Cyrus Galley married Harriet Clark Apr. 12, 1860.

ISSUE.

•	\circ	 ••	

			100	1 11
186	Cassius Markel Galley	1.	8.	1861
187	William Clark Galley	8	20.	1862
188	Elmer Teagarden Galley	4.	16.	1866
189	Orrin Clark Galley	9.	11.	1867
190	George Clark Galley	7.	6.	1871

186 Cassius Markel Galley married Ida Roadman Feb. 18, 1884.

ISSUE.

Born

1. 3. 1886 191 Anna May Galley 192 Blanch Margaret Galley 1888

187 William Clark Galley married Luetta Speakman Nov. 12, 1882

Died

ISSUE. Born

193	Harriett Emeline Galley	3. 17.	1884	
194	Thomas Speakman Galley	4. 1.	1886	
195	Rachel Clark Galley	4, 29.	1888	
196	Florence Galley	4. 27.	1890	8. 26. 1891
197	Lawrence Galley	5. 16.	1894	
198	Esther Galley	5. 31.	1896	
199	Geo. Dewey Galley	5. 9.	1898	

193 Harriet Emeline Galley married Frank Perkey, 1905. NO ISSUE.

188 Elmer Teagarden Galley married (1st) Mary Overholt, 1894. ISSUE.

200 Harriett Belle Galley 201 Harry Overholt Galley

Elmer Teagarden Galley married (2d) Alice Bond, 1900.

ISSUE.

202 Cyrus Galley

203 Katherine Elizabeth Galley

189 Orrin Clark Galley married Jennie M. Landis Apr. 9, 1891.

ISSUE.

Born

204 Sarah Elenor Galley 3, 21, 1892 205 Joseph Norris Galley 3. 17. 1895 206 Mary Elizabeth Galley 10. 6. 1897

207	Eveline Clark Galley	*)	28.	1900
208	Helen Landis Galley	12.	5.	1901
209	Bertha Bracken Galley	6.	26.	1904
210	Alice Galley (Dead)			
211	Margaret Galley	11.	28.	1907

190 Geo. C. Galley married Hettie Brothers, 1894. ISSUE.

212 Cleora Galley

213 John Merle Galley

²⁷Catherine Galley married (1st) George Washabough May 8, 1850. George Washabough died Apr. 11, 1886.

> ISSUE. Born

12, 10, 1860 214 Sally Washabough

> Catharine Galley married (2d) James Beatty Jan. 16, 1890. ²¹⁴Sallie Washabough married James Flenniken.

ISSUE

215 George E. Flenniken

216 James Halfton Flenniken

217 Clifton W. Flenniken

215Geo. E. Flenniken married -

ISSUE.

218 Baby Flenniken

²⁸ John Galley married Mary Blackmore Oct. 24, 1865.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
219	Anna F. Galley	12, 30, 1866	4. 29. 1900
220	William B. Galley	2. 5, 1869	
221	C. Norman Galley	3. 10. 1871	12. 1879
222	Loretta E. Galley	6, 29, 1873	
223	Sarah B. Galley	3, 8, 1876	
224	Mary E. Galley	8, 5, 1878	
225	Nellie M. Galley	5. 13. 1881	
226	Edna R. Galley	2, 28, 1884	
227	John C. Galley	3. 8. 1887	

²¹⁹Anna F. Galley married D. C. Chamberlain June 10, 1892.

ISSUE.

228 Mary Edua Galley

229 Florence Galley

²²⁰William B. Galley married Luella L. Johnson Dec. 26, 1901.
NO ISSUE.

²²²Loretta E. Galley married J. F. Zimmerman Dec. 5, 1895. ISSUE.

231 Earl Frances Zimmerman

232 Olive Mary Zimmerman

²²³Sarah B. Galley married D. T. Bleubough May 9, 1900. ISSUE.

233 Ralph David Bleubough

²²⁴Mary E. Galley married W. W. Wilson May 11, 1904. ISSUE.

234 John Alfred Wilson

²²⁵Nellie M. Galley married David Higbee June 5, 1902. ISSUE.

235 Dorothy Highee

²⁰Joannah Galley married Dr. L. S. Brown Dec. 24, 1868. NO ISSUE.

³¹Maria Galley married William Lyon Nov. 2, 1871.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
236 Frances E. Lyon	12. 8. 1872	
237 Mary Lyon	2. 16. 1874	11. 2. 1876
238 Frank H. Lyon	3. 20. 1876	3. 14. 1882
239 George E. Lyon	2. 17. 1878	10. 2. 1882
240 C. Carl Lyon	12. 29. 1879	
241 James G. Lyon	9. 21. 1881	
242 John W. Lyon	9. 7. 1884	
243 Lizzie B. Lyon	2. 4. 1888	

²³⁶Frances E. Lyon married Geo. W. Eckles Nov. 29, 1900. NO ISSUE.

²⁴⁰C. Carl Lyon married Ruth Austermell Nov. 24, 1903. NO ISSUE.

²⁴²John W. Lyon married Inez Morgan Dec. 29, 1906. NO ISSUE.



CATHERINE GALLEY SMITH.

Catherine Galley married Jacob Smith Apr. 9, 1820. Jacob Smith born Dec. 21, 1796.

	ISSUE.	
	Born	Died
244 Abraham Smith	2, 25, 1821	4. 27. 1881
245 Henry Smith	6. 7. 1822	4. 23. 1903
246 Martha Smtih	2. 14. 1824	9, 8, 1866
247 Eliza Smith	12. 3. 1825	3, 10, 1894
248 John Smith	8, 16, 1827	1. 26. 1849
249 Joseph Smith	4, 28, 1830	
250 Samuel Smith	11, 26, 1831	7, 17, 1832
251 Jonathan Smith	12. 27 1833	5, 29, 1856
252 Jesse Smith	1. 6. 1836	5, 12, 1894
253 Philip Sunth	3. 26, 1838	
254 Mary Smith	4 4 1849	

Catherine, the oldest daughter of Philip and Magdalena Galley, was born arr Broad Ford, Tyrone Township, Fayette Co., Pa., Dec. 16, 1799. We find is little Catherine was brought up and taught very differently from the girl to-day. Her education, which was limited to a few short months in child-pod, was obtained in a country school house some distance from her home, his school house was built of logs. Inside the entrance was the master's sk. Against the three remaining sides were sloping shelves about three feet om the floor. A shelf below this kept the pupils' books and other belongings hen not in use. Long backless benches of slabs accompanied these desks, and e pupil sat facing the wall. In the centre of the room was a limited open acce where the pupils stood while reciting. At this time they were expected "toe the crack," a particular crack in the floor chosen to keep them in line.

The teacher was generally young and if he could read the Bible and propunce all hard names, was expert at figures, had character enough to assert authority, and strength of arm to maintain it, he would do. The lesson ost of all to be impressed on the pupil was obedience. In most of the old

stricts the teachers were often ignorant and sometimes brutal.

The means the average schoolmaster employed to discipline his pupils was ruler and what was called the "heavy gad;" in other words, 5 feet of elastic pling. These two implements were applied with force and frequency, the rls and older ones receiving their share of chastisement as well as the younger ies. The average salary paid was ten or twelve dollars a month. The acher boarded among the pupils, staying the longest at the homes where the ost children were sent to school. Such was the school Catherine attended. owever, amid all these disadvantages, and the short time she attended school, the was able to read and speak both the English and German language. An ucation for girls was not thought necessary in those days, and children as on as old enough were taught to work. So we not only find Catherine assting with the house work, such as baking, cooking and sweeping, but also liping outside to pull, skutch and hackle flax, a striking contrast to the girls to-day who learn music, painting and fancy work, and for outdoor work play nnis and golf.

Like Priscilla of old, Catherine was ever busy at her spinning wheel, and re Jacob Smith came a wooing. April 9, 1820, they were married and shortly ter moved to a farm about one mile from Connellsville, Pa., where they lived I their lives. In her own home as in her father's, Catherine was industrious—ver idle a moment, and her children were early taught lessons of industry id truth. For many years after their marriage the German language was poken in their home, and she much preferred to read her "Dutch" Bible. She lid a kind and loving disposition and was very charitable to the poor. No one as ever turned away from her door no matter how ragged or poor. She was ved and respected, not only by her children, but by a host of friends and latives. For many years she and her husband were members of the Menite Church—a little brick church that stood one mile from the present town Pennsville. She died April 3, 1880, and her husband died — and ey were buried in the little graveyard close to the church they loved so well.



THE CATHERINE GALLEY SMITH HOMESTEAD.

²⁴¹Abraham Smith married Jemima Roberts Jan. 13, 1852. ISSUE.

255 Catherine Smith (Dead)

256 Eliza Smith (Dead)

257 Miriam Smith

258 George W. Smith 259 Martin L. Smith

260 John Smith (Dead)

261 Philip Smith (Dead)

256 Eliza Smith married Mr. Wheeler ----ISSUE.

262 Winnie Wheeler

263 Clarence Wheeler

264 Charley Wheeler

²⁰⁷Miriam Smith married Mr. Maxwell ——.

ISSUE.

- 35 Lulu Maxwell
- 36 William G. Maxwell

²⁴⁵Henry Smith married Mary Claire June 10, 1843.

ISSUE.

ı		Born	Died
ı	37 Josiah Smith	1, 19, 1847	$\overline{2}$. 8. 1906
i	38 Josiah Smith	1. 19. 1847	8. 8. 1906
Į	39 Amanda Smith	6. 5. 1848	
i	70 Malinda Smith	10. 24. 1849	
l	1 Mary Smith	5. 9, 1852	
ì	72 Nancy Smith	3. 3. 1855	
ı	73 Willis Smith	12, 27, 1857	
l	'4 Jesse Smith	8. 12. 1860	
ı	75 Jacob Smith	9. 13. 1863	
ı	'6 Albert Smith	12, 14, 1866	

²⁶⁷John Smith married Hattie Bresler Jan. 18, 1866.

ISSUE.

		Born
7	P. L. Smith	12. 5. 1866
8	Ruby L. Smith	8. 8. 1870
9	Samuel G. Smith	12. 22. 1873
0	Walter E. Smith	7. 30. 1879
1	Harry B. Smith	8, 26, 1883
0	Walter E. Smith	7. 30. 1879

²⁷⁷P. L. Smith married Mattie Swan Mar. 3, 1892.

ISSUE.

			Во	r1]
2	Floyd Smith	7.	27.	1893
13	Charley Smith	5.	12.	1895
4	Arthur Smith	7.	18.	1896
	Mary A. Smith	12.	18.	1898
6	Benjamin Smith	12.	17.	1900
7	John Smith	10.	1.	1902
8	Everette Smith	4.	14.	1907

²⁷⁸Ruby L. Smith married (1st) Frank Stolte Jan. 13, 1889.

ISSUE.

Born 9 Alpha Lou Stolte 3, 30, 1890 0 Hattie Corrine Stolte 3, 3, 1892

²⁷⁸Ruby L. Smith married (2d) Mr. Griggs Oct. 4, 1896.

ISSUE.

Born 1 Dorothy May Griggs 8, 22, 1897 2 John Hampton Griggs 5. 15, 1901 3 Richard Samuel Griggs

1, 15, 1997

279 Samuel G. Smith married Lulu E. Sinclair Jan. 10, 1897.

ISSUE.

			Bor	n
294	William Howard Smith	10.	21.	1900
295	Leonard Rau Smith	7.	22.	1902
296	Elsie May Smith	2.	29.	1904
297	Daisey Fern Smith	1.	4.	1906

250 Walter E. Smith married Pearl Manker Sep. 1, 1904.

ISSUE.

298 John William Smith 7. 23. 1905 299 Ellis Harriette Smith 4. 3. 1907

²⁶⁸Josiah Smith married Sarah E. Webb Dec. 17, 1881.

ISSUE.

			Во	rn
300	Mary P. Smith	10.	4.	1882
301	Ruby E. Smith	12.	8.	1883
302	Ruth Smith	7.	31.	1885
303	Annie G. Smith	6.	1.	1887
304	Clara E. Smith	10.	24.	1888
305	Flenry Smith	10.	8.	1890
306	G. Randolph Smith	11.	9.	1892
307	Mabel Smith	6.	21.	1894
308	Vida J. Smith	8.	18.	1897
309	California Smith	9.	27	1899

269 Amanda Smith married William Rouse Dec. 31, 1868.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
310 Charles J. Rouse	9. 1. 1870	
311 John W. Rouse	2, 19, 1873	
312 Noah R. Rouse	12, 19, 1875	9. 17. 1878
313 Mary L. Rouse	12. 12. 1877	
314 Harry Rouse	1. 11. 1881	2. 9. 1881
315 Alvin E. Rouse	6. 21. 1882	
316 Huber Rouse	9. 13. 1885	7. 18. 1886
(Twins)		
317 Rubus S. Rouse	9. 13. 1885	

³¹⁰Charles J. Rouse married Ollie M. Nosler.

ISSUE.

318 Elmer Rouse

319 Mabel W. Rouse

320 William H. Rouse

311 John W. Rouse married Bonnie P. Hartsock. NO ISSUE.

313 Mary L. Rouse married Charles A. Somes. ISSUE.

321 Charles A. Somes, Jr.

²⁷⁵Jacob Clark Smith married Josephine Doyle Sep. 27, 1885.

i,		100012.	
1		Born	Died
322	Clarence Ledon Smith	9. 14. 1886	10. 13, 1897
323	John Henry Smith	5. 17. 1889	9, 26, 1898
324	Clark Ellis Smith	10. 17. 1890	7. 22. 1892
325	Neoma Ann Smith	10, 23, 1893	
326	Ora Everette Smith	11. 3. 1895	
327	Joseph Lillard Smith	8. 7. 1897	6. 13. 1901
328	Leona Lela Smith	9, 17, 1899	0. 10. 1001
329	Hattie Smith	11, 10, 1901	
330	Josiah Smith	11, 18, 1903	
	Willis R. Smith	12. 5. 1906	

²⁷⁶Albert Smith married Lou Kohlman, 1892.

ISSUE.

		Born
	Albert Smith	1893
333	Zola Smith	1898

²⁴⁶Martha Smith married George Boyd Feb. 18, 1846.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
334	James Boyd	12. 23. 1846	-
335	Catherine Boyd	10. 24. 1848	
336	Emily Boyd	3. 3. 1851	5. 26. 1892
337	Smith Boyd	4. 24. 1853	
338	Mary Boyd	3. 11. 1855	
339	Dempsey Boyd	8, 17, 1857	
340	Martha Boyd	2. 7. 1860	
341	George W. Boyd	12. 24. 1861	5. 1903

334 James Boyd married Susan Detwiler May, 1871.

ISSUE.

342 Henry E. Boyd
343 Frank H. Boyd
344 Bessie M. Boyd
345 Ruth V. Boyd
346 Samuel D. Boyd
347 Josephine Boyd
348 Azaline B. Boyd
349 Ralph H. Boyd
350 May D. Boyd
351 Albert M. Boyd

³⁴²Henry E. Boyd married Della Crom Apr., 1893. NO ISSUE.

344Bessie M. Boyd married Ed. Anderson Jan., 1900.
NO ISSUE.

347 Josephine Boyd married Mark Bohrer Nov., 1905. NO ISSUE.

Albert M. Boyd married Melisa McBurney Sep., 1907. *Catherine Boyd married G. W. Shrader Dec. 4, 1873.

ISSUE.

			Во	rn
352	Catherine Shrader	1.	-8.	1875
353	Louise Shrader	7.	12.	1876
354	George B. Shrader	1.	31.	1881
355	Blaine W. Shrader	·)	8.	1884
356	Daughter (Died in infancy)			
357	Carl Jacob Shrader	9.	ő.	1888

352 Catherine Shrader married Scott Van Winkle July 4, 1898.

NO ISSUE.

³³⁶Emily Boyd married John Mauk Jan., 1871.

ISSUE.

358 Lawrence Mank

359 Herman Mank (Dead)

360 Elroy Mank

361 George J. Mauk

362 Lillie Mank

363 Maude Mauk 364 Clinton Mauk

365 Russell Mank

366 Mary Mank

²⁵⁸Lawrence Mauk married Minnie Jones Oct., 1902.

ISSUE.

367 Ralph J. Mank

269 Elroy Mauk married Roselle Burns, 1898.

ISSUE.

38

368 Elmer Mank 369 Mabel Mank

362 Lillie Mauk married Emanuel Kile.

ISSUE.

370 Gretta Mae Kile

338 Mary Boyd married P. S. Loucks June, 1878.

ISSUE.

371 Arthur Loucks

372 Ralph Loucks

373 Grace Loucks 374 Irene Loucks

375 Preston Loucks

339Dempsey Boyd married Mae Gardner, 1898.

NO ISSUE.

340 Martha Boyd married J. C. Metcalf.

349 Joseph Smith married Nancy League, 1854.

ISSUE.

1		Born	Died
376	David H. Smith	6. 4. 1855	
377	Eliza C. Smith	11. 18. 1856	
378	Jesse S. Smith	4. 2. 1858	
379	J. R. Smith	7. 31. 1861	
380	George W. Smith	8. 22. 1863	
381	James W. Smith	10. 17. 1865	
382	Ida M. Smith	12. 17. 1868	1. 3. 1880
383	Sarah L. Smith	3. 23. 1871	2. 25. 1885

³⁷⁶David H. Smith married (1st) Jennie A. Winegarden Feb. 3, 1881. Jennie A. Winegarden died Mar. 11, 1896.

ISSUE.

			Bo:	rn
384	Clark E. Smith	11.	27.	1881
385	Mearle C. Smith	11.	10.	1887
386	Floy E. Smith	11.	22.	1893

376 David H. Smith married (2d) Luella J. Broadbent Mar. 25, 1903.

ISSUE.

Born 6. 8, 1905

384Clark E. Smith married Ora Pitchford June 8, 1904.

ISSUE.

88 Mildred Hazel Smith 4. 7. 1905 Died 12. 15. 1905

378 Jesse S. Smith married Luseba Elvira Quimby Nov. 22, 1886. NO ISSUE.

380 Geo. W. Smith married Florence Hardwick May 29, 1886.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
389	Minnie Luella Mae Smith	11. 12. 1887	10. 5, 1907
390	Earl Roy Smith	1, 22, 1889	
391	Walter Raymond Smith	5. 30. 1890	
392	Georgie Smith	1. 23. 1894	
393	Ruby Grace Smith	2. 20. 1901	

James W. Smith married Mae Keaswille June 8, 1394.
NO ISSUE.

252 Jesse Smith married Harriette Ogg May 10, 1861.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
394	Carrie M. Smith	12, 20, 1862	
395	Flora M. Smith	11. 19. 1864	
396	Sarah E. Smith	5. 12. 1867	
397	Anna K. Smith	2. 18. 1870	
398	Mary E. Smith	6. 28. 1872	
399	Kizzie B. Smith	4. 24. 1875	12. 25. 1881

394 Carrie M. Smith married C. A. Colborn Aug. 13, 1891.

ISSUE.

			Во	rn
400	Harry W. Colborn	1.	23.	1886
401	Lena Colborn	12.	20.	1888
402	Bessie Colborn	1.	1.9	1890

Flora M. Smith married J. T. House Dec. 25, 1893.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
403 Pauline House	10, 1894	8. 19. 1899
404 Lewis Sherman House	e 7. 1899	8, 17, 1899
405 Mary House	5, 28, 1904	

896 Sarah E. Smith married W. W. Luce June 7, 1899.

ISSUE.

			150	LIJ
406	Ralph W. E. Luce	7.	8.	1901
407	Harriette Jane Luce	S.	6.	1903

398 Mary E. Smith married W. W. Brinker Dec. 20, 1899.

TISSILE

-	_	-	_	
	В	or	11	

408	Mabel F. Brinker	10. 1	4. 1900
409	Raymond S. Brinker	7. 1	15. 1903
410	Mildred L. Brinker	8.	1905

²⁵³Philip Smith married Hannah Louise Snyder Jan. 1, 1863.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
411	William J. Smith	4. 18. 1864	10. 27. 1877
412	May Smith	2. 23, 1866	
413	Hattie Smith	8. 15. 1870	
414	Anna Smith	4. 16. 1873	8. 19. 1892
415	Catherine Smith	7, 24, 1878	
416	Emma D. Smith	6. 24. 1881	

⁴¹²May Smith married William Browneller Sep. 30, 1885.

ISSUE.

1		Bo	rn
417	Jessie P. Browneller	8.	1886
418	Edna C. Browneller	7. 24.	1888
419	Florence M. Browneller	7.	1890

413 Hattie Smith married Prof. F. W. McVay Sep. 7, 1898.

ISSUE.

					Born	
420	Leanna	Louise	McVay	3.	19	01
421	Williard	Smith	McVay	12.	25. 19	05

415 Catherine Smith married Rev. G. G. Kerr Aug. 4, 1904.

ISSUE.

Born 122 George Gibson Kerr 6. 1905

²⁵⁴Mary Smith married W. F. Bute Oct. 11, 1864.

ISSUE.

Į		Born	Died
1	123 Evelena Bute	5. 7. 1868	5. 21. 1880
1	124 Kate Estella Bute	8. 3. 1871	

A24 Kate Estella Bute married C. J. McGill Dec. 25, 1901.

ISSUE.

125	Frank	Bute	McGill:	12.	2.	1902
126	Mary	Emily	McGill	2.	23.	1908



JOHN GALLEY.

"John Galley married Margaret Jordan Feb. 10, 1847.
ISSUE.

Born 1858

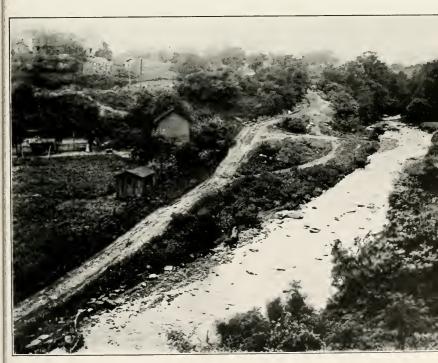
427 Morgan Galley

John was the third child of Philip and Magdalena Galley. He was born April 18, 1801. What education he received was obtained in the common schools. He could read and speak both German and English. John learned the weaver's trade, and made much of the clothing for the family as well as the bed and table linen. He also wove many beautiful coverlets which are so highly prized these days. He was mild of manner, retiring in disposition, kind and pleasant to all. So strict was he in regard to promises that it was said of him: "His word was good as a bond." He was very fond of fishing and hunting. Many times he brought in the speckled beauties that once played in the Youghiogheny River. On Feb. 10, 1847—being then in his forty-seventh year—he married

Margaret Jordan and was given the old saw mill property lying along Dick erson Run. On this was a small house which stood close to the mill, and as nearly as can be located, stood where the P. McK. & Y. R. R. depot now stands When Grandfather Philip Galley died he willed this property to John, and a his death, if there were no heirs, it was to revert back to the Galley estate. In

John Galley's life was largely dominated by his wife, Margaret, so we write of her. Aunt "Marg," as she was known to all the relatives, was a willing and kind help in sickness and death among them. Her quickness to take of fense, together with a ready tongue, made it impossible for her to be on good terms with all the friends at one time. The older grandchildren will remember, how on several occasions, Margaret had the time set for John to die; and at one time had all his grave clothes prepared. At last, when he did die, the writer remembers distinctly of Margaret's sitting and knitting while the friend gathered to attend the funeral. Just her peculiar way. For some time before her death she lived with a nephew of hers, and died without the care she had many times showed to others in sickness and death. Morgan was indulged while young, and grew up a n'er do well, deserted his mother, and if living a this writing his whereabouts are unknown.

John and Margaret were for many years members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Vanderbilt, but later united with the Dunkard Church John died April 6, 1888, at the age of 87 years. Margaret died March, 1897.



THE JOHN GALLEY HOMESTEAD.



TRADITION HOME OF JACOB GALLEY.

⁷Jacob Galley married Fannie Sherrick, 1826.

ISSUE.

428 Martha Galley 5. 7. 1829

Died 4. 12. 1895

429 A son (Died in infancy)

We have been able to obtain but little history of Jacob, the fourth child

of Philip and Magdalena Galley.

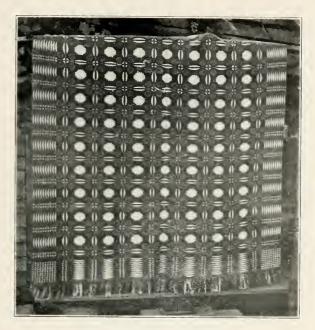
He was born April 4, 1803, and was a weaver of coverlet and linen. At the Galley Reunion, held at Dickerson Run, Pa., Sept., 1897, was exhibited some beautiful table linen woven by him. The beautiful coverlet shown in the accompanying illustration was woven from home-grown flax by him prior to the year 1824. In the Union town (Pa.) "Genius of Liberty," Oct. 9, 1827, appeared the following notice of Jacob Galley's business:

"Jacob Galley informs his friends that he has commenced the business of coverlet weaving at his residence in Tyrone township, one mile from the Youghiogheny River, near the road leading from the Broad Ford to Hurst's mill on Jacob's creek, where he is prepared to weave all kinds of coverlets,

carpeting and table linen according to the most fashionable patterns."

Jacob Galley was killed Nov. 10, 1829, while helping to overturn a flat-boat on the Youghiogheny River near Broad Ford. His widow married Peter, the oldest brother of Jacob Galley.

44



COVERLET WOVEN BY JACOB GALLEY.

428 Martha Galley married Henry Newcomer Oct. 6, 1845.

ISSUE.

			Во	rn
430	Amanda F. Newcomer	10.	1.	1847
431	Uriah Frank Newcomer	4.	27.	1850
	Joseph Scott Newcomer	3.	16.	1854
433	Martha Ann Newcomer	2.	7.	1857
434	Henry Earl Newcomer	8.	31.	1871

⁴³⁰Amanda F. Newcomer married Joshua Colvin Feb. 22, 1866.

		ISSUE.	
		Born	Died
135	Arthur D. Colvin	3, 3, 1867	
136	George H. Colvin	9. 8. 1871	
137	Mabel F. Colvin	10, 17, 1877	
138	Harold P. Colvin	4. 31. 1891	
139	Lela E. Colvin	5. 20. 1884	
140	Lenor Colvin	1. 21. 1868	3. 26. 1868

435Arthur D. Colvin married Daisy M. Chapman June 6, 1900.

ISSUE.

441 Bert Colvin

442 Luther Colvin

443 Bernice Colvin

⁴³¹Uriah Frank Newcomer married Lucy Elwood Jan. 2, 1883.

			ISS	SUE.		
			Во	rn	Die	1
444	Roy Elwood Newcomer	11.	10.	1883		
145	Bessie Olive Newcomer	-3,	15.	1885	3. 20.	1886
146	Lutie June Newcomer	5.	26.	1887		
147	Lily Frank Newcomer	8.	29.	1890		
148	Henry Abraham Newcomer	12.	30.	1891		
149	Irma Earl Newcomer	8.	7.	1892		
150	Paul McKinley Newcomer	1.	5.	1895		
151	Percy William Newcomer	8.	14.	1902		

446 Lutie June Newcomer married L. L. Halstead Jan. 24, 1906.

NO ISSUE.

⁴³²Joseph Scott Newcomer married Mary Lee Foxworthy Oct. 16, 1863.

ISSUE.

				Во	T11
452	Leona	Emily Newcomer	1.	14.	1887
453	Mabel	Pearl Newcomer	4.	21.	1890
454	Scottie	Lee Newcomer	4.	24.	1894

452Leona Emily Newcomer married E. P. Ingersoll Jan. 1, 1905.
NO ISSUE.

433 Martha Ann Newcomer married J. C. Stevens Apr. 14, 1875.

ISSUE.

455 Leona Stevens 3, 27, 1876

455 Lona Stevens married W. F. Druehl Aug. 17, 1898.

ISSUE.

456 Margaret Martha Druehl 8, 10, 1902 457 Genevive Helen Druehl 3, 18, 1995



DAVID GALLEY.

⁸David Galley married Martha Snively May 17, 1829.

ISSUE.

i		Born	Died
ŀ	458 Henry Galley	1, 26, 1831	
ľ	459 Sarah Galley -	1, 28, 1832	1872
E	460 Joseph Galley	6, 7, 1833	
Ŋ	461 Margaret Galley	6. 6. 1835	1859
Ł	462 Susan Galley	2, 19, 1837	1842
ı	463 John Galley	2. 20. 1838	1859
Đ	464 Eliza Galley	4. 29. 1839	1862
į	465 Wesley Galley	12. 30. 1840	
B	466 Willis W. Galley	3. 10. 1844	1866
l	467 William Quail Ğalley	3. 24. 1846	1863
в	468 Martha I Calley	11 9 1017	

David Galley, the subject of this sketch, was the fifth child of Philip and Magdalena Galley and was born May 9, 1805, in Tyrone township, Fayette Co. Pa. David received the same schooling as that of his older brothers. He was a hard-working man, economical, honest and upright, highly respected by all who knew him. He was elected school director in 1842, assessor in 1850 and school director again in 1859. He would amuse himself by giving the school teachers of that day questions in simple fractions such as this: If one and one half herring cost one cent and a half, what will three and a half herring cost Some of them would come to him with a slate full of figures, then he would take a hearty laugh.

He married Martha Snively May 11, 1829. He then bought a farm of 193 acres bordering on Jacob's Creek. Here they lived and toiled all their lives Eleven children were born to them. When all his children died or married and left him and his faithful wife alone he still cared for his farm, adding 46 acres to the original tract. Twice a year he would go over his farm, keeping it clear of all obnoxious weeds. Wesley, his son, moved from his home in Illinois and bought the old home place and cared for his parents in their last days. David Galley and his wife connected themselves with the Church of Christ in about the year 1850, to which they gave strong support financially, and lived devoted

lives until the close.

David died Feb. 26, 1876.



THE DAVID GALLEY HOMESTEAD.

458Henry Galley married Eliza Porter Apr., 1858.

ISSUE.

469 Martha J. Galley

470 John S. Galley (Died in infancy)471 David Galileo Galley (Dead), aged 36

472 Ida Belle Galley (Dead), aged 26

469 Martha J. Galley married Edward McFarland.

ISSUE.

473 John McFarland

474 Pearl McFarland

472 Ida Belle Galley married Sherman Shaw.

ISSUE.

475 Everette Allen Shaw

459 Sarah Galley married Arba Shallenberger, 1851.

	1880E.		
	Born	D	ied
Newton Shallenberger 12.	17. 1851		
Sarah C. Shallenberger 3.	8, 1853	3.	1874
Mary Alice Shallenberger	1855		
Martha Belle Shallenberger	1857		1870
Flora Ann Shallenberger	1859		1882
Walter Scott Shallenberger	1862		
Cora Virginia Shallenberger	1864		1877
Margaret Helena Shallenberger	1866		
Charles Webster Shallenberger	1868		
	Newton Shallenberger 12. Sarah C. Shallenberger 3. Mary Alice Shallenberger Martha Belle Shallenberger Flora Ann Shallenberger Walter Scott Shallenberger Cora Virginia Shallenberger Margaret Helena Shallenberger	Sarah C. Shallenberger 3. 8. 1853 Mary Alice Shallenberger 1855 Martha Belle Shallenberger 1857 Flora Ann Shallenberger 1859 Walter Scott Shallenberger 1862 Cora Virginia Shallenberger 1864 Margaret Helena Shallenberger 1866	Born D Newton Shallenberger 12, 17, 1851 Sarah C. Shallenberger 3, 8, 1853 Mary Alice Shallenberger 1855 Martha Belle Shallenberger 1857 Flora Ann Shallenberger 1859 Walter Scott Shallenberger 1862 Cora Virginia Shallenberger 1864 Margaret Helena Shallenberger 1866

476 Newton Shallenberger married Harriett Newmyer Mar. 2 1874.

ISSUE.

485 Judson Shallenberger (Dead)

486 Nellie Shallenberger (Dead)

487 Sidney Stahl Shallenberger

478 Mary Alice Shallenberger married Jacob Newmyer, 1881.

ISSUE.

488 Harry Newmyer (Dead)

489 Sadie Newmyer

490 Wilford Newmyer

489 Sadie Newmyer married Howard Vance.

ISSUE.

491 Baby Vance

480 Flora Ann Shallenberger married Clark Cottom.

ISSUE.

492 Robert Cottom 493 Clarence Cottom

481 Walter Scott Shallenberger married Maggie Morrison.

ISSUE.

494 Grace Morrison

495 496

497

498

499

500 (Dead)

501 (Dead)

494Grace Morrison married Conrad Hearthberger.

NO ISSUE.

483 Margaret Helena Shallenberger married Geo. O'Neil.

ISSUE.

502 Bessie O'Neil 503 - O'Neil

454 Charles Webster Shallenberger married Olive Wolf.

ISSUE.

504 — Shallenberger 505 — Shallenberger 506 — Shallenberger

400 Joseph Galley married Della Hilliker, 1860.

ISSUE.

			$_{\rm Bo}$	rn	D_1	ed
507	Benjamin Franklin Galley	5.	18.	1861	11.	1891
508	William Sherman Galley	2.	2.	1866		
	(Twins)					
509	Wesley Grant Galley	2.	*)	1866	4, 24,	1967
510	Della Galley (Died in infar	icy)				
511	Etta Galley			1868		1898
512	Nellie Galley			1870		

⁵⁰⁷ Benjamin F. Galley married Jennie Datson.

NO ISSUE.

508 William Sherman Galley married Mary Evelyn Gwillim Feb. 1899.

ISSUE.

Born 513 Audrey Aileen Galley 11. 7. 1899 514 Enid Willow Galley 9, 23, 1903 515 Gwillim Richard Galley 10, 13, 1905

500 Wesley Grant Galley married Mrs. Nannie F. Prock, 190 Mrs. Nannie F. Prock died, 1905.

> ISSUE. Born

Died

516 Della Galley (Died in infancy) 4. 14. 1907

 517 Nellie May Galley
 5. 8. 1895
 518 William Franklin Galley
 51. 17. 1897

 519 Ruth Nannie Galley
 10. 23, 1899

 520 Joseph Wesley Galley
 2, 2, 1902

 521 Oliver Justyn Galley
 8, 11, 1905

511Etta Galley married James Rising, 1887.

ISSUE.

522 Nellie Galley 523 Blanch Galley

524 Frank Galley

525 Ruth Galley (Dead)

512 Nellie Galley married Mr. Wm. Pring, 1896.

ISSUE.

Born

4, 7, 1897 526 Frank W. Pring **527** Fern Lydin Pring 2, 11, 1900

⁴⁶¹Margaret Galley married E. B. Sample.

ISSUE.

528 David Sample (Dead)

529 Stewart Sample (Dead)

530 Clark Sample

464 Eliza Galley married W. B. Chain.

ISSUE.

531 John Chain (Dead)

532 Clarence Chain (Dead)

532 Clarence Chain married Eliza Kell.

ISSUE.

533 William Chain (Dead)

534 Clara Chain

535 Iohn Chain

465Wesley Galley married (1st) Mary A. Holmes, 1864. Mary A. Holmes died 1878.

ISSUE.

536 Charles E. Galley

537 Sarah J. Galley (Dead) 538 Mary A. Galley (Dead)

539 Martha Belle Galley (Dead)

540 Margaret A. Galley (Died 1896)

465Wesley Galley married (2d) Eliza Stauffer.

ISSUE.

541 David Galley

536 Charles Galley married Eliza Sawyer, 1887.

ISSUE.

542 Frank W. Galley

543 Laura E. Galley 544 Eunice B. Galley

545 Ruth A. Galley

546 Anna A. Galley

540 Margaret A. Galley married William Enos.

ISSUE.

547 Edith Pearl Enos

541 David Galley married Eva Jones.

ISSUE.

Born

548 Blanch Mae Galley 12. 1903 549 Clarence Edison Galley 3, 11, 1907

468 Martha J. Galley married Esli Coder Dec. 24, 1868.

TIPPI

	10001.	
	Born	Died
550 Mary Belle Coder	6. 26. 1869	11. 3. 1870
551 Anna Etta Coder	9. 15. 1870	
552 David Franklin Coder	6. 23, 1873	
553 Jennie Coder	4 5, 1874	4. 15. 1874
554 Luella Ilma Coder	6. 8. 1875	
555 Terry Hayes Coder	1. 3. 1877	
556 Harrison Blaine Coder	8, 15, 1879	
557 Olive Loyd Coder	2. 10. 1882	

⁵⁵² David Franklin Coder married Cora M. Kelley Dec., 1896. NO ISSUE.

554Luella Ilma Coder married Charles Cumberland Apr. 13, 1900.
ISSUE.

568 Child (Died in infancy)

555 Terry Hayes Coder married Nellie V. Powell Oct. 16, 1901.

ISSUE.

569 Nellie I. Coder 570 Harold B. Coder

571 Ruth Anna Coder

557Oliver Lloyd Coder married Mollie Hagerman Mar. 12, 1902 Mollie Hagerman died Nov. 16, 1902.

ISSUE.

572 Charles Clark Coder





ELIZABETH GALLEY OGLEVEE.

⁹Elizabeth Galley married Jesse Oglevee May 14, 1826.

	ISSUE.	
	Born	Died
573 Joseph Oglevee	6. 22. 1827	
574 Martha Oglevee	9. 4. 1829	10, 26, 1894
575 Anne Oglevee	5, 11, 1832	
576 Sarah Oglevee	10, 18, 1834	
577 Catherine Oglevee	5. 18. 1837	
578 Philip Galley Oglevee	11, 18, 1839	
579 John S. Oglevee	5. 8. 1842	10. 25. 1895
580 Mary Oglevee	7. 3. 1844	4. 18. 1876
581 Elizabeth Oglevee	1. 31. 1847	
582 Louisa Oglevee	10, 12, 1850	1858

Elizabeth, the sixth child of Philip and Magdalena Galley, was born on the old home place at what is now Morgan Station, in Tyrone township.

Her schooling, like that of most of her brothers and sisters, was limited

to what she could get from a few months' attendance each year in the old lo school house. She was, however, up to the average of her day in education and was especially a good reader, both in German and English. She was great Bible reader, and up to the time her children were old enough to under stand, she was very fond of her German Bible. After this, and because the were not taught German, she used the English Bible, and always made it point to read to them a great deal from the Bible, which to this day the cherish as a precious memory of their mother.

When Elizabeth was young girls were brought up to view things differently from what they do nowadays. Then they looked forward to marriage and the making of good wives and mothers as the fulfillment of the highest and nobles purpose of woman. Says one of her daughters: "I think my grandmothe must have been a noble woman, for surely her three girls filled high position

as home-makers."

It seems to us that this is as high a compliment as could ever be paid t the character and worth of any woman: "She fitted her daughters to be goo home-makers."

Elizabeth Galley and Jesse Oglevee were quietly married May 14, 1826, an went to live with his parents in the old log house that stood just above th

brick house shown in the picture.

There was little of the romantic in the lives of this young couple—jus plain devotion to the duties they were called upon to perform. For many year they had the care of Mr. Oglevee's invalid parents in their old age, and th young wife devoted her time and energies to this task in a most gracious an

uncomplaining manner.

About the year 1837 or 1838 the brick house now occupied by Mr. William Strickler was built and henceforth became the hospitable family homestead. This house stands so exactly on the line between Dunbar and Franklin town ships that it may be truthfully said "the family sleep in one township an eat their meals in another." This is a large house, but the heart of its mistres was ever larger, and her home was always open to the poor, the needy and dis

tressed, as well as to her many friends and neighbors.

Especially was this home of Elizabeth and Jesse Oglevee noted far annear as the ever welcome stopping place for preachers who lived some distance away, and who came to preach at East Liberty and other places in the neighborhood. They would come on Saturday night and remain until Monda morning. Other ministers, delegates and church people from a distance who came to attend general meetings always found a warm welcome in this home. Its mistress was a woman of the strongest Christian principles, and her kindisposition pervaded her whole life. "Her heart and hand and home were ever open to those in need and none were ever turned away from her door empthanded."

As a young girl she had been trained to work, especially to spin and sex most beautifully. Specimens of table linen and toweling are still in the possession of her family, for which she had prepared and spun the flax for he father to weave into fancy patterns, before her marriage. After her marriag and when her family began to add to her duties, she continued to spin and to all the hard work necessary to convert the flax into wearing apparel for he family, also spun a great deal of wool for cloth and stockings. Again quoting the words of her daughter, Mrs. Anne Middleswarth, to whom the write wishes here to make grateful acknowledgment for much valuable help on number of chapters in this book: "I remember mother making such a beautiful piece of broadcloth. She spun the wool so beautifully, then dyed it navy blue, and sent it to the mills to be woven and dressed, and it came back a fine a piece of broadcloth as you will see anywhere to-day. I have heard he

speak of spinning flax all one winter and holding Sister Mattie, then a small child, on her lap most of the time, as she could only keep her quiet in that way. Then to think of what had to be done in the way of 'scouring' the yarn before, and getting all that cloth bleached, etc., after it was woven, and of making it up into clothing all by hand with a family of little children, and her many other duties that go with farm life. A girl nowadays would certainly think such a life an insurmountable mountain. And I want to say a word about mother's peaceful ways in her family. Father, and mother's married life was surely an ideal one, as I never heard either of them speak one cross or fault-finding word to the other. There seemed to be great unity of opinion in regard to bringing up the children, and that, I think, caused all of us to have the utmost confidence in the love for both of them, and for that reason I think there was less than the usual jangling and quarreling among us youngsters. Of course, mother punished us as mothers have to do, but father seldom ever did. His word was law always, but in a kind and loving way, and what one of them proposed the other was always in sympathy with, and much love seemed to prevail at all times between them."

Such in brief was the life and character of Elizabeth Galley Oglevee. She was the writer's grandmother, dead long years before he was born, hence he never knew her, and can scarcely be accused therefore of filial prejudice, but from various sources come such unstinted praise of her simple, pure and Godly life; her lowly ways of thrift and industry and devotion to family and home duties that we may be pardoned for expressing a genuine pride in having descended from such a grand, good specimen of the "old-fashioned woman," of whom some one has beautifully written:

"No clever, brilliant thinker, she, With college record and degree; She has not known the paths of fame, The world has never heard her name; She walks in old, long-trodden ways, The valleys of the yesterdays. Home is her kingdom, love is her dower— She seeks no other wand of power To make home sweet, bring heaven near, To who a smile and wipe a tear, And do her duty day by day, In her own quiet place and way, Around her childish hearts are twined, As round some reverened saint enshrined. And following hers the childish feet

Are led to Ideals true and sweet, And find all purity and good In her divinest motherhood, She keeps her faith unshadowed still— God rules the world in good and ill; Men in her creed are brave and true. And women pure as pearls of dew. And life for her Is high and grand, By work and glad endeavor spanned. This sad old earth's a brighter place All for the synshine of her face; Her very smile a blessing throws, And hearts are happier where she goes. A gentle, clear-eyed messenger, To whisper love—thank God for her!"

We are prouder to have had a mother, a grandmother and a great-grandmother to whom such lines apply in very truth, than we could ever have been with all the position, power and wealth the world could offer.

God help us all to be at least a credit to such ancestry.

573 Joseph Oglevee married Rebecca Stoner Oct. 25, 1850.

ISSUE

10002.	
Born	Died
583 Lee Roy Woods Oglevee 10. 9. 1857	2. 16. 1874
584 Emeline Oglevee 9, 18, 1853	
585 Anna Elizabeth Oglevec 2, 5, 1854	
586 Jesse Adams Oglevee 2, 25, 1860	
587 Wm. Gilmore Oglevee 11, 19, 1865	
589 Christopher Stoner Oglevee 5, 24, 1868	
590 Stark V. Oglevee 12. 5. 1873	3. 30. 1875



THE ELIZABETH GALLEY OGLEVEE HOMESTEAD.

⁵⁸⁴Emeline Oglevee married N. D. McClure, 1878.

ISSUE.

		Во	ГII
	Joseph Clarendon McClure 6.		
592	Anna D. McClure 11.	22.	1881
593	Ellen Rebecca McClure 11.	7.	1882
594	Matthew Simpson McClure 7.	24.	1884
595	Sara Ida McClure 1.	17.	1886
596	Eunice Em. McClure 12.	7.	1888
597	Nathaniel De Hass McClure 7.	9.	1890
598	Christopher C. McClure 11.	12.	1892
599	Genevive W. McClure 5.	22.	1895
600	Edward Oscar McClure 3.	3.	1897

⁵⁹³Ellen Rebecca McClure married J. W. Gallagher.

585Anna Elizabeth Oglevee married Rev. W. S. Danley, 1876.

ISSUE Born Died 601 Joseph William Danley 602 Grace Martha Danley 9, 18, 1877 11. 5. 1882 9, 18, 1879

 603
 Emma Rebecca Danley
 2. 6. 1882

 604
 Helen Luella Danley
 3. 18. 1884

 605
 Texana Margaret Danley
 4. 20. 1887

 606
 Nellie Williard Danley
 5. 31. 1890

 607
 Philip Yale Danley
 4. 19. 1894

 608
 Ruth Anna Danley
 5. 6. 1897

586 Jesse Adams Oglevee married Emma Gibson.

ISSUE.

609 Jessie Oglevee

557 William Gilmore Oglevee married Louise McAvoy Dec. 4, 1895. ISSUE.

610 Elizabeth Oglevee

611 Donovan Oglevee

57+Martha Oglevee married John W. Stoner Dec. 25, 1848. John W. Stoner, born Nov. 7, 1825; died July 31, 1899.

	ISSUE.	
	Born	Died
612 Ann Eliza Stoner	10. 5, 1849	
613 Jesse Anderson Stoner	1. 4. 1851	
614 Isaac Newton Stoner	4. 30, 1854	
615 Jonathan Stoner	6, 15, 1853	7. 1853
617 Martha J. Stoner	8, 23, 1856	2. 9. 1889
618 John Dudley Stoner	1. 12. 1858	
619 Charles C. Stoner	3. 7. 1860	
620 Sarah Ellen Stoner	5. 21. 1862	
621 Frank B. Stoner	6. 10. 1864	
622 Mary A. Stoner	8. 17. 1866	
623 Caroline H. Stoner	9. 15. 1868	
624 Bertha E. Stoner	2. 22. 1871	
625 Sabina Belle Stoner	2, 27, 1873	

⁶¹² Ann Eliza Stoner married E. O. Harper Dec. 25, 1873.

ISSUE.

Born

626 Mary Belle Harper 2. 8. 1877

626 Mary Belle Harper married John Belle Jan. 28, 1896.

ISSUE.

627 James Oldham Belle 8, 24, 1899

```
613 Jesse Anderson Stoner married Susan Barnhouse Dec., 1880.
                                ISSUE.
628 Harry Stoner (Dead)
629 William Stoner
630 Laura Stoner
631 Jesse Frank Stoner
        (Twins) (Dead)
633
634 Mattie Stoner
635 Jessie Stoner
    630 Laura Stoner married James Whitehead.
                               ISSUE.
636 Loyette Whitehead
    614 Isaac Newton Stoner married Fannie Rouselat Sep. 20, 1883.
                               ISSUE.
                                Born
637 Earnest L. Stoner
                            11. 11. 1891
638 Elsie Stoner
639 Mabel Stoner
                            6 1902
    637 Earnest L. Stoner married Rose Averill Dec. 26, 1906.
                             NO ISSUE.
    620 Sarah Ellen Stoner married Eddie Balenger Jan. 19, 1888.
                               ISSUE.
640 Grace Balenger
641 Paul Balenger
642 Ruth Balenger
643 Pearl Balenger
644 Hazel Balenger
    621 Frank B. Stoner married Coral Stone July 23, 1891.
                               ISSUE.
```

Born

645 Pearl Dayton Stoner 1. 15. 1895

622 Mary A. Stoner married (1st) William G. Morgan.

ISSUE.

646 Carl Morgan (Dead)

622 Mary A. Stoner married (2d) William Holeman Feb. 14, 1900.

ISSUE.

Born

647 William Holeman 10. 1904

623 Caroline H. Stoner married Edson Watson Dec. 23, 1891.

ISSUE.

Born

648 Inez May Watson 10. 9. 1892

625 Sabina Belle Stoner married Reese Chandler Feb. 23, 1892.

ISSUE.

Born

649 John W. Chandler 1, 10, 1893 650 Walter Chandler 11. 9. 1894 651 Charles Chandler 4, 17, 1898

575 Anna Oglevee married (1st) I. N. Coutant.

ISSUE.

658 Arthur S. Coutant 659 Benjamin W. Coutant

660 Charles Contant

661 Anna Contant

662 Lizzie Coutant

⁵⁷⁵Anna Oglevee married (2d) John Middleswarth.

638 Arthur S. Coutant married ---.

ISSUE.

663 Florence Coutant

664 Benjamin Coutant

659 Benj. W. Coutant married Harriet Spurrier. NO ISSUE.

660 Charles Coutant married Elizabeth Dunseath. ISSUE.

665 Ruth Anne Coutant

661 Anna Coutant married Mr. J. L. Crittendon. ISSUE.

666 Zar Crittendon

687 Florence Crittendon

668 T. B. Crittendon

662Lizzie Coutant married Mr. W. H. Bradley. ISSUE.

669 Helen Mae Bradley

670 Bertha M. Bradley 671 William E. Bradley

672 Charles Bradley

576 Sarah Oglevee married C. T. Stauffer.

ISSUE.

673 Althea Stauffer

674 Lizzie Stauffer

675 Elvira Stauffer (Dead)

676 Sanford Stauffer (Dead)

677 Mary F. Stauffer (Dead) 678 Joseph Stauffer (Dead)

673Althea Stauffer married G. L. Palmer.

NO ISSUE.

674Lizzie Stauffer married Mr. Bettle.

NO ISSUE.

577 Catherine Oglevee married Conrad Strickler Dec. 11, 1856.

ISSUE.

			Ro	rn
679	Emerson Strickler	9.	21.	1857
680	Sanford Strickler	9.	11.	1859
681	Elizabeth Strickler	4.	27.	1862
682	Homer Strickler	4.	12.	1865
683	Philip Strickler	6.	29.	1869
684	Dora Strickler	10.	22.	1871
686	Olive Strickler	5.	10.	1874
686	Tilden H. Strickler	9	28	1876

680 Sanford Strickler married Mary Clifton.

ISSUE.

687 Catherine Strickler

688 Myrtle Strickler

689 Roy Strickler 690 Carrie Strickler

691 Earnest Strickler

692 Albert Strickler

693 Henry Strickler

687 Catherine Strickler married Frank Featherstone.

NO ISSUE.

688Myrtle Strickler married Mertin Moses.

NO ISSUE.

⁶⁸¹Elizabeth Strickler married G. W. Curry.

ISSUE.

694 Bessie Curry

⁶⁸⁴Dora Strickler married R. L. Barker.

ISSUE.

695 Catherine Barker

696 Corine Barker

685 Olive Strickler married Benjamin Nash.

ISSUE.

697 Virginia Belle Nash 698 Mary Elizabeth Nash

686 Tilden H. Strickler married Clara Bakie.

NO ISSUE.

⁵⁷⁸Philip Galley Oglevee married Matilda Rainer Oct. 25, 1870.

ISSUE.

		Born	Died
699	Howard R. Oglevee	10, 30, 1871	11. 30. 1871
700	Oliver S. Oglevee	2. 8. 1873	
701	Bessie Florence Oglevee	12. 23. 1876	
702	Thomas Edison Oglevee	10. 2. 1878	
703	Lulu Oglevee	6. 28. 1882	

⁷⁰¹Bessie Florence Oglevee married E. D. Miller, 1904. ISSUE.

704 Philip Oglevee Miller Infant daughter

⁵⁷⁹John Oglevee married Anna Stauffer May 28, 1868.

ISSUE.

			100	, 0 12,	
			Bo	rn	
05	Arthur Oglevee	12.	14.	1869	
706	Fannie Oglevee	12.	13.	1871	
707	Jesse Oglevee	10.	7.	1881	

⁷⁰⁵Arthur Oglevee married (1st) Olive Blosser Feb. 28, 1894. Olive Blosser died Apr. 9, 1897.

ISSUE.

708 Earl W. Oglevee

705Arthur Oglevee married (2d) Belle Junk Dec. 10, 1901.

ISSUE.

709 Clark C. Oglevce

710 Edgar J. Oglevee

711 Helen Frances Oglevee

706 Fannie Oglevee married John Pritts June 30, 1898.

ISSUE.

Ben Hale Pritts Minta Dale Pritts ⁵⁸⁰Mary Oglevee married John Arnold Oct. 9, 1867.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
712 Jesse O. Arnold	12. 28. 1868	
713 Emerson Arnold	12. 5, 1870	
714 Anna Cora Arnold	1. 12. 1872	
715 Le Roy O. Arnold	4. 9. 1874	
716 Charles E. Arnold	4. 4. 1876	7, 26, 1876

712 Jesse O. Arnold married Olive B. Dunn Oct. 14, 1897.

ISSUE.

718 Mary Evelyn Arnold 8. 10. 1900

713 Emerson Arnold married Annette Junk Jan. 15, 1900.

ISSUE.

719 John Harold Arnold720 Walter E. Arnold721 Jesse O. Arnold

714Anna Arnold married Andrew Swickard.

ISSUE.

722 Baby Swickard (Died in infancy)

723 Harvey A. Swickard Infant son

> ⁷¹⁵Le Roy Arnold married Mary E. Harmon Aug. 16, 1900. NO ISSUE.

> ⁵⁸¹Elizabeth Oglevee married J. Espey Bute Nov. 10, 1869. ISSUE.

724 Sadie Bute (Dead)

725 Alice Bute

726 Florence Bute (dead)

725 Alice Bute married K. E. Davenport.

ISSUE.

727

728 729



SAMUEL GALLEY.

¹⁰Samuel Galley married (1st) Matilda Strickler, 1835. Matilda Strickler died Oct. 13, 1857.

	Born	Died
730 Springer Galley	5. 31. 1836	
731 Eleanor Galley	10. 28. 1837	(Died in infancy)
732 Jacob Galley	6. 3. 1841	
733 Philip Galley	4, 13, 1839	9. 21. 1896
734 Belle Galley	1. 3. 1843	
735 Alvin Galley	10 5 1844	

¹⁰Samuel Galley married (2d) Margaret Heath Feb. 23, 1860. Margaret Heath died Sep. 11, 1876.

NO ISSUE.

Samuel Galley comes seventh in the line of Philip and Magdalena Galley's children. He first saw the light of day Dec. 23, 1809. He was reared on his ather's farm, and joined in all boyish sports that delight country children. When he was six years old he was started to subscription and district school. He attended German school one day then refused to go, saying he had gradiated. Like all his brothers and sisters, he was early taught obedience, honsty and industry and while yet young learned the shoemaker's trade. In 1335 is married Matilda Strickler and they moved to a farm in North Union townhip, Fayette Co., Pa., where six children were born to them as follows: Springer, Ellanor, Jacob, Philip, Belle and Alvin. They lived on this place wenty-one years, farming in summer and in winter working at his trade. In 856 he sold his farm and moved to Toulon, Stark Co., Ill. Here his wife Matilda died Oct. 13, 1857.

Samuel was again married to Margaret Heath Feb. 23, 1860. They lived a Stark Co., Ill., until the year 1870, when they moved to Cass Co., Nebraska, where they spent the remainder of their days. Margaret died Sept. 11, 1876,

nd Samuel died Dec. 10, 1899, at the ripe old age of ninety years.

In politics Samuel was a Democrat, voting for Jackson for his first Presient. He was for many years a member of the Christian Church, and led an onorable Christian life.



THE SAMUEL GALLEY HOMESTEAD (Prior to his moving to Nebraska).

Now's irrounded by 300 of the largest ovens in the coke region,

producing 1200 tons of coke per day.

65

730 Springer Galley married Martha Stoner Mar. 23, 1867.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
736 Alonzo Galley	11. 1. 1871	7. 6. 1874
737 Francis Marion Galley	7. 13. 1873	
738 Bertha Galley	2. 17. 1876	
739 Emma Galley	3. 8. 1878	

737 Francis Marion Galley married Elsie Wright Mar. 29, 1900. ISSUE.

740 Opal Marie Galley

741 Leroy Springer Galley742 Ruth Galley

738Bertha Galley married R. W. Houghton Mar. 14, 1906. NO ISSUE.

739 Emma Galley married Fred. Singleton Jan. 1, 1907. NO ISSUE.

732 Jacob Galley married Sarah J. Bradley Feb. 27, 1868. ISSUE.

743 George F. Galley 744 Belle Galley

> 743 George F. Galley married Alice Veach Jan. 11, 1892. ISSUE.

750

737 Philip Galley married Mary A. Heath Nov. 17, 1870.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died				
751	Pearl	Galley	9, 30, 1871	10.	2.	1872
752	Tessie	Galley	11. 15. 1872			

752 Jessie Galley married W. G. Cheuvront July 18, 1897.

ISSUE. Born

Died

754	Teddy	Coleman	Cheuvront	8.	2.	1900			
755	Philip	Lenniel	Cheuvront	9.	16.	1902			
756	Mary (Catherine	Cheuvront	7.	30.	1904	10.	6.	1904

757 Williard Heath Cheuvront 2, 27, 1906

753 Vernon Galley Cheuvront 11. 9, 1898

734Belle Galley married John H. Taylor Jan. 23, 1862.

ISSUE.

Born 3. 6 1863

19 Jacob Taylor 12, 25, 1864 30 Martha Ellen Taylor 11 Henry Taylor 12 Anna Vista Taylor 2. 1. 1867 9. 10. 1871

18 Allen Eugene Taylor

11 10, 1873 '3 Edgar Leroy Taylor 8, 25, 1877 4 Dayton Taylor 7. 16. 1882

750 Jacob Galley married Hope C. Werner Mar. 4, 1903. NO ISSUE.

760 Martha Ellen Galley married David Fudge Mar. 24, 1892.

ISSUE.

Born

5 Cecil Clifton Fudge 4. 7 1894 6 Dorsey Emmette Fudge 3. 9. 1896 7 Milo Everette Fudge 1. 9. 1902

761 Henry Galley married Amanda Bertha Ratzlaff Jan. 21, 1902. ISSUE.

Born

8 Eiva Lurene Ratzlaff

2. 11. 1903 762Anna Vista Galley married W. A. Ingersoll July 5, 1906. NO ISSUE.

763 Edgar Lercy Galley married Cora Wallace Feb. 5, 1903.

ISSUE. Born

9 Hazel Ella Wallace 8. 10. 1905

785 Alvin Galley married Rebecca Paul Nov. 17, 1873. ISSUE.

10 Effie B. Galley 11 Hester J. Galley

> 770 Effie B. Galley married (1st) Jas. J. Haffer Mar. 22, 1892. ISSUE.

12 Malcolm Haffer

770 Effie B. Galley married (2d) Mr. Hatch Mar. 26, 1894. 771 Hester J. Galley married Mr. Hodges Jan. 28, 1904. ISSUE.

12 Baby Hodges (Dead)

73 - Hodges



JONATHAN GALLEY.

¹¹Jonathan Galley married Anne Johnson Oct. 29, 1835.

775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782	Nancy Galley Catherine Galley Susanna Galley Joseph Galley Sarah Galley Magdalena Galley Malinda Galley Eliza Galley Elizabeth Galley	ISSUE. Born 4, 30, 1837 7, 23, 1838 6, 30, 1840 8, 28, 1841 4, 27, 1843 6, 13, 1845 5, 11, 1848 9, 9, 1850 3, 7, 1853	Died 1. 2. 1888
	Elizabeth Galley Jacob Galley	3. 7, 1853 1, 30, 1856	

Jonathan was the eighth child of Philip and Magdalena Galley. He was born Feb. 26, 1812, on the old Peter Galley homestead near Broad Ford Pa-His education was obtained in the common schools. In 1836 he married Susannah Johnson. His father then helped him buy a farm-underlaid with coal -in German township, Pa. Under his skillful care and management his farm soon became one of the finest in Fayette Co. and before many years had rolled by he had amassed quite a fortune. At his death his son Jacob became owner of the farm, but it has now passed into other hands. Jonathan was always known as a man of integrity, honorable in all his dealings with his fellow man, and attributes his good health and long life to his abstinence from all stimulants. He was the only one of Philip Galley's children who attended the Galley Reunion held at Dickerson Run, Pa., Sept. 2 and 3, 1897, being then in his eighty-sixth year. Hale and hearty he added much to the enjoyment of the occasion by giving a talk relating to his father's method of training his children-incidents and anecdotes connected with the children of the family. He united with the German Baptist Brethren Church in 1887 and was a consistent member until his death. He died at his home in Garman township, Jan. 10, 1900, of paralysis, being the last of the eleven children of Philip Galley. His wife Anna died Sept. 14, 1903,



THE JONATHAN GALLEY HOMESTEAD.

774 Nancy Galley married Samuel Cover, 1870.

ISSUE.

			Во	LU
784	Joseph Cover	2.	25.	1871
	Clara Cover	8.	12.	1872
786	Anna Cover	10.	2.	1875
787	Isaiah Cover	2.	24.	1877
788	Mary Cover	10.	18.	1878
789	Sarah Cover	10.	2.	1880

784 Joseph Cover married Lucetta De Bolt Mar. 18, 1897. NO ISSUE.

TS5 Clara Cover married B. F. Manning June 6, 1901.
ISSUE.

790 Bennie Manning

786Anna Cover married E. L. Fretts Aug. 31, 1901. ISSUE.

791 Walter E. Fretts792 Ruth Lauretta Fretts

⁷⁸⁷Isaiah Cover married Nora McCann May 18, 1898. ISSUE.

793 Joseph C. Cover 794 Nannie C. Cover

Mary Cover married Jacob L. Mack Oct. 1, 1903.
NO ISSUE.

789 Sarah Cover married William A. Townsend Sep. 20, 1905.
NO ISSUE.

775 Catherine Galley married James Renshaw Oct. 3, 1861.

ISSUE.

795 George Renshaw 10, 23, 1862 796 Mary A. Renshaw 11, 21, 1864 797 Carrie L. Renshaw 2, 7, 1870 798 Lindsie (Died in infancy)

786 George Renshaw married Annie Deffenbough. ISSUE.

799 Ada Renshaw 800 Lulu B. Renshaw

796 Mary A. Renshaw married G. H. Weigle May 24, 1884.

ISSUE.

10		Dorn	Died
301	Elmer O. Weigle	10. 18. 1885	
302	Allen E. Weigle	8. 13. 1890	7. 10. 1898
103	John B. Weigle	6. 20. 1896	2. 4. 1904
	Baby girl	1907	W. 4. 1504

797 Carrie L. Renshaw married John Schnatterly June 21, 1891. ISSUE.

05 Gabie V. Schnatterly

06 Cloe M. Schnatterly

07 Irene Schnatterly

776Susanna Galley married W. B. Fogle Apr. 2, 1863. ISSUE.

08 Jacob Galley Fogle

09 Baby Fogle (Dead)

10 Anna C. Fogle (Dead)
11 Jennie D. Fogle

12 Etta P. Fogle (Dead) 13 Emma O. Fogle

14 Olive R. Fogle

15 Sallie B. Fogle 16 Allen W. Fogle

17 Daisy M. Fogle 18 Libbie G. Fogle

19 Mary L. Fogle

811 Jennie D. Fogle married William Donaldson June 5, 1887. ISSUE.

10 Ethel Donaldson

11 Mamie Donaldson 2 - Donaldson

3 — Donaldson

4 - Donaldson

5 — Donaldson
6 — Donaldson

813 Emma O. Fogle married Joseph Lockwood Mar. 3, 1889. ISSUE.

Born 17 Hattie Lockwood 4. 6. 1893 13 Gertrude Lockwood 9. 9. 1895 19 Golden Lockwood 10. 7. 1898 10 Wagner Lockwood 6. 24. 1901 II Mager H. Lockwood 7. 30. 1903 514Olive R. Fogle married John Wildridge Nov. 20, 1894.

ISSUE.

Born 832 Gilbert J. Wildridge 2, 14, 1895 12, 20, 1897 333 Etta Wildridge

S15 Sallie B. Fogle married Edward McCracken Oct., 1897.

ISSUE.

Born 834 Lottie D. McCracken 8, 10, 1898 835 Earl R. McCracken 10 3, 1900

SigMary L. Fogle married Glen Boles Apr. 5, 1905.

ISSUE.

836 Gladys Louise Boles

III Joseph Galley married Sarah Mosier Dec. 3, 1876. Sar Mosier died Mar. 23, 1900.

ISSUE.

Born 837 Addie Z. Galley 6, 23, 1877 338 Mary Florence Galley 10, 21, 1878

887 Addie Z. Galley married Charles Leichty Apr. 29, 1901.

ISSUE.

Born 1 5, 1995

839 Iva Marie Leichty

538 Mary Florence Galley married J. H. Royer June 16, 1904. NO ISSUE.

780 Malinda Galley married Allen S. Walters Nov. 23, 1871. ISSUE.

840 Etta V. Walters

841 Sarah Solisia Walters 842 Jonathan G. Walters 843 Ephraim K. Walters 844 Mary E. Walters

545 Malinda May Walters

(Twins)

846 Allen Ray Walters

840 Etta V. Walters married Rev. S. C. Cover Mar. 27, 1895. NO ISSUE.

S41Sarah Solisia Walters married Prof. J. C. McClain Mar. 27, 1895.
ISSUE.

847 Allen W. McClain

848 Eliza Lou McClain

849 Mildred Marie McClain

842 Jonathan G. Walters married Amelia Snavely Dec. 19, 1901.
ISSUE.

850 Allen S. Walters

S43 Ephraim Walters married Etta Leckrone Mar. 10, 1899.
ISSUE.

351 Edna Melinda Walters

844Mary E. Walters married Harry C. Lehman Sep. 7, 1905. ISSUE.

52 Etta Marie Leckrone

⁷⁸¹Eliza Galley married (1st) G. W. Conwell Nov. 4, 1886.

ISSUE.

53 Georganna Conwell 10

Born 10, 15, 1887 Died 10, 16, 1887

781 Eliza Galley married (2d) T. J. Smith Oct., 1892.

NO ISSUE.

782 Elizabeth Galley married Joseph Beal Oct. 15, 1885.

ISSUE.

Born

 14 Emmette E. Beal
 2. 2. 1887

 15 Harry S. Beal
 7. 20. 1892

 16 Lindsey J. Beal
 10. 28. 1894

783 Jacob Galley married Harriet Hess Nov. 24, 1886. NO ISSUE.

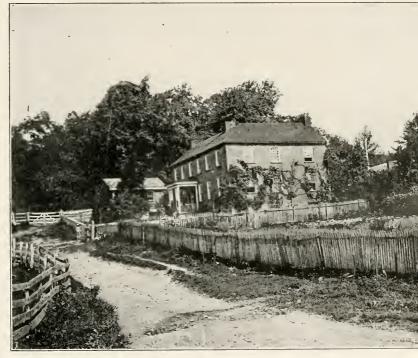


BARBARA GALLEY SNYDER.

¹²Barbara Galley married Henry Snyder Mar. 6, 1834.

	ISSUE. Born	Died
857 Martha S. Snyder 858 David C. Snyder 859 Jesse O. Snyder 860 Catherine Snyder 861 John Snyder	9, 2, 1835 9, 10, 1837 2, 11, 1840 6, 4, 1842 12, 9, 1844	2, 19, 1865
862 Philip G. Snyder 863 Margaret Louise Snyder 864 Sarah Ann Snyder 865 Charlotte Snyder 866 Dianna C. Snyder	11. 21. 1846 5. 9. 1849 12. 2. 1857 7. 13. 1853 3. 5. 1856	(Died in infancy) 11. 22. 1866

Barbara, the youngest of the three daughters of Philip and Magda Galley, was born June 20, 1814, in Tyrone township, Fayette Co., Pa. remained at home with her parents during all the years of her minority, fu ing the common duties of a country life, besides making herself useful to community in the way of helping tend the ferry (across the Youghiogh River) kept for the accommodation of travelers in those days when brie were not so common as at the present time. Becoming well accustome the waters in all stages we have frequently heard her tell of her youthful ventures in crossing the waters when overflowing their banks, not only passengers themselves, but riding their horses through the ford when



THE BARBARA GALLEY SNYDER HOMESTEAD.

waters were up on the skirts of the saddle. Her education was of a comschool kind and accorded with the times in which she lived. For her religious training outside the home she was indebted to the labors of a Modist organization which was within a mile of her home, as was also the time schoolhouse. She was privileged to attend upon the preaching of of the great and good men of those times, among whom were Samuel W field and James Sansom, and their revival seasons and songs especially a lifelong impression upon her mind and character. Some of the song by then used were not only kept and prized, but much used by her all her

and among the last things, she gas us the delightful assurance that she believed her conversion dated from these early times and circumstances. At the age of twenty she was married to Henry Snyder, of Rostraver township, Westmoreland Co., Pa., where they spent the first several years of their married life, afterwards buying a piece of land in Franklin township, where by industry and economy they made a home for themselves and spent the remainder of their lives.

857 Martha S. Snyder married Joel Evans Nov. 24, 1859.

NO ISSUE.

S5S David Snyder married Mrs. ----

NO ISSUE.

859 Jesse O. Snyder married Deborah Stockdale Jan. 1, 1863.

ISSUE.

867 Robert H. Stockdale (Died in infancy)

S60 Catherine Snyder married David Junk Jan. 4, 1866.

ISSUE.

868 Anna B. Junk

869 Rebecca Junk (Dead) 870 Martha Junk

871 Samuel Junk

872 Mary Junk 873 Lottie Junk

S61 John Snyder married Mary Montgomery Oct. 3, 1876. Mary Montgomery diad, 1907.

ISSUE.

874 Clark M. Snyder 875 Dianna C. Snyder

876 B. Franklin Snyder 877 Ada Kate Snyder

878 Jesse O. Snyder

879 Philip G. Snyder (Dead)

875 Dianna C. Snyder married J. C. Cruise, 1906.

NO ISSUE.

862 Philip G. Snyder married Eliza J. Pope Dec. 30, 1869.

ISSUE.

Born

Died 12, 12, 1879

880 Mary Louisa Snyder 881 Jesse O. Snyder

1, 27, 1871 8, 17, 1872

882	William R. Snyder	6. 28. 1875	4. 18. 1893
883	Anna J. Snyder	8. 4. 1876	7. 25. 1878
384	Jeannette Dale Snyder	9, 30, 1878	
385	Henry L. Snyder	9. 1. 1880	
386	Martha E. Snyder	8. 17. 1882	
387	Frances Edna Snyder	4. 12. 1884	9. 11. 1884
389	Flora Kate Snyder	1886	4. 18. 1905

881 Jesse O. Snyder married Rose Earle July 18, 1899.

ISSUE.

90 Anna Ruth Snyder 9.

Born 9, 16, 1904

884 Jeannette Dale Snyder married J. R. Simms Jan. 31, 1899.

ISSUE.

		Born
91	Ina Flora Simms	3. 5. 1900
92	Ramona Vivian Simms	11. 13. 1901
93	Edith Simms	11, 29, 1903
94	Norma Snyder Simms	1. 3. 1907

886 Martha E. Snyder married Homer H. Montel Jan. 29, 1894.

ISSUE.

Born 2. 19. 1895
Philip J. Montel 12. 4. 1900

Flora Kate Snyder married Samuel Maydwell July 10, 1899.
ISSUE.

Born

6 Edna Grace Maydwell 7. 18. 1901

S63 Margaret Louisa Snyder married William De Vall Mar. 27, 1373.

ISSUE.

Born Died

87 William Henry De Vall 1. 1. 1874

88 Barbara Eleanor De Vall 6. 13. 1875

9 Marjon Leota De Vall 8. 20. 1886

897William Henry De Vall married Mattie Palmer Apr. 26, 1906. NO ISSUE.

866 Dianna C. Snyder married Dr. F. R. McGrew Mar. 10, 1877. ISSUE.

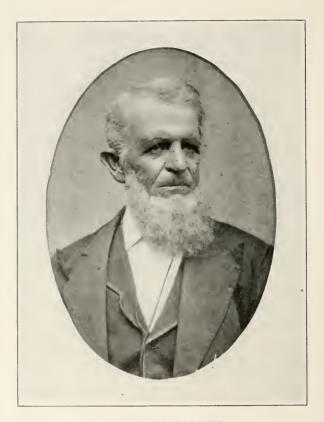
9 Grace Pearl McGrew

90 Hazel May McGrew

Martha Evans McGrew

90 Dale Walton McGrew

96 Finley R. McGrew (Dead)



ABRAHAM GALLEY.

¹³Abraham Galley married Mary Stoner May 14, 1840.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
905 Eli Galley	9. 20. 1841	1. 14. 1903
906 Albert M. Galley	1. 9. 1849	11, 21, 1898
907 Clark S. Galley	11, 22, 1850	9. 6, 1887
908 Martin L. Galley	9. 11. 1854	

Abraham, the tenth child of Philip and Magdalena Galley was born S 28, 1816. He was reared on his father's farm, and when old enough to go school was sent there during the few months in winter time that the commschool was in session. The balance of the year he was required to help do work on the farm, where he remained and secured the best education in common schools that was possible for his father to bestow upon him at

time. When he had arrived at the age of twenty-four he thought as man other young men have done that it was about time to do something for himse The first official act of note of which we have a record was on May 14, 184 when he was married to Mary Stoner, daughter of Christian and Anna Stone of Dunbar township, Fayette Co., Pa. Some time after this he purchased farm, adjoining, and which was part of the homestead land of his father. Upo this farm Abraham and his wife commenced keeping house and farming f themselves. From the union of their marriage four children were born, of whom were boys-Eli, Albert M., Clark S. and Martin L., and all of who were reared upon the farm and educated. When they arrived at the a of manhood they all left their father and mother to follow pursuits for ther selves. After many years had rolled by, and the two had been left by ther selves to continue the labors on the farm, Mary, the wife and mother, w overtaken with a long and severe illness from which she never recovered, as on April 11, 1885, she died at the age of sixty-three years. Abraham was no left alone on the farm, where he remained for a number of years until the time of the World's Fair which was held in Chicago. He thought he wou like to see the great fair, so he arranged his affairs, and in due time start West. After seeing the fair and the city of Chicago he decided to go farth west to Nebraska to see his brother Samuel, whom he had not seen for twen When this visit was ended he went still father west to visit a nied



THE ABRAHAM GALLEY HOMESTEAD.

Mrs. O. F. Arnold, who lived at Aurora, Neb. Here he was taken sick, and after a few days illness, died on Nov. 6, 1893, at the age of seventy-seven years. His remains were brought back to his old home and buried beside his wife, Mary. Thus ended a life that was at all times honorable and useful. From early boyhood Abraham Galley had been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and his Christian character was ever an influence for good in the community in which he lived. He was a good neighbor and a well-respected citizen.

905Eli Gallev married Emma Huston Feb. 3, 1870.

ISSUE.

909 Laura B. Galley 910 Frank B. Galley

Born 6, 11, 1872 10, 21, 1880

⁵⁰⁰Laura B. Galley married Joseph Taylor June 27, 1895.

ISSUE. Born

911 Clifford Taylor

3, 20, 1896

1906 Albert M. Galley married (1st) Della Jones Oct. 20, 1881.

ISSUE.

912 Frank Galley 913 Blanch Galley

¹⁰⁰⁶Albert M. Galley married (2d) Anna Taylor July 22, 1891.

ISSUE.

914 Walter Galley 915 Alice Galley

916 Charles Galley

912Frank Galley married Miss Graff.

ISSUE.

917 — Galley 918 — Galley 919 — Galley

507Clark Galley married Mary Cooper Dec. 12, 1878, who died Sep. 17, 1903.

ISSUE.

920 Ethel Galley

921 Araminta C. Galley

Martin L. Galley married Ada Dixon.

ISSUE.

922 Florence M. Galley

923 John A. Galley 924 Mary A. Galley (Dead)

925 Ralph K. Galley



HENRY GALLEY.

¹⁴Henry Galley married Ruth Freeman May 9, 1844. Ruth Freeman died Nov. 5, 1889.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
926 Elizabeth Caroline Galley	5. 16. 1845	
927 Franklin Morse Galley	1. 24. 1847	1, 27, 1874
928 Allen Galley	1. 14. 1849	
929 Emma Willard Galley	2, 28, 1852	
930 Sabina G. Galley	7. 15. 1854	
931 J. K. Ewing Galley	3. 23. 1857	
932 Kate Freeman Gallev	2, 24, 1860	
933 Belle N. Galley	11, 14, 1862	
934 Henrietta Galley	5. 12. 1865	

Henry Galley, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest child of Philip and Magdalena Newcomer Galley. He was born June 12, 1819, in Tyrone township, Fayette Co., Pa., on the farm then owned by his father, and on which is now located Morgan Station of the B. & O. R. R.

When he was two years old the family moved to Franklin township on the south side of the Youghiogheny River. This beautiful homestead, comprising first and second bottoms, and washed by the waters of the "Dare Devil

Yough," was his home from that time until his death. Dec. 2, 1895.

His education was obtained in the common schools, and many were the stories he told us children of the days when he went to school. At first over the river in Tyrone township, where the road—which was only a path—ran through the forest and was marked by blazed trees. Then on through the years until the last term was held in the old Methodist Church building at East Liberty. The branches taught and the methods used in governing the scholars differed widely from the way schools are conducted these days, but with all the lack of text books and needed helps, through his fondness for learning and his energy and perseverance he became a well read man at an early age, and all through life this desire for knowledge remained, and resulted in the acquisition of a better library than was common among the farmers of his day.

A friend to education, he was always interested in schools and colleges and the cause of education was helped by his gifts of money and valuable books to the libraries. The teacher was a welcome guest, and for the scholars he had kind words, or a funny incident to relate; and while he tested their progress by questioning them about their studies, or proposing examples for them to solve, he rewarded them by taking them sled riding or asking them to his home for an evening's entertainment. As a farmer he was successful in his occupation; he sought out new inventions and tried new processes, and honored his calling as the oldest and most useful and necessary in the world.

In business matters he was thoroughly honest and upright. He never amassed great riches, but left a competence to his family unsmirched by trickery or "graft." An independent thinker on all subjects, and not slow to express his opinions, he naturally met with opposition and no doubt made enemies. In politics, an uncompromising Democrat of the "old school," he was always ready to defend the principles of his party, and to show up the faults and failures of the opposite side. He filled different local offices creditably, and was elected to the Legislature in 1858; was again nominated in 1859, but was defeated in the general election. Socially inclined his home was the gathering place for many congenial spirits, comprising men of the learned professions, the merchant, the mechanic or the farmer who tilled the soil, rich or poor, they all met on an equality, alike welcome by the host, and the best in them was brought out by his tact and kindness.

A faithful friend and safe counsellor, his friendship was valued and his advice sought. The needy student or the poorly paid pastor found in him a benefactor who gave of his means freely and in such a kind way that it was not felt to be a charity but a gift from a loving hand. A kind and affectionate husband and father, firm in his government, reasonable in his demands, he expected obedience on the part of his children, and was rewarded by their respect and love.

For many years a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, late in life he changed his views, and connected himself with the Disciples of Christ, and was soon chosen elder, in which relation he stood while he lived, malntaining a consistent Christian life and dying left a good example to his family, friends and neighbors.

In the words of another: "In public as in private life, his record was clean.

He read much and talked well on all subjects of general interest. He wa honest and honorable in all things—a lover and defender of the truth times."

He was married at the age of 28 years to Ruth Freeman, daughter of mund Freeman, of Franklin township, Fayette Co., Pa., who was in sense of the word a "help meet," filling with dignity and honor to hersel family all the relations of life. To them were born nine children—three and six daughters.



THE HENRY GALLEY HOMESTEAD.

926 Elizabeth Caroline Galley married Samuel Luce Oct. 28, 1

	ISSUE.	
	Born	Died
935 J. Harry Luce	6, 5, 1869	
936 Frank Luce	10. 26. 1870	
937 Anna May Luce	6. 26. 1872	
938 Emma Dora Luce	9. 6. 1874	
939 Whitesette W. Luce	9. 23. 1876	
940 Charles Luce	9. 25. 1878	1. 30. 1881
941 Maude Luce	7. 26. 1880	
942 Olphra Luce	9. 3. 1882	
943 Bente Luce	11, 29, 1885	
944 Ruth Etta Luce	1. 31. 1888	

935 J. Harry Luce married Emma Porter Apr. 21, 1897.

ISSUE.

	Born	Died
945 Le Moyne Luce	1. 8. 1900	7. 20. 1900
946 Jeannette Luce	6. 13. 1903	

968 Emma Dora Luce married J. W. Piersol Oct. 19, 1899.

ISSUE.

947	Helen Ruth Piersol	8.	7.	1900
948	Gertrude Adalyn Piersol	3,	21.	1902
949	Seville Piersol	11.	26.	1904

⁵⁴¹Maude Luce married R. G. Stevens June 19, 1902.

ISSUE.

Born

950 Robert G. Stevens 6. 26, 1905

Anna Luce married Rev. Frances Aug. 7, 1907.

NO ISSUE.

925 Allen Galley married Isabelle Gallatin Dec. 19, 1872.

ISSUE.

			Bo	rii
51	Arlenia Galley	11.	13.	1873
52	Samuel Galley	12.	11.	1875
953	Ruth Galley	12.	14.	1877
54	Henry Galley	11.	20.	1883
55	Odessa Galley	8.	14.	1886
	(Twins)			
56	Clarissa Galley	8.	14.	1886
57	Freeman Galley	11.	1.	1889
58	Irene Galley	- 5	17	1894

9

9

953 Ruth Galley married Howard Adams Dec. 12, 1900.

ISSUE.

959 John N. Adams 1, 30, 1902 960 Jane Isabelle Adams 11, 11, 1906

930 Sabina G. Galley married O. F. Arnold Sep. 28, 1883.

ISSUE.

Born Died 961 Carl Eugene Arnold 7, 19, 1883 962 Mary Emma Arnold 3, 18, 1885

963	Samuel Maynard Arnold	12. 19. 188€	
964	Orton Frisbee Arnold	9. 20. 1890	
965	Ruth Galley Arnold	5, 13, 1893	
967	Sabina Jane Arnold	2, 23, 1896	11. 14. 1896
968	Florence Ruby Arnold	10. 19. 1897	

931 J. K. Ewing Galley married Maggie Foster Oct. 22, 1899.

ISSUE. Born 15 1896

Died

969	William Kennedy Galley	10.	15.	189€
970	Henrietta Galley	12.	15.	1893
971	Mary Belle Galley	11.	26.	1897
972	Allen Ouitman Galley	4.	18.	1900

932Kate Freeman Galley married H. D. Shallenberger Oct. 18, 1891.

ISSUE.

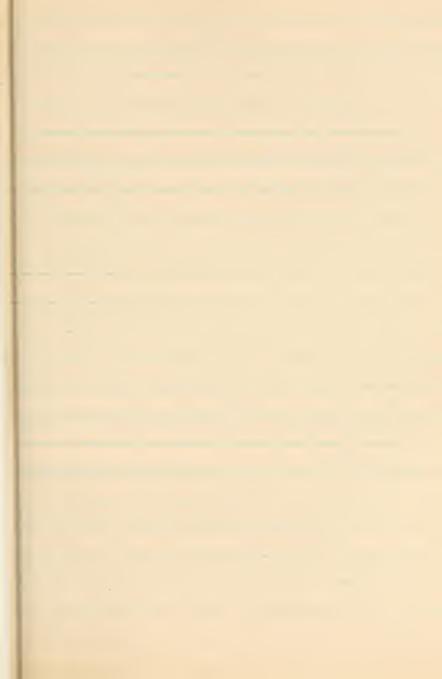
Died
2. 7. 1903

933Belle N. Galley married (1st) W. N. Stahl Aug. 19, 1889.
NO ISSUE.

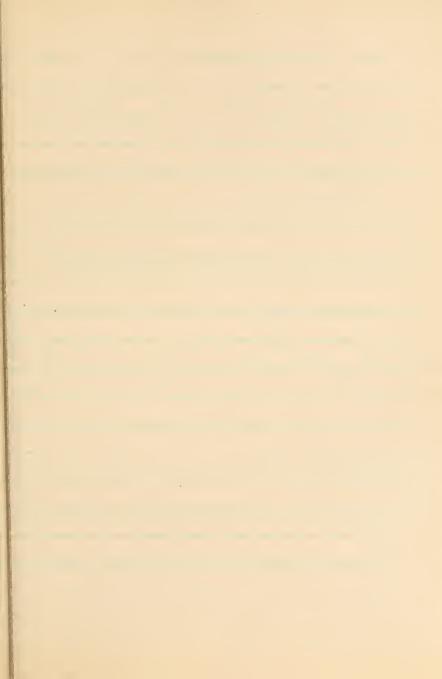
933Belle N. Galley married (2d) T. J. Sleeman June, 1906.



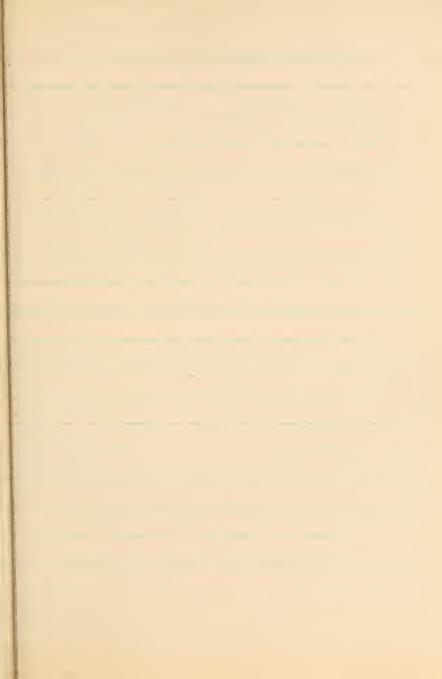


















GALLEY FAMILY REUNION.

1897.

A Notable Social Event at Dickerson Run.

Two Hundred Forty-seven of the Seven Hundred Forty Descendar of Philip and Magdalena Galley Have a Delightful Gathering.

(From the "News Standard" of Uniontown, Pa.)

One of the most notable family reunions ever held in Fayer County was that of the descendants of Philip Galley, in the groon the Youghiogheny River, on the old Galley homestead, at Dicks son Run, September 2 and 3, 1897. This reunion was projected by tlate Henry Galley, who died before realizing the hope of seeing I numerous relatives assembled together, but his plans were carriout by his daughter, Miss Henrietta, who has worked untiringly the success of the reunion just held.

Thursday, the first day, was for the family alone, while the so ond day was open to the friends and general public. At 9 o'clo Thursday, the day being perfect, two hundred fifty of the descer ants of Philip Galley were present, when the following program was announced: Opening song, music conducted by J. C. McClur prayer, John Galley; music; address of welcome, Henrietta Galle music; family history, Joseph Oglevee; original poem, Dr. J. Arnold, of Philadelphia, on the "Youghiogheny River"; music.

Dinner was then served, from a half-dozen long tables sprewith the bounties of the season. First, the name of Philip Galle oldest son, Peter, was called. Peter is dead, but 68 of his descendant were present, and these 68 arose and marched to their seats at table. In like manner the names of all the 11 children were calle and their descendants took seats at the tables. Only one of these 11

Jonathan-was present to answer in person.

After dinner the day was spent in hearing reminiscences, reaing of letters, impromptu addresses and in a pleasant social way. Torganization included P. G. Smith, the oldest grandson, as presider Henrietta Galley, the youngest granddaughter, secretary; P. Oglevee, treasurer. Many pleasant talks were given, the speake being from eight States, which were represented as follows: Per sylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Corado.

Supper was served at 5 o'clock, after which the visitors accompanied the resident relatives to their several homes, where they were

hospitably entertained.

On Friday the immediate relatives were reinforced by several hundred friends, and the second day's exercises began at 9 A. M. There was no set programme for this day, but the time was spent in impromptu addresses and social diversions. Dinner was served to all, and after a most delightful two days' session of festivities, the first Galley family reunion was at an end, being in every sense a thorough success.

One of the most conspicuous features was the large family tree painted upon canvas by the brothers O. C. and C. M. Galley, carriage manufacturers of Mt. Pleasant. This was a huge trunk with 11 large limbs, each representing one of the children of Philip Galley, and on each of these limbs were smaller branches representing each of the children's children, etc., with name written on each limb and branch. Another feature was a large bulletin board containing photos of the 11 children and all their descendants whose pictures were obtainable, with names written below them. These pictures were collected and arranged by Mrs. Mary Bute.

The oldest descendant present was Jonathan Galley, and the youngest was Florence Chamberlain, of Washington County, a tiny little Miss, who was not named until she arrived at the reunion.

There is no picture in existence of Philip Galley. The accompanying cuts of Samuel and Jonathan Galley, only surviving children of Philip, are made from photos kindly furnished the News Standard by Mrs. T. J. Smith, of Mt. Vernon avenue, a daughter of Jonathan Galley.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted before the

adjournment:

1. That we duly appreciate the untiring efforts of Miss Henrietta Galley, P. G. Oglevee, P. G. Smith and others who contributed to make our sojourn so enjoyable and pleasant.

2. That we feel grateful to the Galley boys of Mt. Pleasant for

their artistic execution of the family tree.

3. That we are highly gratified in the photographic collection by Mrs. Mary Bute in its helpful design and arrangement.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Miss Henrietta Galley.

Dear Friends:—I feel that I am favored in being chosen to gree you on this occasion. I surely consider it a mark of confidence, an

fully realize the important task that has been assigned me.

I am sure it is not because of any superior ability that I was the one selected to make the Address of Welcome, and if I do not com up to your standard of eloquence, my message, at least, is one of peace and friendly intercourse. Something more than a year ago, when few of the friends met for the purpose of considering the question of a reunion it was with some hesitancy as to whether such an unde taking would prove a success. The weeks and months flew by rapid succession, and as the time drew nearer and nearer, the interest and willingness manifested by each one to make this a happy mee ing increased. As we come together to-day in this beautiful grow that has stood the storms of ages and the blasts of many winters, ar where in childhood days I spent many happy hours, I, the younge grandchild of the family so well known, and in whose name th reunion is called, have the honor to bid you welcome. More than century ago Philip Galley, an only child, settled in this little valle along the banks of the beautiful Youghiogheny River. There as now more than six hundred of his descendants scattered from the storm-tossed shores of the Atlantic to the peaceful shores of the Pacific; from the snow-clad regions of the North to the balmy clime of the South. Quite a number of those descendants has met he to-day to participate in this reunion, and we, the relatives of the East extend to you of the North, the South and West a hearty welcom We have met for the purpose of renewing old acquaintances, formir new ones and strengthening the ties of relationship, and while mar of us meet for the first time, and feel almost like strangers, let forma ity be put aside and let us meet as one family, each one striving make the day pleasant for some one else. Then in the years to con we shall only have happy memories of the first Galley Reunion.

In this company of relatives I find all ages represented. To tho whose locks are silvery, white, and whose shoulders are bending be neath the burden of many years, we bid you welcome. May the meeting with relatives be a joyous one to you. To those who has reached the summit of life and are just beginning the descent, which is the bid you welcome and wish you the fullest enjoyment and large measure of social profit. To the young, to those related by ties marriage, one and all, we bid you welcome, thrice welcome to the reunion, and if we are not permitted to meet as one family again may we take part in that reunion beyond the grave, where the fait ful shall shine as the stars and where home circles are as eternal

the hills in sight.

REUNION POEM.

By Dr. J. O. Arnold.

YOUGHIOGHENY RIVER.

Down from yonder blue old mountains, Fed by countless bubbling fountains, Comes a winding, rugged stream; You may see it if you look there, Rippling in the morning sunglare With its ever broken gleam.

'Tis no stream of great dimensions, Lays no claim by loud pretensions - To exalted place in fame; Yet, 'tis true, it has a hist'ry Rich in legendary myst'ry - Like its quaint, old Indian name.

Far along you forest hillside, Where the fox and fleet-foot deer gilde, And the Redman once roamed free, You will find the waters rising, That ere long this stream comprising, Here flow nast us to the sea.

Small at first, and rough its edges, Tumbling over rocks and ledges, Down its broken mountain course, Till you see its size increasing— See as well its turmoil ceasing— As it gathers strength and force.

Onward there you see it coming, Hear its peaceful waters humming Through the quiet, shady dale; But again, its course is broken, And its murmurings loud spoken, Echo down the rocky vale.

This is where the ceaseless roaring Of its waters overpouring Fills the air for many a mile; And the Indian gave it naming, As he stood in awe exclaiming, "Beautiful falls—Ohlo pyle."

Down, on down the vailey winding, Soon this stream its course is finding 'Mong the thicker haunts of men; Falls and mountains left behind it, Now no longer do you find it Running wild and free again.

For as onward still you trace it On the rugged banks that face it Are the towns and busy mills That in early days were started By our fathers long departed From this land their mem'ry fills.

Many changes Time has wrought here Since the days when first men sought here To establish family homes: Then no mines, or mills, or bridges, Marred the beauty of these ridges, Or the stream that 'mong them comes. And this spot where we assemble Does but little, now, resemble What it was in days gone by; Yet it still has clust'ring 'round it Childhood scenes that long have bound it To our hearts with fondest tie.

Was it not right here below you Sire and grandsire tried to show you How to fish in yonder hole? How impatiently you angled With the little line that dangled From your crooked home-made pole!

But I venture here to tell you Truer pleasures ne'er befel you Since this "tackle" you forsook, Than the joy that was afforded When at last you were rewarded By a fish upon that hook.

You who gather in reunion, And together hold communion With the days of long ago, Do you not recall with pleasure How in youthful days of lelsure On this stream you learned to row?

How you paddled bravely yonder,
Till your friends began to wonder
If you'd reach the other shore;
Or, instead, would be swept downward
By the current floating onward,
To return to them no more.

Ah, since then you learned to paddle Where the waves give greater battle. Than you ever fought with there; And the fears that then beset you Were as naught to those that met you On life's greater thoroughfare.

Thus the Youghiogheny River, Flowing onward, flowing ever, From the mountains to the sea, Has so much we love about it That this meeting here without it Would not half so homelike be.

Oh, thou river of our childhood, Flowing down from yonder wildwood, Past our meeting place today: Thou art emblem in thy flowing Of another stream that's going Swift from youth to age away.

Stream of human life and motion, Borne by Time toward that ocean Where no bounds of time are known. Thou, in passing, dost remind us How we pass and leave behind us Half the pleasures life has shown. Speak to us, thou silent river, Tell us when, or whether ever Thou wilt end thy flowing here? Tell us, also, if thou knowest Whither now our life-stream goest Swiftly on from year to year?

Shall we find, as thou art finding, That our course is ever winding. Ever changing as we go? Shall the years of time before us Bring no wreeks or troubles o'er us To disturb life's fitful flow? Thou art voiceless, yet thou tellest Unto him who o'er thee dwellest In remembrance of the past, Much to set our souls reflecting— Much to guide us in directing Where life's stream shall end at last.

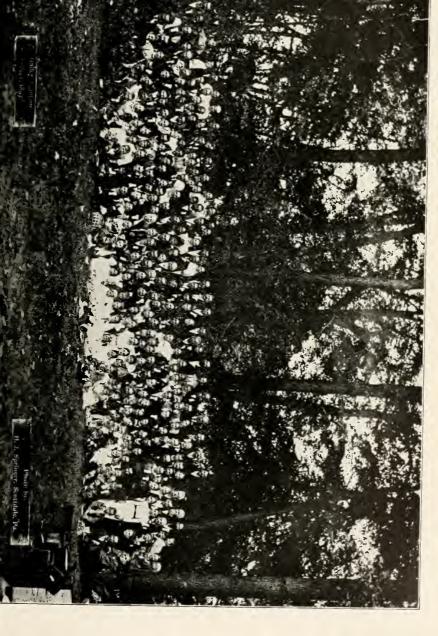
Oh, may we from out thy flowing
Take some lesson worth the knowing—
Some inspiring thought to-day
That shall make each heart here lighter
And shall help to make life brighter
As we pass upon our way.

May the God who guides thy motion, And who holds thee like the ocean, In the hollow of his hand, Gulde our life-stream, oh thon river, Safely back to Him, the Giver Of the waters and the land.





FAMILY TREE.
As Exhibited at the First Reunion, 1897.



THE TEN YEARS INTERVAL.

In the ten years interval between this first reunion just described and the second general reunion held August 28, 1907, the organization, with P. G. Smith, president, Henrietta Galley, secretary, and P. G. Oglevee, treasurer, was maintained and a meeting held in the

"reunion grove" on the last Wednesday in August each year.

These annual meetings of the family were only smaller in numbers than the "big reunion"—they lacked nothing in enthusiasm and pleasure for those who attended from year to year. Nor was the attendance small. Members of the family gathered from the home neighborhood, Fayette, and adjoining counties, and on nearly every occasion there were some present from the Western States, who made it a point, if visiting in the East, to be here at the time of the family meeting. There was always a big dinner in the grove and a regular old-fashioned picnic highly enjoyed by all who attended. Songs, recitations, after-dinner speeches, stories, reminiscences and poetry for the occasion usually made up the programme. For several years past the never-failing post prandial poet for these happy occasions has been Mr. Newton Shallenberger, whose warm-hearted interest and faithful attendance on all these meetings have contributed no small amount to their success from year to year.

A sad, but quite natural thing occurred in the latter part of the decade, namely, the necessity for changing the meeting place from the beautiful grove on the little plateau overlooking the river to a spot farther away, on what is now the Ewing Galley farm, where the last two meetings have been held. The poetic expression of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that "there is nothing that keeps its youth, so far as I know, but a tree and truth," seemed to lose out in part, at least, when applied to this grove that had been intended and expected to remain many years as a hospitable shelter for picnics and family

gatherings.

The truth that "all must grow old and die" kept its youth, while in this instance, at least, the tree did not, for year after year, as the family came together they noticed the aging and dying of the stately old oaks, until finally there were not enough left in the available part of the grove to furnish suitable shelter, and the old camping ground had to be deserted. The remainder of the trees were cut and sawed into lumber, and the little town that had grown up near by extended its boundaries out over the site and built houses on the very spot made memorable by the great reunion of ten years ago and by the several happy gatherings since.

All this change within a single decade. But this is not all. The death and destruction of a beautiful grove is sad enough indeed it this day when "God's first temples" have so completely vanished from the land. But sadder still is the fact that as the family gathered it reunion from year to year age and death invaded its ranks also, an one after another of the familiar faces was missed, until at the end of ten years, when the roll of those present at the first reunion was called, it was found that at least twenty-one out of the 280 had gon to answer "when the roll is called up yonder."

These were in the Peter Galley family eight, as follows: Vanc Gilmore, Martha Newcomer, Henry Galley, Mrs. Joseph Beatty, M and Mrs. John Galley, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Chamberlain; in the Davi Galley family four, Arba Shallenberger, Nellie Shallenberger, Mrs. Henry Galley, David Galley; in the Jonathan Galley family two, Mr and Mrs. Jonathan Galley; in the Barbara Galley Snyder family one Mrs. John Snyder; in the Abraham Galley family five, Eli Galley, M. Galley, Walter Galley, Mary Galley, Mrs. Mary Galley; in the

Henry Galley family one, Eugene Shallenberger.

A letter of greeting from the Secretary to the second reunion best sums up these family changes in the ten years and contains othe items of interest that make it worth recording in this connection:

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 28, 1907.

Dear Friends and Relatives:-

I wish I were with you to-day, as I was ten years ago, to give you all a hearty handshake and join in the pleasures of our second reunion. As I have found it impossible to be present, I send a word of greeting from Spokane, wishing you all a very happy day. It looking with my mind's eye over this great family gathered from the four points of our broad land, I see many changes. Firstly, I see Dan Cupid has been shooting his arrows right and left and has pierced the hearts of forty who attended our first reunion. The Stork, too, has not been idle, and by his visits forty or more have been added to our number.

While these hearts have been made glad, others have been sad dened by the Grim Reaper, who is ever reminding us that life is but a few short years, and has gathered home twenty-one of our loved ones.

The last year, as many of you know, I have been struggling to gather data for our family history. This, while it was a pleasure, and in some instances real amusing, was also accompanied with many difficulties and disappointments in not receiving prompt replies and full information. My patience, however, did not tire, and I have exhausted every resource, even to the Revolutionary War records (See page 16.)

95

I find no less than 60 of Philip Galley's descendants who have had from six to seventeen children. I think this record full enough to satisfy even the patriotism of Teddy Roosevelt, and I suggest that a copy of the history be sent to the President, with the compliments of the Galley Family! Since Spokane is ranking among the cities of National Conventions, I think I will arrange with the "Boosters' Club" to have the next Galley Reunion in this city.

Again wishing I could be with you on this happy day, I am,

Sincerely.

HENRIETTA GALLEY.



THE SECOND REUNION-1907.

(Extract from a local newspaper report of the occasion.)

The tenth Annual and second General Reunion of the Galley Family was held in a grove near the old homestead at Dickerson Run, yesterday (August 23, 1907).

Members of the family from all parts of the country were present to the number of 250 or more, and no doubt many were kept away

by the threatening weather in the morning.

The following very interesting programme was carried out, not, however, until after all had partaken of a most sumptuous dinner,

which has always been one of the features of these occasions:

The family, all seated around one large table, sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." The president, P. G. Smith, then made a few introductory remarks, and called upon Mr. Orin Galley, of Mt. Pleasant, who made the address of welcome. This was responded to by J. D. Newcomer, of Iowa. After more vocal music there was a roll call of those present at the first reunion, which had been carefully prepared by the secretary ten years ago. Many changes were noted in that time. Mr. Newton Shallenberger, of Pt. Marion, read an original poem prepared for the occasion. "The Acquired Relationship" branch of the family was the theme entertainingly discussed by E. D. Miller, Esq., of Uniontown.

Dr. J. O. Arnold, of Philadelphia, told all about the "Book of Galley," which he, with Henrietta Galley, is getting ready for the

publishers.

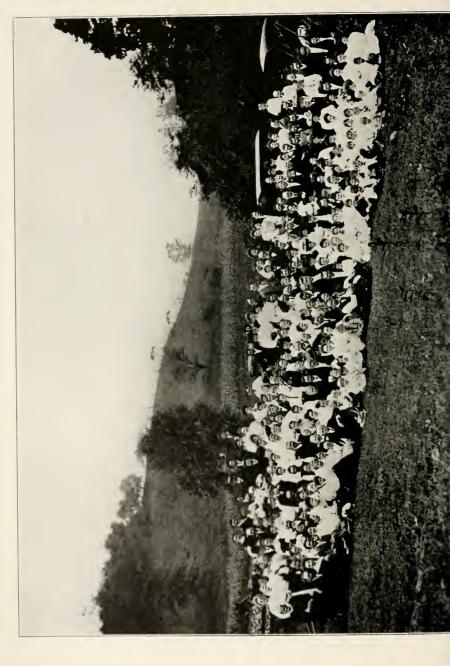
This history was begun twenty years ago by the late Henry Falley, but never was finished. Dr. Arnold has been in Fayette County for the last month gathering material and arranging for the sublication of the book. In addition to containing sketches of the leven children of Philip Galley and a complete family record of their escendants, it will have pictures of all their old homesteads obtainble and much local history.

Impromptu speeches, stories, etc., finished up the programme. feature of this, as of the former big reunion, was the taking of a

roup photograph by Springer, of Scottdale.

Among those present from a distance were:

Henry Galley and Emmett Beal, California; Charles Galley, Cansas; E. J. McFarland and wife, Iowa; J. D. Newcomer, Iowa; Iary Arnold, Nebraska; T. J. Smith and wife, Mrs. McLain and aughter and Miss Walters, Ohio; Mrs. William Devall, Missouri; ra Gilmore, Butler, Pa.; Misses Sarah and Magdalena Galley, Marnsburg, Pa.; Dr. J. O. Arnold, wife and daughter, Philadelphia. Bedes these, there were relatives present from all over Fayette and dijoining counties. Many old residents of the neighborhood were so present as guests of the family.



Roll of Those Present at the First Reunion.

The Peter Galley Family, 66.

Mr. John Robison, Mrs. John Robison, Miss Rhoda Robison, Mr. William Robison, Mrs. William Robison, Miss Grace Robison, Miss Ruth Robison, Mrs. Mary Brashear, Miss Fannie Brashear, Mr. Speck Brashear, Mr. Vance Gilmore. Mr. Ora Gilmore. Mrs. Ora Gilmore, Mrs. Martha Newcomer, Mr. J. D. Newcomer, Mr. U. D. Newcomer, Mrs. U. D. Newcomer, Miss Minnie Newcomer, Mr. W. W. Galley, Mrs. W. W. Galley, Miss Martha Galley. Mr. C. P. Galley, *Mr. Henry Galley, Mrs. Henry Galley, Mr. Joseph McFadden, Miss Olive McFadden, Mrs. Sarah Rist. Mr. C. M. Galley Mrs. C. M. Galley, Miss Blanch Galley, Miss Anna Galley, Mr. William Galley, Mrs. William Galley, Miss Esther Galley, Mr. Thomas Galley. Mr. Lawrence Galley, Miss Rachel Galley, Miss Hattie Galley. Mr. Orin Galley, Mr. George Galley, Mrs. George Galley, Miss Cleora Galley, Mrs. Harriet Galley, Mr. Joseph Beatty, Mrs. Joseph Beatty, Mr. John Galley,

Mrs. John Galley,

New Haven, Pa. Connellsville. Pa. Petrolia, Pa. Petrolia, Pa. Toledo, Iowa. Eldora, Iowa. Garwin, Iowa. Garwin, lowa. Garwin, Iowa. Cortland, Ohio. Cortland, Ohio. Hiram, Ohio. Morovia, Iowa. 1419 Crocker St., Des Moines, Iowa. 1419 Crocker St., Des Moines, Iowa. Good Hope, Ill. Good Hope, Ill. Logan St., Denver, Col. Mt. Pleasant, Pa. Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Library, Pa.

Library, Pa.

^{*}Died in the ten years interval between the first and the second reunion.

Library Pu

The Catherine Smith Family, 97.

Mr. James B. J.

Mrs. Harrier Smith

Mrs. Harrier Smith

Mrs. Scrad Smith

Mrs. Scrad Smith

Mrs. Bosse Collision

Mrs. Lem Collision

Mrs. Lem Collision

Mrs. B. Smith

Mrs. Harrier Smith

Mrs. Harrier Smith

Mrs. Guitenne Smith

Mrs. Guitenne Smith

Mrs. Mann Bromeller

Mrs. Mann Bromeller

Mrs. Joseph Bromeller

Mrs.

Camber Chy, Kansas, Camber Chy, Kansas, Connells mile, Pa.
Secondale, Pa.
Secondale, Pa.
Bockerson Run, Pa.
Whoseme, Pa.

The John Galley Family, 1.

Mitz + Cent

Unikerson Rom Pa

The Elizabeth Galley Oglevee Family, 23.

Mr. Joseph Oglevee. Mr. P. G. Oglevee. Mrs. P. G. Oglevee, Mr. Oliver Oglevee, Mr. Thomas E. Oglevee, Miss Bessie Oglevee Mr. Inomas L. Miss Bessie Oglevee, Miss Lulu Oglevee. Mr. N. D. McClure. Mrs. N. D. McClure, Mr. Carendon McClure. Miss Nell Rea McClure. Mr. Simpson McClure. Mrs. John Oglevee. Mr. A. C. Oglevee. Mr. A. C. Oglevee,
Miss Fannie Oglevee,
Mr. Earl Oglevee,
Mrs. Elizabeth Bute,
Mrs. Anna Middlesworth Dr. J. O. Arnold. Mr. Emmerson Arnold. Mr. Leroy Arnold. Miss Anna Arnold.

Mr. Jesse Oglevee

Dickerson Pun Pa Dickerson Run. Pa Dickerson Ron. Pa Dickerson Rum Pa Dickerson Rum Pa Dickerson Rum Pa Dickerson Pun. Pa. Dickerson Run, Pa.
Dickerson Run, Pa.
Dickerson Run, Pa.
Dickerson Run, Pa.
Dickerson Run, Pa.
Dickerson Run, Pa.
New Haven, Pa.
New Haven, Pa. New Haven Pa. New Haven Pa. New Haras Bingham, Io=a. Greenfeld, Michigan 2500 N. Isth St. Philadelphia, Na. 2504-2615, Pa. Vanierfilt Pa Vanderbalt Pa-New Haren Pa

The David Galley Family, 23.

*Mr. Arba Shallenberger. Mr. Newton Shallenberger, Mrs Newton Shallenberger *Miss Newton Shallenberger.
Mr. Stahl Shallenberger. Mr. Stahl Snahenberger.
Mr. Westley Galley.
Mrs. Westley Galley.
Mr. David Galley.
Mr. Henry Galley.
*Mrs. Henry Galley.
*Mr. David Galley.
Mrs. Jennie McFarland.
*Mr. William Fnos. Mr. David Galley.

Mr. Henry Galley.

Mr. Henry Galley.

Mrs. Henry Galley.

Mrs. Henry Galley.

Mrs. Jennie McFarland.

Mr. William Enos.

Mr. Jacob Newmyer.

Mrs. Glark Cottom.

Mr. Clark Cottom.

Mr. Robert Cottom.

Mr. Robert Cottom.

Mr. Orbin O'Neal.

Mrs. Orbin O'Neal.

Mrs. Orbin O'Neal.

Mrs. Frank Coder.

Mrs. Frank Coder.

Mrs. Cora Chain.

Mrs. Cora Chain. Miss Cora Chain. Mr William Chain. Miss Luiu Coder.

Dametin, Pa Darste. Pa. Dansin Pa Damson Pa Damson Pa Dawsie Fa Damson Pa Damson Pa. Broad Ford Pa Bread Ford. Pa Damite, Fa

The Jonathan Galley Family, 27.

*Mr. Jonathan Galley, *Mrs. Jonathan Galley, Mr. Jacob Galley, Mrs. Jacob Galley, Miss Sarah Galley, Miss Magdalena Galley, Miss Addie Galley, Miss Florence Galley, Mrs. Joseph Beal, Mr. Emmet Beal, Mr. T. J. Smith, Mrs. T. J. Smith, Mr. Allen Walters, Mrs. Allen Walters. Mr. Jonathan Walters, Mr. Allen Ray Walters, Miss Malinda M. Walters, Mr. Joseph McClain, Mrs. Joseph McClain, Mr. Samuel Cover, Mrs. Samuel Cover, Mr. Isaiah Cover. Miss Clara Cover, Miss Anna Cover, Mrs. Katherine Renshaw, Mr. Joseph Cover, Mrs. Joseph Cover,

McClellandtown, Pa. Uniontown, Pa. Uniontown, Pa. Uniontown, Pa. Uniontown, Pa. Masontown, Pa. Masontown, Pa. Masontown, Pa. Masontown, Pa. Masontown, Pa. Aurelia, Iowa. Aurelia, Iowa. Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh, Pa. New Geneva. Pa. New Geneva, Pa.

The Barbara Galley Snyder Family, 22.

Mr. David Snyder. Mr. John Snyder, *Mrs. John Snyder, Mr. Clark Snyder. Mr. Jesse Snyder, Mr. Frank Snyder, Miss Dianna Snyder, Miss Anna K. Snyder, Mr. Joel Evans, Mrs. Joel Evans, Mr. David Junk, Mrs. David Junk, Mr. Samuel Junk, Miss Ella Junk, Miss Mary Junk, Miss Lottie Junk, Dr. F. R. McGrew, Mrs. F. R. McGrew, Miss Grace McGrew, Miss Hazel McGrew, Miss Mattie McGrew, Miss Dale McGrew,

Vanderbilt, Pa. Scenery Hill, Pa. Scenery Hill, Pa. Iuniattaville, Pa. Juniattaville, Pa. Juniattaville, Pa. Juniattaville, Pa. Juniattaville, Pa. Juniattaville, Pa. Carnegie, Pa. Carnegie, Pa. Carnegie, Pa. Carnegie, Pa. Carnegie, Pa. Carnegie, Pa.

The Abraham Galley Family, 21.

*Mr. Eli Galley, Mrs. Eli Galley, Mr. Frank Galley, Mr. Joseph Taylor, Mrs. Joseph Taylor, *Mr. A. M. Galley, Mrs. A. M. Galley, Mr. Frank Galley, *Mr. Walter Galley, Mr. Charles Galley, Miss Blanch Galley, Miss Alice Galley, Mr. M. L. Galley, Mrs. M. L. Galley, Miss Florence Galley, *Miss Mary Galley, Mr. John Galley, *Mrs. Mary Galley, Miss Ethel Galley,

Miss Araminta C. Galley,

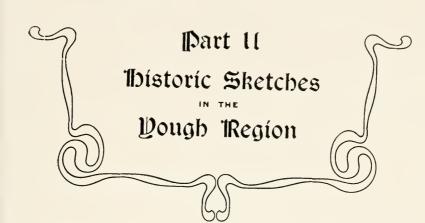
Dickerson Run, Pa. Dickerson Run, Pa. Dickerson Run, Pa. Patton, Pa. Patton. Pa. Scottdale, Pa. Mt. Pleasant, Pa. Mt. Pleasant, Pa. Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

The Henry Galley Family, 31

Mr. Samuel Luce. Mrs. Samuel Luce, Mr. Frank Luce. Mr. Whitsette Luce, Mr. Olphra Luce. Mr. Bente Luce. Miss Anna Luce. Miss Maude Luce. Miss Ruth Luce, Mr. Harry Luce, Mrs. Harry Luce, Mr. Allen Galley, Mrs. Allen Galley, Mr. Samuel Galley, Mr. Henry Galley, Mr. Freeman Galley, Miss Lema Galley. Miss Ruth Galley, Miss Irene Galley, Mr. Ewing Galley, Mrs. Ewing Galley, Mr. William Galley, Miss Etta Galley, Miss Emma Galley, Miss Henrietta Galley, Mr. H. D. Shallenberger, Mrs. H. D. Shallenberger, *Mr. Eugene Shallenberger, Miss Mayme Ruth Shallenberger, Mr. W. N. Stahl, Mrs. W. N. Stahl,

Perryopolis, Pa. Banning, Pa. Banning, Pa. Star Junction, Pa. Dickerson Run, Pa. Vanderbilt, Pa. Vanderbilt, Pa. Vanderbilt, Pa. Vanderbilt, Pa. Pittsburgh, Pa. Pittsburgh, Pa.







That portion of the rugged and picturesque valley of the "Dare Devil Yough" with which we are most concerned by virtue of its being the pioneer home and subsequent dwelling place of the Galley Family and many of their descendants, is located almost wholly in the county of Fayette.

This county was organized from a part of Westmoreland County in 1783, or at the close of the Revolutionary War, and was named in honor of the French hero who so nobly came to the aid of the colonists in that war, the Marquis De Lafayette, who on the occasion of his tour of America in 1824-25, spent several days as the honored guest of the county that bears his name.

Not only is Fayette one of the richest and most widely diversified counties in the State, in its productions, surface, soil and scenery, but it also includes within its boundaries some of the most interesting historic spots in the State or nation.

A century and a half ago when the great European rivals, England and France, contended for dominion over the vast region watered by the head-streams of the Ohio, the latter nation claimed the summit of Laurel Hill as her eastern boundary; and in the strife which followed—the contest by the issue of which that claim was extinguished forever—it was in the ravines and on the hillsides and meadows lying between the Youghiogheny and Monongahela Rivers that the forces marching respectively under the Bourbon lilies and the cross of St. George first met in actual shock of arms; it was the soil now of Fayette County which drank the first blood spilled in that memorable conflict.

It was here within what is now Fayette County that George Washington fought his first battle and here he made his first and last surrender to an enemy. Across these hills and valleys and streams the army of the brave Braddock marched in pride and confidence to assault the French stronghold at the head of the Ohio; and when the survivors of that proud host returned by the same route, flying in disorder and panic from the bloody field of the Monongahela, it was here that their dauntless leader died of his wounds, and here in the soil of Fayette County they buried him.

While all this is true of the county as a whole, it is equally true that that particular part of the county which now engages our attention, is one of the richest sections in natural resources, and in manufacturing industries, as well as the most historically interesting region in the county.

It is situated—this portion of the Yough Valley of which we are speaking—
n the centre of the most northern part of the county and is made up of all or
a part of the townships of Upper and Lower Tyrone, Perry, Franklin, Dunbar
and Connellsville.

The river which gives name to the region is a typical mountain stream which crosses the line from Maryland at the extreme southeast corner of Fay: tte and flowing north forms the eastern boundary of the county for about fifeen miles, then turns its course westward, breaks through two great ranges of nountains and pursues its winding crooked way for more than forty miles to

the northwest boundary of the county; thence across Westmoreland to joi the Monongahela at McKeesport.

It is never large, except at the time of the "freshets" and nowhere navigable except in the way that shall be hereinafter described.

Through most of its course, its channel is narrow and rocky, and its current correspondingly rough, rapid and noisy; winding between high mountain and tumbling over rocky ledges in such a way as to merit its familiar pseudonyr—"Dare-devil Yough." At the well known mountain resort, Ohiopyle, in Stew art township, it forms a cataract of considerable size and attractiveness, surrounded by scenery of the wildest and most picturesque nature. The place was named, according to tradition, by an Indian guide who accompanied youn Lieutenant Colonel Washington, then but twenty-three years old, on the occasion of his first expedition with the Virginia troops sent out to retake F Duquesne in the spring of 1754.

On the route over the mountains, young Washington with five others let his troops on the old Nemacolin trail and descended the Yough for some dis



OHIOPYLE FALLS.—THE OLD STEWART MILL

tance in canoes to see if it were navigable, but "voyage and hopes ended Ohiophyle Falls"—where the Indian as he stood gazing admiringly at the falling waters, exclaimed "Ohiopyle," meaning "beautiful falls."

"This is where the ceaseless roaring, Of its waters overpouring Fills the vale for many a mile; And the Indian gave it naming As he stood in awe exclaiming: 'Beautiful Falls!' Ohiopyle!'

Another authority states that the word "Ohiopyle" in the Indian languagemeans "white froth upon the water."

A local historian, in writing of this place in 1843, predicted that it would one day be a large manufacturing town, especially if either of the then talke of internal improvements should be carried through, namely, the Baltimor and Ohio Railroad or the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Colonel Stewart has already built a house and a saw mill at the falls. (See picture herewith.)

As to the origin and meaning of the name of the river itself, there is som diversity of opinion in Eterature and tradition. No one would ever accuse the word "Youghiogheny" of being anything else than an Indian name.

Among the various tribes of Indians that originally occupied this region were the Kanhawhas, who built their villages along the headwaters of thi river and to them in all probability we are indebted for its name. "Yough iogheny" in the language of the Kanhawhas is said to mean "four rapid streams and has reference to the junction of the rivers at Confluence some miles abov the Ohiopyle Falls.

Another authority on Indian names states that "Youghiogheny" in the Indian language meant "a stream running a contrary, or roundabout course. This meaning would certainly seem appropriate at any rate.

Still another origin for this "quaint old Indian name" is found in a fanciful bit of tradition that has been told in one form or another from generation to generation until it reached the writer as follows:

"In the days when the hardy pioneers were in constant peril from the hos tile natives, a white man whi'e out hunting along this stream, unexpectedly en countered a 'Redskin' who was seen to be stealthily dodging from tree to tree on the opposite bank, evidently seeking a shot at his enemy. The hunter upor discovering the Indian adopted similar tactics and took to a tree also—then is became a question of Yankee strategy against the cunning of the savage as to which should get the other's scalp. At length after exchanging several shots and sparring for some time for vantage, the hunter hit upon the ruse of hanging his cap on the end of his rifle and exposing it just enough to the Indian's view to make it appear like the hunter's head from behind the tree. This had

the desired effect and the Redman quickly fired his bullet into the empty cap, whereupon the hunter with a loud groan allowed his cap to fall beside the tree. At this the Indian sprang from his concealment with a wild laugh of savage exultation: 'Yough,' 'Yough,' 'Yough!' This was the wary hunter's opportunity. He fired and killed the Indian, exclaiming as the lifeless body tumbled down the river bank: 'Now then, you bloody Redskin, "Yough" again, eh?' (Laugh again, will you?) And so the early settlers came to call the stream 'Youghiogheny.'"

Briefly tracing the windings of this unusually crooked and picturesque stream from Ohiopyle on down through the mountains and out through the "settlement" to its termination, we pass Bear Run, Indian Creek, Stewart's Crossing (or Connellsville), Broadford, Fort Hill, Dickerson Run and Dawson with the old town of East Liberty on the river hill opposite Dawson; then the once famous "Little Falls" at the mouth of Furnace Run—Round Bottom—the "Big Falls," Layton Station, at the mouth of Washington Run, a few miles up which stream is the old Washington mill, with Washington Bottoms and Perryopolis a little further on; then Banning and Wickhaven and Jacob's Creek and West Newton and McKeesport, where it finally loses its identity by union with the stately old Monongahela.

Throughout this entire course there attaches to the river and its surrounding territory very much of historic interest, national as well as local.

In the early days of the struggle for supremacy between the French and the English settlers and between the "pale face" of the East and the "red man" of the West, the geographical location of this portion of the Yough valley made it the common crossing ground between the English in Virginia and the East, and the disputed region of the then "far West," or the valley of the Allegheny and the head of the Ohio River.

Even before the days of the intrusion of the white man this region was made historic by numerous Indian trails that traversed it as great inter-tribal highways from North to South and from East to West.

We briefly note in passing but two or three of these remarkable forest pathways. Of those running north and south, the most important one was the Catawba, or Cherokee Trail, leading from the Carolinas and the South through Virginia and Western Pennsylvania on to Western New York and Canada. This famous old trail came up through the county by way of Uniontown and Mt. Braddock and struck the Yough River at Opossum Run, crossing the river just below the mouth of the run, or at the point since known in history as Stewart's Crossing; thence through the "narrows," out beyond Pennsville, past Green Lick Run to the mouth of Bushy Run; thence across Westmoreland County up the Allegheny Valley to the heads of the Susquehanna and on into Western New York, at that time the empire of the Iroquois.

A branch left the main trail at Robinson's Mill on Opossum Run, which crossed the Yough at Broadford, bearing down across Jacob's Creek, Sewickley and Turtle Creeks to the "forks of the Ohio" at Pittsburg. Running east and

west, by far the most celebrated of these routes was the famous "Nemacolin's Trail," from the mouth of Will's Creek (Cumberland), to the forks of the Ohio (Pittsburg), and which achieved notoriety and perpetuity at the hands of Washington and the ill-fated Braddock.



BRADDOCK'S GRAVE, ON THE NATIONAL ROAD.

Much more of interest could be written of these Indian trails, of burial grounds and forts and of Indian history in general, associated with this region before the days of the white man, but it is not our purpose to go into detail with this part of the history. We shall only aim to briefly note these historic places, persons and events, that in their relationship to the region under discussion have a peculiar interest to our readers because of the light they throw on the land and times of our forefathers.

The mention of the name of Washington in the above connection recalls the fact that it was in the mountains of Fayette, a few miles west of the Yough River, that our great Revolutionary hero fought and won his first battle; that in which occurred the first bloodshed of the French and Indian War, namely, the defeat of the French forces with the killing of Jumonville, near Dunbar's Camp, on May 28, 1754. It was of this little fight with the French that he wrote shortly afterward in a letter to his brother: "I fortunately escaped without any wounds, for the right wing where I stood was exposed to, and received all the enemy's fire; and it was the part where the man was killed and the rest wounded. I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me there is something charming in the sound."

In after years when this kind of music had become quite common to the great commander, it had evidently lost its charm, for when asked if he had even uttered such boasting words, he answered gravely: "If I said so, it was when I was young."

While this upper Yough region was thus the scene of Washington's firs victory, it was also the scene of his first defeat, for it was only a few weeks after this and but a few miles farther back in the mountains that July 4th was first made memorable in American history by the capture of Fort Necessity by the French, which proved to be Washington's "first and only surrender."



THE SITE OF FORT NECESSITY.

It was only the next year after these remarkable events that Braddock' army following the Nemacolin Trail, cut its road over these same mountain and down through this new region to Stewart's crossing and on to the Mo nongahela where "Braddock's army was done so brown, left without a scal to its crown," all of which is so much a part of general history, and so familia to every schoolboy that we only mention it in passing.

Stewart's Crossing was named for an early settler, an Indian trader by th

name of Stewart who was drowned in the Yough at or near this fording. It later became famous as the home of the well known pioneer hero, and friend and agent of Washington, Colonel William Crawford, the story of whose tragic death at the hands of the savages will always remain a most horrifying chapter in the early history of America.

We deem it worth while to briefly sketch this famous career, not only because of the interest that must always cling to the story itself, but because it is typical of the early life and struggles of our forefathers, especially in their battle for supremacy with the Indians.

William Crawford was of Scotch-Irish parentage and was born in what is now Berkley Co., W. Va., in 1732. He became acquainted with George Washington—whose birth occurred in the same year—when a boy, and their friendship was never broken. It was from Washington that young Crawford learned the art of surveying, and it was through Washington's influence that he obtained a commission in the military service of Virginia in 1755.

Crawford was not a member of Braddock's army. His first trip into the Yough region was made in 1758 as an officer in the army of General Forbes. He was so well pleased with this western country on this trip that he decided



COL. WHLIAM CRAWFORD. CRAWFORD'S SPRING, NEW HAVEN, PA.

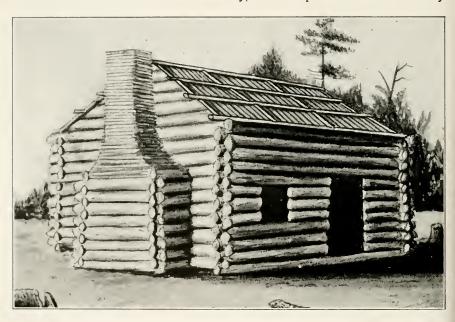
to come and make his home This he was prevented from doing for several years, on account of the hostile attitude of the Indians. By the fall of 1765 this danger had subsided, and Crawford came over the mountains on horseback by way of the Braddock road in company with his half brother Hugh Stevenson. When he reached the second crossing of the Yough, where the town of New Haven is now located, he was so much pleased with the fine meadow lands lying in the bend of the river that he here decided to build his home.

The two men surveyed a tract of 3761/4 acres, and put up a log cabin, into which Crawford moved his family the following year.

Crawford's family, at the time of his settlement, consisted of his wife (Hannah Vance) and four children — John, Sarah, Effie and Anne. The dis-

comforts of bringing a family with several small children to Western Pennsylvania in 1766 can scarcely be imagined. The road over the mountains was little better than a path, and exceedingly rough and dangerous in places. The transportation was effected by means of pack-horses. As a rule, the pioneer found three horses sufficient to carry his outfit. Little or no wooden furniture would be brought along, for that could be improvised on the ground. Bed clothing, kitchen utensils, agricultural implements, an axe, a rifle, a dog, two cows and plenty of food were the essential things. The dog served as a watchman, the cows furnished milk for the children on the way.

The little caravan would move slowly, for mishaps were common. Every



COL. CRAWFORDS' CABIN (From a pencil Sketch).

creek had to be forded and, in the spring when the waters were high, this was often attended with considerable danger. At night the only shelter for the mother would be an improvised hut, and sometimes even that could not be provided. None but the most courageous of women would have attempted the journey, but Hannah Crawford was equal to it. She was a woman of unusual courage and vivacity, as her later life proves, and was able to provide for every emergency.

The cabin prepared for their coming was an exceedingly humble home. It was about fourteen by sixteen feet in size, and contained but one room, in which the family lived and did all their work. It is said to have had two small open-

ings in the logs which served as windows—one beside the door, overlooking the river, and the other facing the hills.

The floor was made of split logs, dressed with the axe as smooth as possible; the roof was made of rough planks, or clap boards. Here, in this humble home the family lived during the entire time of Crawford's life in this community. Here George Washington, Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, Dr. James Craik, Captain Stephens and other illustrious men were entertained. Here, every passing traveler found a hospitable welcome, for the heart of William Crawford was ever larger than his purse. It was an ideal spot for a home.

The rich farming land yielded an abundant supply of food. The forest abounded in game. One hundred and fifty yards away the beautiful Youghiogheny sparkled in the sunshine. A short distance to the north ran the old Braddock road along which travelers were constantly passing. The Crawfords had none of the comforts and conveniences of our modern life, but they lived close to Nature's heart, and were healthy, happy and strong.

One of William Crawford's chief employments, aside from his farming, was surveying. Having learned the art in Virginia he was now in a position where he could put it to good use. Seven tracts of land in Fayette County, containing more than two thousand acres, were surveyed for George Washington. One of these tracts was the "Great Meadows," embracing the site of Fort Necessity. Over 1600 acres of valuable land was secured for him in Perry township. Crawford also surveyed several tracts of land for Washington near Fort Pitt and down the Ohio, for all of which he was fully paid.

In the fall of 1770, Washington, accompanied by Dr. James Craik, came over the mountains to inspect his newly acquired lands. Crawford accompanied them on their journey, and took pleasure in showing them the natural resources of the country and in entertaining them at his home.

Nature had endowed him with many of the highest qualities of the soldier. He was a born leader of men. When danger threatened he was quick to respond to the call of his fellow-men and organize them for self-defense. The correspondence between Crawford and Washington during the summer of 1774 shows how serious the apprehensions of the settlers in the Yough region were it that time with respect to the Indians. By the assistance of several neighboring families a block house was built on Crawford's land near his home.

Another similar fort was built near the home of his brother. Danger vas imminent. The people fled in crowds from the country, and Crawford elieved that he was only doing his duty in giving himself to the public deense. He did not wish the leadership of the Sandusky Expedition, and acepted it only when convinced by General Irvine and other good men that it ras his duty. He served his country well, and his tragic death at the stake on the afternoon of June 11, 1782, was mourned by true patriots all over the land.

CRAWFORD'S SANDUSKY EXPEDITION.

On the 24th of May, 1782, a force of 480 mounted men assembled at Mingo Bottom, on the Ohio River, about two and a half miles from Steubenville. These men were about to take part in an enterprise in which our neighborhood was profoundly interested. Many of the men were from the Yough, and the leader was the sturdy and well-tested soldier, William Crawford, of Stewart's Crossings (New Haven), now in the fiftieth year of his age. It was an expedition long felt to be absolutely necessary, to put down the hostile tribes in the neighborhood of the Sandusky River, in what is now Ohio.

The fierce Wyandots, Delawares and Shawnees, known as the Sandusky Indians, were bitter enemies of the Americans, and encouraged as they were by the British Commandant at Detroit, they kept up an unceasing warfare against the frontier settlements.

General Washington said: "I am convinced that the possession or destruction of Detroit is the only means of giving peace and security to the western frontier," and General William Irvine, now in command at Fort Pitt, said: "It is, I believe, universally agreed that the only way to keep the Indians from harassing the country is to visit them. But we find by experience that burning their empty towns has not the desired effect; they must be followed up and beaten, or the British, whom they draw their support from, totally driven out of their country. I believe if Detroit was demolished it would be a good step toward giving some, at least temporary, ease to this country."

This was the belief of Colonel Crawford, and though he had no intention of going with the Sandusky expedition of 1782, he cordially approved and recommended it. There was no difference of opinion as to the necessity of it, and it was "as carefully considered and as authoritative!y planned as any military enterprise in the West during the Revolution," its promoters being not only "the principal military and civil officers in the Western Department, but a larger proportion of the best known and most influential private citizens."

The expedition was made of volunteers from the present counties of Fayette, Westmoreland and Washington, a number of them from the Youghiogheny Valley. Colonel Crawford was prevailed upon to go, and with him went his son-in-law, his nephew and not a few friends and neighbors. And on the 16th of May he made his will, and on Saturday morning, the 18th, he left home, went to Fort Pitt, had an interview with Colonel Irvine, joined the troops at Mingo Bottom on the 24th, was chosen Commander by a vote of men, started into the wilderness Saturday morning, the 25th of May, reached the Sandusky Plains in nine days, and on the 4th of June entered one of the Wyandot towns and found it deserted.

The same afternoon his army met a British force, called Butler's Rangers, and about 200 Indians. The Indians had learned of the Expedition, and had sent runners to Detroit asking help. Captain Matthew Elliot, a Tory from Path Valley, Pennsylvania, and the notorious Simon Girty, "the white renegade," were with the Indians and British.

The battle lasted until sundown, without marked advantage on either side. Colonel Crawford lost five killed and nineteen wounded; his opponents lost six killed and eight wounded.

The Americans "slep by their watch-fires in the grove," from which the enemy had been dislodged, and the enemy camped for the night upon the open plain. The next morning neither side made attack, but in the afternoon 140 Shawnce warriors, painted and plumed, came from the south and took their position beside the Delawares and the Wyandots, while small bodies of savages were seen coming to this scene of the conflict. Lieutenant Rose said: "They kept pouring in hourly from all quarters."

A Council of Officers was held and a retreat was decided upon. Fires were burned over the graves of the dead to prevent discovery. Seven of the wounded were put upon stretchers. The others, less seriously wounded, were put upon horses. Crawford and his imperilled army began the retreat as the darkness fell, but they were no sooner in motion than the Shawnees and the Delawares attacked them, inflicting some loss and causing much confusion.

Three of the divisions hurried off from the route taken by the advance.
guard, and some of the men got into a swamp or "cranberry marsh."

At the break of day the retreating army reached the deserted Wyandot village. Many had become separated from the main body, some of whom were captured by the Indians, while others found their way home through the untenanted forest, but somewhat more than three hundred had been able to keep together.

The Colonel headed the retreat of the main body of his discomfited band. To assure himself whether or not his son and other relatives were safe he stopped and went back, or let the army pass him to make inquiry. Not finding them he left the line of retreat to make further search, but in vain. And now, so rapidly had the army moved, and so jaded was his horse, that he was unable to overtake it. This separation from his command cost him his life as a sacrifice to parental solicitude.

He soon fell in company with Dr. Knight, the surgeon of the regiment, and two others, and, guided by the stars, they traveled all night in varied directions to elude the pursuit of the enemy. On the next day they were joined by four others, two of whom were Captain John Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley, the latter badly wounded. These eight now held together, and on the second light of the flight ventured to encamp. The next day they came to the path by which the army had advanced; and a council was held as to whether it would be safer to pursue it, or to continue their course through the woods. The Colnel's opinion decided them to keep the open path. A line of march was formed, with Crawford and Knight in front, Biggs and Ashley in the centre, on horse-back, while the other foot men brought up the rear. Scarcely had they proceeded a mile when several Indians sprung up within twenty yards of the path, presented their guns, and in good English ordered them to stop. Knight prung behind a tree, and leveled his gun at one of them. Crawford ordered

him not to fire, and the doctor reluctantly obeyed. The Indians ran up to Colonel Crawford in a friendly manner, shook his hands and asked him ho he did. Biggs and Ashley halted, while the men in the rear took to their hee and escaped. Colonel Crawford ordered Captain Biggs to come up and su render, but the Captain instead of doing so took aim at an Indian, fired, the he and Ashley put spurs to their horses, and for the present escaped. The were both overtaken and killed the next day.

On the morning of June 10th Colonel Crawford, Dr. Knight and nine other prisoners were conducted by seventeen Indians to the old Sandusky town, about thirty-three miles distant. They were all blacked by Pipe, a Delaware chie who led the captors, and the other nine were marched ahead of Crawford ar Knight. Four of the prisoners were tomahawked and scalped on the way different places, and when the other five arrived at the town, the boys ar squaws fell upon them and tomahawked them in a moment.

We now approach the "last scene of all which ends this strange eventf history," and we borrow the eloquent description of it by Captain McClung:

"As soon as the Colonel arrived they surrounded him, stripped him nake and compelled him to sit on the ground near a large fire, around which we about thirty warriors and more than double that number of squaws and boy They then fell upon him and beat him severely with their fists and sticks. It a few minutes a large stake was fixed in the ground and piles of hickory polabout twelve feet long were spread around it. Colonel Crawford's hands we then tied behind his back; a strong rope was produced, one end of which we fastened to the ligature between his wrists and the other tied to the bottom the stake. The rope was long enough to permit him to walk around the stall several times, and then return. Fire was then applied to the hickory pol which lay in piles at the distance of several yards from the stake.

"The Colonel observing these terrible preparations, called to the note Simon Girty, who sat on horseback at a few yards distance from the fire, at asked if the Indians were going to burn him. Girty very coolly replied in the affirmative. The Colonel heard this with firmness, merely observing that I would try and bear it with fortitude. When the hickory poles had been bur asunder in the middle, Captain Pipe arose and addressed the crowd in a tone great energy, and with animated gestures, pointing frequently to the Coloni who regarded him with an appearance of unruffled composure. As soon as I had finished, a loud whoop burst from the assembled throng, and they all once rushed upon the unfortunate victim. For several seconds the crowd ar confusion were so great that Knight could not see what they were doing; but a short time they had sufficiently dispersed to give him a view of the Coloni His ears had been cut off, and the blood was streaming down each side of h face. A terrible scene of torture now commenced. The warriors shot charg of powder into his naked body, commencing with the calves of his legs ar continuing to his neck. The boys snatched the burning hickory poles and a plied them to his flesh. As fast as he ran around the stake to avoid one par of tormentors, he was promptly met at every turn by others with burning poles and red-hot irons and rifles loaded with powder only, so that in a few minutes nearly one hundred charges of powder had been shot into his body, which had become black and blistered in a dreadful degree. The squaws would take up quantities of coals and hot ashes and throw them upon his body, so that in a few minutes he had nothing but fire to walk upon.

"In this extremity of his agony the unhappy Colonel called aloud upon Girty in tones that rang through Knight's brain with maddening effect: 'Girty! Girty! shoot me through the heart! Quick! Quick! Don't refuse me!' 'Don't you see I have no gun, Colonel!' replied the monster bursting into a loud laugh; then turning to an Indian beside him he uttered some brutal jests upon the naked and miserable appearance of the prisoner.

"The terrible scene had now lasted more than two hours, and Crawford had become much exhausted. He walked slowly around the stake, spoke in a low tone, and carnestly besought God to look with compassion upon him and to pardon his sins. His nerves had lost much of their sensibility, and he no longer shrank from the fire-brands, with which they incessantly touched him. At length he sunk in a fainting fit upon his face and lay motionless. Instantly an Indian sprung upon his back, knelt lightly upon one knee, made a circular icision with his knife upon the crown of his head, and, clapping the knife between his teeth, tore off the scalp with both hands. Scarcely had this been done, when a withered hag approached with a board full of burning embers and poured them upon the crown of his head, now laid bare to the bone. The Colonel groaned deeply, rose again, and walked slowly around the stake—but why continue a description so horrible? Nature at length could endure no nore, and at a late hour in the night he was released by death from the hands of his tormentors."

It is believed that Major Harrison, Major Ross and Ensign William Craword, Jr., being officers and known to some of the Indians, met a like fiery end it other places. What a gorge of infernal revelry did the Crawford family aford to the infuriated savages! Of the five, John, the son, only escaped, to nourn their untimely end with his widowed mother and sister. For a while he wild grass of the prairie refused to grow upon their unurned ashes; but wer their undug graves often since hath "the peaceful harvest smiled."

"Dr. Knight was doomed to be burned at a Shawnee town, about forty niles distant from Sandusky, and was committed to the care of a young Indian be taken there. The first day they traveled about twenty-five miles and enamped for the night. In the morning, the gnats being very troublesome, the loctor requested the Indian to untie him that he migh help him to make a fire keep them off. With this request the Indian complied. While the Indian as on his knees and elbows blowing the fire, the Doctor caught up the end of stick which had been burned in two, with which he struck the Indian on the ead, so as to knock him forward into the fire. Raising up instantly he ran off great rapidity, howling most piteously. Knight seized the Indian's rifle and

pursued him, but drawing back the cock too violently he broke the main spring and relinquished the pursuit. The Doctor then took to the woods, and after many perils by land and water, reached Ft. McIntosh (Beaver) on the 22d day nearly famished. During his journey he subsisted on young birds, roots and berries." He recruited a little strength and clothing at the fort and then came home. He owed his life—and we the tale of Crawford's tortues—to the simple credulity of his young Indian bailiff.

* * * * * * *

Passing on from Stewart's Crossing, we come a short distance down the river to another of the old-time fordings known as the "Broad Ford." Here for many years in the earlier day was located a well-known woolen factory, fulling mill and grist mill. All this has changed in late years. The place is another witness of the retrograding influence of the greed for wealth; instead of that which would feed and clothe and bless humanity, there is more money made in the extensive manufacture of that which robs and starves and degrades the race, in the old Overholt distilleries located here.

From Broad Ford northward to the county line is an almost continuous succession of coke works, which have been in operation for forty years or more, and which have so changed this whole region in surface, soil and society, as well as in general appearance, that we doubt if he were to come back, that our great-grandfather Philip Galley could now locate the site of his former home and farm at the Morgan Coke Works a short distance up the Broad Ford Run.

(See illustration, page 19)

From Broadford in going down the river, we pass a continuous series of mines and ovens till we reach the town of Dawson.

On the opposite side just above Dawson, is what is known as the "Fort Hill Coke Works," so named from the high bluff that overlooks the works, on which there is said to have been at one time an Indian fort and Indian graveyard. This portion of the river from Broadford to Dawson is especially interesting in connection with the beginning of the coke industries that have since made all this region so famous. It was here that some of the earliest, if not the first coke ovens in all this country were built, and it was certainly here that the making of coke first reached that degree of success that made it a profitable business. True, Connellsville seems to have a well founded claim to the honor of having had built within her limits the first successful bee-hive oven in the country. We quote from the "Centennial History of Connellsville" as follows: "But in the meantime the real beginning of the coke industry had been made. And just as Connellsville to-day sets her seal upon the richest and largest coke production in the world, so she had the honor to build the first successful beehive oven in the country. Few residents of Connellsville to-day know that the first coke oven in the Connellsville region was not built near Dawson, as history has always spoken, but in the very heart of Connellsville itself, and not 300 feet from the old stone house built by Zachariah Connell."

The "meantime" at the beginning of the above quotation refers to the more

or less uncertain and doubtful claims as to the making of coke in other parts of the country prior to the date of this authentic beginning in Connellsville which was in the year 1833. For instance, it is stated on good authority that Isaac Meason, who conducted at Plumsock or Upper Middletown, the first rolling mill west of the Allegheny Mountains, made coke for his foundry out of the Redstone coal as early as 1831 or even earlier, but that this coke was unsatisfactory, owing to the hardness of the Redstone coal and therefore its manufacture was discontinued.

Other fairly authentic claims maintain that coke was made in a small way at various iron furnaces in Blair, Armstrong and Huntingdon counties as early as 1811 to 1819, and it has even been stated, but not proven, that coke was made and used in the manufacture of iron in America before the war of the Revolution. In 1836 coke was used for a brief time in making iron by Oliphant at the Fairchance Furnace, and it was claimed by David Trimble who used to live at the "Little Falls" and by "Little Jim" Cochran, the pioneer coke king, that at about this same time (1830 to 1836) one or more coke ovens were built and used by the old Franklin Iron Works at the mouth of Furnace Run or "Little Falls" and that these were then supposed to be the first ovens in Pennsylvania if not in the United States.

Eut whether or not these early claims as to the building of ovens or the manufacture and use of coke are authentic, one thing is certain, and that is that the real beginning of the coke industry, the building of ovens and making of coke in shipping quantities, dates from the year 1841 and takes its location on the Yough River at a point since called "Sedgewick Station" between Broadford and Dawson. It came about in this way, according to the history above quoted: William Turner, an Englishman, who had seen coke made in his native land, and who had also watched the efforts in this direction by Norton and others, having come into possession of a small fortune, sought investment for it in the infant coke industry to which Lester Norton, aided by another Englishman, Nichols, had pointed the way with their little plant of one oven and their ground ricks.

Turner was acquainted with John Taylor, the stone mason, who built the first Connellsville oven some eight years before, and who now owned some coal land at the mouth of Hickman Run on the Youghiogheny River just above Dawson. He would be a good man to take into this new venture, for being a mason, he could build the ovens, besides, having a "coal-bank" on his land, he could furnish the coal.

But to build the ovens and make the coke was not all. It must be marseted. There were no railroads—the river was the only means of transportation and as yet this was without boats. It would be necessary, therefore, for Furner to get some carpenters into his new firm.

These were found in the persons of Provance McCormick (a great-grandson of Colonel William Crawford) and James Campbell. The partnership was now complete; Turner, who was the organizer and moving spirit in the undertaking, seemed to remain a sort of silent partner while Taylor, McCormick a Campbell were the mechanics and did the actual work. The new firm soon g busy. Taylor built four bee-hive ovens (some who profess to remember, sonly two at first) on his own land, a short distance above the mouth of Hieman Run (see cut) and after building the ovens mined the coal to supply the

All through the fall and winter of 1841 the little ovens continued to producoke, and by the spring of 1842 this pioneer coke plant had its first shipmeready for the market—if perchance a market could be found. Campbell a



"FORT HILL."

Fort Hill Coke Works in Full Blast; A few rods from the foreground of this pict is the site of the Taylor ovens mentioned above.

McCormick in the meantime had been busy on the construction of two factors. From one Major Gebhart, of Dayton, Ohio, but formerly of Connel ville, Turner learned of the rapid growth of the iron business down the Ol River, and when consulted in regard to the matter Gebhart advised Turner the believed it would pay to make coke and ship it down the river by flat-box As a result of this advice, when Campbell and McCormick had finished the

bushels of coke. Turner purchased the cargo, and he himself piloted the two boats on their perilous voyage down the winding rocky course of the "Dare-Devil Yough," starting with a freshet in the spring of 1842 and reaching Cincinnati in safety. But when Turner tried to dispose of his coke in Cincinnati, he learned that he was sadly ahead of his time, the foundrymen were afraid to invest in his "cinders," and in his distress Turner sent for Gebhart, who went from Dayton to the assistance of his friend, and it was through Gebhart's influence entirely that Turner was finally able to dispose of one boatload by peddling it from place to place, getting an average of eight cents a bushel. The other half of the cargo was then boated up the canal to Dayton and there Gebhart induced Armstrong, the proprietor of the largest foundry in Dayton, to use the coke.

There is an old tradition that in part payment for this Turner was given a patent iron grist mill, for which great things had been promised, that this mill had been brought home by Turner and placed in the Strickler & Nickel grist mill in New Haven; that it proved a failure, and was afterward sold for the puny sum of thirty dollars. Proof of this story seems elusive. At all events, the first partnership firm in the coke business was too easily discouraged. Turner evidently did not purchase a second cargo from the McCormick, Taylor and Campbell Co., and the ovens were allowed to become idle.

But down in Dayton, Armstrong was using that one boat load of coke and praising its qualities. Had there been means of easy communication at that time it is almost a certainty that the hardy coke pioneers instead of dissolving partnership as they did would have been busy getting out the second shipment to go down the river, for not long after this transaction, the Armstrong foundry sent a representative here, offering a market and a fair price for all the coke that could be sent down the Youghiogheny.

Turner's history after this is not so well known, but it is claimed that he continued in the coke business, and that after his venture with Campbell, Mc-Cormick and Taylor, he began to make coke in ricks on the ground at a point near what is now the Fort Hill works, almost opposite the Taylor ovens (see cut), and that later when Thomas Gregg erected a small plant of bee-hive ovens, Turner, in partnership with Richard Bookens, continued to boat the product down the river to the foundries at Cincinnati and other Ohio River towns.

Notwithstanding the discouragement of Taylor, McCormick and Campbell, the little plant at Sedgewick was not long idle. A sturdy infant had been born in 1823, and his parents christened him James Cochran. His neighbors re-christened him "Little Jim." When a mere lad, with his brother, Samuel Lochran, he had been employed to wash sand at the banks of his uncle, Morlecai Cochran, along the Youghiogheny River a short distance below Broad Ford. The two boys became ambitious. They built a boat which would hold the hundred tons of sand. James Cochran seems to have done the work, beause there is a record showing that he gave a half interest in the boat to his

brother to pay for the lumber used in the construction. The two boys took the cargo of sand to Pittsburg, where they sold it to the glass factories, receiving two dollars a ton. They sold the boat in Pittsburg also, and returned hom each with about fifty dollars in pocket. Feeling rich, they leased two of th four ovens of the Fayette works at Sadgewick and after making two boat load of coke, each boat holding six thousand tons, they boated it down the rive The start was made April 1, 1843. They had a covering of sand over one pa of the cargo, and on this sand a bed a large fire was kept burning. By the tin they reached Wheeling, with no other covering over them than the blue sk they discovered that the cargo of coke under the sand was afire. It was with difficulty that they prevented the fire from burning and sinking the boat. B fore proceeding farther down the river, they erected a shed over the coke, ar the larger fire was not necessary. When they reached Cincinnati, it was sever days before they happened across Miles Greenwood. He was the man wh started the Connellsville coke industry on its onward rush to gigantic propo tions. He had been using Monongahela River coke in his foundries. Greet wood was born in New Jersey in the year 1807. He moved to New Yor thence to the New Harmony Community, whence he drifted into Pittsburgh 1825, where he learned the iron business. Three years later he opned an iro foundry in Pittsburgh and then moved to Cincinnati, where he enlarged the business, employing in 1828 ten hands. This was the size of his foundry who the Cochrans sold him their cargo of coke at seven cents a bushel. That the coke did him no harm is evident from the fact that in 1850 he had so prospere that his foundry was employing three hundred workmen. In 1861, still con tinuing the use of the Connellsville coke, his entire plant was turned into Government arsenal, with seven hundred workmen employed, and during the Civil War turned out forty thousand Springfield rifles, two hundred bronze ca non, hundreds of caissons and gun carriages and one sea-going coast defenmonitor.

From the time Greenwood first tried the modest cargo of the Cochran coke he would use no other. For the first consignment he paid half cash ar gave notes for the other half, which notes he was able to pay before their m turity. The Cochrans continued to make coke at the Fayette works, which was enlarged in 1860 to thirty ovens. In 1865 Schoenberger & Co., of Pitt burgh, purchased a one-third interest in this plant. The iron makers had last awakened to the real worth of the Connellsville coking fields!

But in the meantime operations had been growing elsewhere. When Turn erected three ovens near Fort Hill, and was able to sell the coke in Cincinna Colonel Alexander Hill opened the vein of coal near the Thomas Gregg over and erected there four ovens. Soon after he built eight more. This must have been about 1844 or 1845. These ovens were all of the same type—the bee-his oven, and very small at that.

About this time also a new name came into the coke industry. Stewa Strickler was born in New Salem, Fayette County, in 1812. It is a noteworth

meldent that this man had his birthplace in the old town which is to-day the hub of the busy circle of plants in the Lower Connellsville region. He moved into this district when young, and engaged in the business of boating eggs and other produce down the Youghiogheny River to Pittsburgh and other points below. In 1837 he failed financially, and found himself plunged into debt. But he was made of stern clay.; He remembered that at Jacob's Creek, where the old Trumball furnace had operated for many years, but which had been out of blast for as many more years at this time, he had seen a great pyramid of iron ore slag and cinders. He knew that in the old process of smelting much of the iron was left unextracted from the ore and he conceived the idea of purchasing this pile of slag, boating it down the river to the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati mills, and there selling it to the proprietors. He built a boat, bought a cargo of the stuff, paying fifty cents a ton for it, and took it to Pittsburgh. He sold the whole cargo at \$4.50 a ton. This seems like a scheme easily planned to us who live in these times where every scrap of the market, the home and the mill is turned into something else, but in Strickler's time this was a much keener example of industrial acuteness. The man who could realize profit out of an old stone furnace ruins in the bushes was the sort of a man who would not stop to delve deeper into the resources of nature.

And so Strickler's next move was the purchase of ten acres of coal along the Youghiogheny River, which he did in the early fortics. That purchase was the nucleus of the development which sprang up around the little village known as Jimtown, where the Sterling works are now located. There Strickler built six bee-hive ovens, and the coke produced therein he at first sold to the Cochrans. In 1855 he purchased 80 acres of the Jesse Taylor tract of coal, in the same neighborhood, because he seems to have foreseen the advent of the railroad up the Youghiogheny River, and had a vision of the future prospects of coke making. His vision came true. And when in 1857, the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad was built, he erected eighty ovens on this Taylor tract. Sterling is some distance up the hollow from the Youghiogheny River, and in order to get the coke to the railroad, Strickler laid a tram-road from his plant to the railroad siding. From the first this plant made money for its owner. The coke was sold to Graff, Bennett & Co., of Pittsburgh, who used daily in their foundries two thousand bushels. This contract was in force for several years and from 1860 till 1864 the Pittsburgh company was supplied wholly, or nearly so, from this Sterling works. By this time the iron men were fully convinced of the necessity of Connellsville coke, and Graff, Bennett & Co. made Strickler an offer of thirty-five thousand dollars for a one-third interest in Sterling. Strickler accepted the bid, and a few months later Schoenberger & Co. purchased the other two-thirds interest for forty thousand dollars. Strickler, had he made investment of these funds, which made him rich at that time, in Connellsville coke fields and in their development, would have left the wealthest generation in Fayette County. But he seems to have been satisfied with his transaction and later moved to Tennessee, where he died. As an instance of

the rapid growth in the value of Connellsville coking lands, even in those early times, it may be cited that in the years between 1834 and 1840, Strickler purchased his father's farm at a price averaging thirty dollars an acre, and in 1864 he sold it to J. K. Ewing for two hundred dollars an acre; Ewing in turn selling it not long afterwards for double the latter sum.

In the meantime the coke industry had been growing rather rapidly, and



TYPICAL COKE OVENS. CHARGING, DRAWING AND IN BLAST.

spreading further and further through the territory surrounding its birthplace. The rapidly increasing demand for coke among the iron men and the advent of the railroad with its wonderfully improved transportation facilities, contributed largely toward this effect.

Cochran & Keister, Watt, Taylor & Co.; Paull, Brown & Co. and other

region, until in 1876 there were 3000 ovens in the district. In the next ten or twelve years, when the chief centre of the iron business had moved up to Allegineny County and the value of the Connellsville coke had become known to the smelting industries of the Pacific slope, the demand for coke and the growth of the industry throughout the Connellsville region advanced with such rapid strides that the mining of coal and the manufacture of coke by far transcended all other industries combined.

"Little Jim" Cochran, one of the pioneers of the flat-boat day; W. J. Rainey, who started in with one small plant and fought his way as an independent operator to the top ranks, and that most remarkable financial character, Henry Clay Frick, who was born a poor boy and was a "coal digger" on his way up, long before he was a multi-millionaire coal owner, along with many others only less prominent, all grew into wealth and prominence in the last 25 or 30 years. And the industry still grows; the number of ovens is steadily increasing and naturally the amount of coal is rather rapidly growing less. In the Connells-ville region proper it is estimated that there are about 64,000 acres of coal, and that one-third of this has already been worked out. In the last ten years what is known as the Lower Connellsville Region, or that in the southern part of the county, extending from Uniontown southward and westward to the Monongahela River, has grown up with such amazing rapidity that it is now only second in importance to the Connellsville field itself.

The Connellsville region proper comprises about 100 plants, having nearly 24,000 ovens, while the Lower Connellsville region so-called has nearly 60 plants with something like 11,000 ovens.

The two regions together at the present time (1907) are said to be sending out coke at the rate of about four hundred thousand tons every week, or nearly twenty-one million tons a year. "Estimating that this would be about sixteen thousand cars a week, the year's production would make a train so long that the engine in front of it would go to San Francisco and come back to Connells-ville before the caboose had gotten started out of the Connellsville yards!"

Judge E. H. Reppert, of Uniontown, in his great address at the Connells-ville Centennial in August, 1906, made use of the following language: "The limit of value for an acre of genuine Connellsville coking coal has not yet been reached, nor ascertained, although young men who have scarcely attained their majority have seen it increase in some instances from \$50 or less, to \$3000. Thirty years ago there were but 3000 ovens in the entire region; there are now \$2,000. Last year's production reached nearly eighteen millions tons. The average price per ton was \$2.26. This year's production will reach and probably exceed 19,000,000 tons, and the average price per ton will equal, if not exceed, \$2.50. It is difficult to appreciate these stupendous figures. To transport this enormous production will require 430,000 cars. If these were joined together in one continuous train it would more than reach across the Continent and back. The value of the train load would be \$47,000,000, and would require a string of dollar bills placed end to end as long as the train to pay for it."

BOATING ON THE YOUGH

Speaking of the early transportation of coal by flat-boats on the Youg leads us to say something of boat-building as one of the early river industrie. Quite a number of the older residents of this region remember well the day of the "flat-boats" and have told us much concerning their construction and us on the river. Just when and where Yough flat-boating begun we are unable to say, but it is quite probable that it was in the vicinity of Stewart's Crossin by the early settlers and traders on their way to the West, who, after comin over the mountains by foot and pack-horse could here construct rude boats and thus facilitate and shorten somewhat perhaps their journeys westward and the southwest. Later enterprising residents of the region met this demand begoing into the boat-building business, so as to have boats ready for prospectivusers. One of the first saw mills west of the Alleghenies was set up at Stevart's Crossing probably as early as 1789 and furnished much of the lumber use in the Yough region for many years.

Long before the days of coal and coke working, various forms of product and merchandise were conveyed up and down this river in flat-boats, usually was down the river, for it was with great difficulty and only on rarely opportunoccasions that boats of any size could be brought back after they had carried cargo to Pittsburgh or other points on the Ohio or Mississippi. When the cargo was disposed of in most instances the boats were sold for whatever the would bring—sometimes for further use on other waters, sometimes simply for the lumber they contained, and the owners or crew, for often the owners were the crew, came back by overland route.

A brief description of these boats, and something of the method of building them will perhaps be interesting to our readers whose grandfathers and great grandfathers in many instances, no doubt, took part in the building or the using of these once familiar but now almost forgotten carriers of commerce on the Yough.

One of the most active and most successful boatmen of his day who is no close to his four score years,* has given the writer some interesting data along this line.

The boats were built at various places along the river from Connellsvil to the "Little Falls." Our octogenerian friend, who not only built thirty-seve boats with his own hands, but was also one of the most successful pilots on the river, having the proud record of never losing a boat by wrecking, although he probably made more trips than any man in his day, built his boats on the sour side of the Yough, first just above the present Dawson bridge, later at a point near the Henry Galley homestead, and more than anywhere else at the "Litt Falls."

The boats were usually built with flat bottoms and were from 80 feet to 15 feet in length, 18 to 22 feet wide and 6 to 10 feet deep. This was about as large

^{*}Since dead.

as could be safely piloted around the curves and through the many "falls" and danger points of the Yough. There was no trouble after reaching the Monongahela and the Ohio; here two or more boats were often lashed together for the rest of the trip, one crew being thus able to handle all. The building of a boat was begun by setting up a frame held together by wooden pins, with bottom up, and necessitated for this framework the best of timber. For the "gunnels," or large side timbers that ran the length of the boat, the woods were searched far and near for the finest trees that could be found of suitable size and length and "grain." These were hewed to 18 or 20 in square with the broadaxe, and then were hauled to the boat-yard, where they were either split or sawed their entire length into halves. It was quite an art to split a pair of "gunnels" successfully. It was done by setting an axe so as to make an opening for a small wedge every six or eight inches throughout the entire length of the timber, then tapping these wedges deeper and deeper as the stick began to yield until it was split through the centre from end to end. Sometimes the gunnels were sawed instead of split. To do this a pit large enough for a man to work in was dug in the ground and the squared timber placed across the top of this pit in such a way that two men, one above and one in the pit could work a whip-saw, having the stick moved up from time to time until it was awed through its entire length. In some of the longer boats it was necessary o join two and sometimes three tree lengths to make the "gunnels."

The "gunnels" were then joined at proper intervals with heavy hewed cross ics and to these were fastened by pinning the sawed "streamers" or "runners" engthwise of the boat, and on this the bottom was built of heavy plank running rosswise. After the bottom was laid it had to be calked. This was done by redging coarse toe into all the cracks. Later when "scutchin' toe" became carce, oakum was used for calking. Older residents of the Yough region, ven many miles back in the ccuntry, tell us that the peculiar dull monotonous and of the calkers day after day used to be a familiar sound when the wind as coming from the direction of the river.

The calking finished, the boat was ready to turn, and here again some enneering ability and plenty of help was required. A "boat-turning" was much a "barn-raising" at times. The neighbors were gathered from far and near to a regular country-side frolic.

Just as in the old-time barn-raising there was some hard work, and no little inger attending the overturning of one of those huge, heavy flats. It was on the of these occasions near Broadford that Jacob Galley, having left his loom to respond to the call for help, lost his life, as referred to elsewhere in this look, by the slipping of a boat in the act of turning. Our informant tells us tat at first he used to turn his boats by means of a series of long levers extiding under the boat and raised little at a time on uprights with holes and royable pins for that purpose, until the "flat" was nearly perpendicular, when serial men with pike-poles distributed along the boat, would at the proper and give it the final push that would send it over. Later at his "Little Falls"

yard he constructed a tipple on which the boats were built and when ready co be turned without much help or difficulty with this ingenious device. On turned, the boats were skidded into the water and finished by building up a calking the sides. The time required to build one of these boats, of cour varied according to circumstances, yet was usually from one to two or the months. Our friend was a strong man and a great worker, and could turn a boat with but little help in less time than most other rivermen. He tells the first boats used in the transportation of coke were but 80 feet long.



JACOB STRICKLER.
Veteran boat-builder, pilot and fisherman of the Yough region.

built and piloted a number of these smaller boats; then he began to make the larger and larger until he built the largest pair of boats ever sent out of region. They were 166 feet long and 22 feet wide and 12 feet deep, and work loaded with coal bound for New Orleans. Both of these were successful piloted through the dangers of the Yough, but only one of them ever reactive destination, as the other was wrecked in the Mississippi.

The last boat our veteran builder constructed was one for his own use.

built it, loaded it with coke and piloted it to market himself, and to this day recalls very distinctly every detail of the undertaking.

The boat was one of the largest taken out of the region, measuring 157 feet n length, and carrying 14,404 bushels of coke, for which he received 12½ cents a bushel cash, at Madison, below Cincinnati.

When asked how it was possible to get a boat safely through all the danger points that had been pointed out—the rapids of the "Little Falls," around he "Lick Spring Bend," past the several large projecting rocks that were known and named by every riverman and on through another series of rocky rapids and harp curves, extending for more than a mile, and finally through the narrows and over the "Big Falls," our friend replied with some of his old-time enthusem: "It all depends upon the pilot and getting started right." (What a sernon could be preached from those words, "The Right Pilot" and the "Right litart" will always prevent shipwreck.)

"The pilot must know his business and head her just right, for nothing can e done to handle her after she starts in." This can be the better understood when we recall that it was only at the time of high water that boats could be aken out at all, and that then the current was so swift through these "falls" hat the strongest crew was entirely powerless to influence the course of their oat when once her head struck the rapids. "She must be headed right or all is 1st," and the successful pilot was the man of cool nerve, good judgment and uick decision that could head her right—just the kind of man that is successful nywhere.

We have mentioned that one of the early mills for the sawing of lumber sed in the boat-building industry of the Yough was at Connellsville. Another as located at the mouth of the Smilie Run, at the present site of Dawson, and as owned by John and Robert Smilie, sons of John Smilie, Sr., who as early 1786 took up by warrant a tract of 368 acres of land surrounding the present was of Dawson. The Smilies were thus among the earliest settlers of this ortion of the Yough region, and their saw mill furnished much of the lumber rethe boats built in this neighborhood, especially in the earlier day. This act of land, originally taken up by John Smilie, was divided after a while id one part sold to Steward Strickler and the other to George Dawson, of rownsville, father of the distinguished Hon. John L. Dawson.

When the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad was constructed up the orth bank of the Yough, a station was located here on Dawson's property, and naturally was called "Dawson's Station," at the same time a post office as established here, and soon a little village grew up; in 1866 a town plot was lid out, two years later the brick building, since known as the "Ebbert House," as built and Samuel Smouse opened the first store. We can remember when tis new town was called "Bloomington," but why, we have been unable to larn, and when the town became a borough in 1872 it was incorporated under te original name of "Dawson." The writer has a peculiar interest attaching to tis thriving little business town, for not long after the time it became a bor-

ough, it became for a few years his home and dwelling place. It was here we began to receive almost our first recollected impressions of the world outside of the nursery and family circle. It was here, and we recall it very distinctly, we first attended public school, and became one of the crowd of hoping, fearing, wondering barefoot urchins that gathered around the lady teacher whose name we no longer remember, to receive their first lesson from the big "A, B, C" cards that were then in use for beginners.

It was in the shadow of the old McKuen flouring mill that we made our first recollected boyhood acquaintance even before we went to school—Charlie McKuen, the son of A. C. McKuen, owner of the mill, and whose tragic death, in another of his father's mills, when he had grown to manhood, was a shock to all who knew him. It was from here we went forth on our first fishing trip, for the Yough was full of fish then. What a wonderful privilege to be allowed to wade out into the shallow running waters and with a hook and line that was all our own, try to inveigle a real live fish into doing us the honor of satisfying the greatest ambition of our boyhood. Once with his trousers rolled to his knees, the brave barefoot boy actually waded clear across the river—a most wonderful thing. Of course, he held to his father's hand, but it was not necessary to mention this when recounting the adventure to the timid boys who were afraid of the big river.

It was here we got our first ideas of the one-time famous sport of shooting fish, when father would take the old long rifle which is still in our possession, go down to the riffle below town and come back in a few hours with a fine string of fish, the puzzling thing about which was that we could seldom or never find where the bullets had hit them. When a few years older, we were allowed to go along and to "go in and bring out the fish" when father shot them, and then it was explained to us that unlike the killing of other game it was not necessary to hit the fish to kill it.

Long after hunting for turkeys and deer ceased to be a source of sport and family food supply, fishing in the Yough in a measure took its place until 25 or 30 years ago, when the development of the coal industries had reached such an extent as to flood the old stream and all its tributaries with that death-dealing sulphur drainage from the mines, depopulating the water of every living creature. It is really sad to think of this wanton destruction of one the finest sources of pleasure, as well as of choicest food supply, that this region ever afforded.

The valley of the Yough may be very much richer in industries, population and wealth in these later years, but it is sadly bankrupt and barren of that finer social life among its inhabitants and all that natural wealth of scenery, and fish and game that once made it the pride of as sturdy and upright a class of people as ever settled and built up a community.

How it thrills and gladdens the heart of the old-time fisherman to set him talking of these earlier days, to ask him to relate his experience in shooting, or gigging or swabbing fish. No matter how tired with the day's toil, or how

bowed down with the weight of years and cares, and physical infirmities, mention "fish-shooting time" and he is all alive and young again, and if you express a desire to know something of this famous and exciting river sport he is with you for as long as you can find time to listen; and he enjoys it, too, and of course you do, because he does. He knows every spot along that river for miles and miles, every tree and rock and riffle; every likely eddy or bar or "hole," or did know, for it is all changed now.

He will tell you he killed pike here, perch there and suckers all along the river. He will tell you that each variety of fish had its own particular season. For instance, the suckers were expected directly after corn-planting time, or when the sugar tree leaves were almost full size, or the dogwood blossom first looked white in the woods—these signs were closely watched, for sucker season only lasted about a week, but oh, what sport in that one little week! It was their spawning time and they always deposited their spawn on bars or riffles where the water ran swift and shallow, hence our sportsman knew just where o look for them.

"Perch," on the contrary, spawned in still water, in some shallow "eddy" long a favorable shore, small islands or a protecting rock. Their season was ater than that of the suckers, and lasted about a month. They made "nests" n which their spawn was deposited, and then remained near by until the eggs vere hatched and even for some time after apparently guarding the nest and the small fry" from intruders.

The trained eye of the fisherman was quick to locate these so-called nests, nd knowing the habits of the fish, he was able to turn up many a fine big perchaphere his less experienced friends had failed to get a shot.

If he lived some miles from the river it was necessary to begin preparation he day or so before. The old long rifle was brought out and thoroughly leaned and oiled. This "fish gun" was no ordinary piece, and it was not everyody that possessed a rifle suitable for fish shooting. Of course, it was a nuzzle loader" of extra heavy weight and long barrel, and shot a bullet fully vice as large as that used in ordinary guns. (Fig. 14, page 214)

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These bullets were moulded the night before, and lead alone being too soft r this work, our nimrod adds zinc enough to make an extra hard ball that will it flatten on contact with the water. Everything is ready for getting off the ext morning before day. The other members of the party—for it is not half much fun to go alone—will be met on the way, or at Mary's Riffle, or leatty's Hole, or at the Lick Spring—some designated meeting place along the ream. Some of the party are to do the shooting and others to bring out the th as they are killed. A convenient overhanging tree is selected that comtands a view of the spawning grounds, or if this is not available, a sapling saffold is easily erected by fastening together at the top three or four poles sme 15 or 20 feet long, cut from the hillside nearby, nailing on these some righ cross-pieces, with possibly a small board or two at the top to sit on, and leating this wherever it was most convenient. Having in one or the other of

these ways gotten into position to have command of the situation, it was usually not long till the game began to show itself. Here again experience was the only teacher. The novice who attempted to kill fish by shooting directly at them had but the empty gun and the laugh of his friends for his pains, for his bullet invariably struck the water beyond the fish and did no execution, while our veteran fish-shooter turned up one or even two or three fish every shot, for he had learned the deception of the water and knew to aim to shoot under the fish, knowing that his bullet passing directly under will kill the fish without hitting, although he would often so accurately gauge the distance and depth of the water that he could hit the fish if he so desired. Whether struck by the bullet or killed by the percussion shock of the ball passing under it, the fish immediately turned white side up and came to the top of the water. The shooter would call to the boys on shore the number killed and whether to go in after them at once or wait a few minutes and let them float down the stream some distance.

Sometimes it happened that a fine big fish was only stunned or crippled. and then there was an exciting chase, the man in the tree of scaffold giving orders and guiding the assistant who plunged into the water after it. Our sportsman will tell you perhaps of many amusing and exciting incidents of this kind, as, for instance, on that morning when an unusually large fish was barely cut through the back fins with a bullet, causing it to be crippled and stunned, but not so much disabled that it could not put off lively whenever the chaser was about to lay hands on it; leading a most exciting race almost completely across the river before it was finally landed. Or when on another occasion with good shooting, and excitement running high, the frail scaffold suddenly gave way under the unusual stress and precipitated our worthy sportsman, gun and all, into the water. This, of course, was great fun for those on shore, but as you can readily understand, considerably dampened the ardor, to say nothing of the ammunition and clothing of the unfortunate victim of the wreck, who would be thus prevented from bagging as big a string of fish as his friend and rival on the next riffle, who after this would take particular delight every time his rifle cracked in calling out the results, as: "Hurry on, boys, two of them, and big ones, too," and "Hurrah! the best shot to-day."

These were great days, our old fish shooter will tell you, and there was much pride in holding the record for a day's shooting in sucker time. He will tell you of a number of his old friends, most of whom perhaps are now dead, who had reputations along this line. For instance, there is Joseph Oglevee, whose record with the rifle was hard to beat. He possessed one of the oldest and best guns in the country, and no one was more successful or got more enjoyment out of fish shooting time than he did. He is one of the oldest of the early fishermen now living, and still delights to recount many exciting times on the river, especially that morning when inside of a few hours he broke all previous records by killing 28 fish, ranging in size from two to five pounds, at thirteen shots.

GIGGING FISH.

Gigging fish likewise brought its excitement and pleasures for our oldtime sportsman. The expert giggers, as a rule, were an entirely different set of men from the riflemen. Just as in the work of the farm, or the crude industries of the times, each man had his specialty in which he excelled, so in these various river sports, one man was an expert gigger while perhaps his brother or neighbor excelled with the rifle, or at swabbing, or with hook and line.

The "gig" was a rather heavy three-pronged steel tip, mounted on a handle or pole some 10 to 15 feet long, and was used by dextrously hurling it so as to strike the fish, cr by means of the long pole-like handle, projecting it swiftly

into the water at the fish without letting it go from the hand.

David Galley and his son Henry, who is still living and who, by the way, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest Galley living at the present writing (August, 1907), were recognized far and near as the most expert giggers on the old Yough in the days of which we write.

Mr. Jacob Strickler,* who is mentioned elsewhere as the great flat-boat builder, and his brother Conrad, who also had a large part in the early boating industries, were both noted giggers. These men have all gone at least a decade beyond their allotted "three score years and ten," and yet when one mentions "gigging fish" to them they are "boys" again, and grow quite enthusiastic in telling how they used to enjoy this favorite sport.

Gigging was done both by day and by night, but chiefly at night. Only the very best and most experienced giggers could have much success by daylight, because it was difficult to approach the fish in the small row-boats without their seeing and taking fright, so that most of the daylight gigging had to be done, as it were, "on the wing," and this required a good man to handle the boat while the giggsman stood in one end of the boat with his long-forked spear poised ready to hurl with all his strength in the direction of the fleeing fish; the boatsman shot his small skiff rapidly forward in the direction indicated until the coveted five-pounder seemed to be within reach, when with one tremendous effort the gig went darting many feet through air and water to transfix its prey, while as often, perhaps, the boat and boatsman rebounded in the opposite lirection with such force as to dump its occupants into the water.

Mr. Henry Galley, now of Riverside, California, gave us some very vivid lescriptions of this kind in which his father had more than once given him a did udden plunge bath, but little was thought of a small matter like this if they ucceeded in capturing a good big fish.

When the gigging was done at night, some kind of a torch light was necesde old ary. Usually, a large bundle of split sticks wrapped up together was used.

This wooden torch when properly made would blaze up fine and make quite an est of the ficient light for some time, and with some one to hold this light, the gigsman ould see far enough ahead to locate the fish very nicely, and could approach

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^{*}Died May 17, 1908.

much nearer and therefore make much surer work with his gig than by day, light.

Sometimes again in this method of fishing the fish would be only wounder and there would follow a lively chase before it was finally landed in the boat Of course there were the favorite spots along the river for gigging as well as for angling or shooting the fish, and there was likewise much rivalry as to who should hold the gigging record. The different gigging parties prided them selves on the number of big fish they could catch, or the large total number of pounds representing the evening's work. One of these old giggers above named takes great delight to this day in telling of a certain night's sport at the "Little Falls," in which he alone made the proud record of gigging 62 pounds of fish in one evening.

SWABBING FISH.

A third method of fishing in the old-time Yough, which, in some respect was even more exciting than the two we have just described, was that o "swabbing." A "fish swabbing" in the olden times meant a day's frolic on th river and on most occasions a fine string of fish for each one who participated

It was by far the largest fishing affair that the good old days afforded, an usually took place in August or just after the farmers were well through with the harvest.

Some two or three neighbors would get together and plan for a "swabbing on a certain date a week or so hence. They would then start out to invite th country side far and near, or at least until they were assured of at least fifty t a hundred men.

Neighbors usually responded to the call, for it meant lots of fun, ventur and excitement. At the appointed time and place the swabbers began to at rive by dozens early in the morning, bringing the day's food provisions wit them. Some suitable man was usually chosen to act as captain or officer of the day so as to systematize the working of the men.

First a suitable part of the river was selected, which was a riffle or shallows near a well-known or likely "hole." These so-called "holes" also referre to elsewhere, were simply deep portions of the river probably from one to two rethree hundred yards in extent, and were known to be the rendezvous, as were, of the fish. Having decided what "hole" was to be swabbed, a large part of the swabbing party was put to work building the dam and "pot" while the rest of the men made the "swab."

The dam was made by piling up the loose stone of the river bed into tw long walls extending in from either side of the stream, and converging towar the "pot" or small circular enclosure at the angle of junction.

The "swab" was made by twisting or weaving together a number of lon grape-vines tied up with ropes and the bark of saplings until of sufficient lengt to reach nearly across the river. To this stout rustic cable was fastened a greanumber of small brushy tree-tops so as to hang down six or eight feet and make

of it all a great sweep of brush so thickly woven that the fish could scarcely get through. This swab, when thus constructed, was quite heavy and required many men to handle it. The dam and pot having been completed and the swab all ready, the fun and excitement began.

The swab was taken to the upper end of the "hole" and stretched across the stream. A crowd of men laying hold of each end of the swab, to haul it, someas to whole times a horse or two was used for this purpose, and a number of the best swimmers appointed to "ride the swab" or go out along its course and hold it down into the hole, which was sometimes quite deep and made this part of the work rather dangerous except to those who were good swimmers. As the great swab was thus made to sweep the depths of the stream, the fish were driven ahead of it and as the men hauled in the ends toward the wings of the dam below. coming now into shallow water, the swarms of frightened fish made a sight well calculated to raise the excitement to the highest pitch. As the distance narrowed down, the ends of the swab were doubled in to make it the most secure ome respects against the escape of the fish, which were now fast being driven through the was that of opening at the angle of the dam into the "pot," the fish in the meantime leapirolic on the ing and tearing through the shallow water in every direction, sometimes in their frantic efforts to escape, jumping clear out of the water over the top of the swab, or over the wall of the dam. Our old fishermen tell us great "fish stories" of the happenings on these occasions and especially when the finny hordes were finally swept into the "pot," where with a boat or two and dip-nets the work of actually catching the fish began. Here was a regular circus. Big fish and little all heartlessly driven to bay in his little stone pen where they sought a least fifty to n vain to evade their pursuers, sometimes flopping themselves into the boat or over the rim of the pot. On one occasion a large fish leaped from the water with such force that it struck square in the breast of one of the men standing n the boat, who quickly flopped his arms together over his breast and held the ish secure, making a most novel method of catching fish. When the fish were inally all killed or taken from the pot in various ways, they were taken ashore Then came the work of dividing the spoils and giving each man or family his share of the "catch." This was usually done by parceling the fish ff into as many piles as there were men to receive them. Then two men were hosen to assign the piles impartially to the crowd. One of these stood with is back to the fish with the men in front of him, while the second with a pole his hand would point to a pile of fish and ask: "Whose pile is this?" The will listributor would thereupon name at random one of the men in front of him, nd so on until all were distributed. While the object was to make the piles of sh as nearly equal as possible, yet of course there was bound to be considerble inequality in size or quality of fish, and we are told some very shrewd nderhand tricks were sometimes played by conniving groups of men to get the wer of long est of the divide. For instance, the pointer in indicating a certain desirable ile to be assigned would strike his pole twice or three times on the ground parently carelessly enough, but so as to give a secret signal to the assigner

who would thus know to give the pile to a favorite friend. So we see th "sharp practices" and dishonorable "games" were not wholly unknown in the "good old times" of the past. But such things were the exception and the was usually so much good hearty sport and such a fine mess of fresh fish for their trouble that a day's swabbing on the old Yough was an event never to l forgotten.

We also recall while living here another not uncommon means of obtaining wild game. The river used to be frequented by great numbers of wild duck and duck-shooting was, while it lasted, a lively sport. Sometimes it was n necessary to shoot them to get all the ducks that were wanted. The river that time was not bridged, and the two or three flat ferry-boats that were ru as pubic conveyances were guided by overhead wire cables, spanning the riv some fifteen or twenty feet above the water, and being but little noticeable, floc of ducks flying swiftly up or down the stream would strike these ferry wir



BIRD'SEYE VIEW OF "GALLEY TOWN" (DICKERSON RUN).

Liberty Hill. Dawson, Site of Reunion Grov Youghiogheny River. Riverside School. The Ewing Galley (formerly Strickler) Place

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and many of the birds would be killed or so stunned that they would fall into the water, where with skiffs they could be gathered up with comparative ease.

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As we remember it, there were two ferries—one near where the bridge now is and one at the lower end of town opposite the home of Henry Galley. Of course this was long before there was any signs of a town on the south side of the river nearer than the old village of East Liberty on the hill above. The Galley homestead surrounded by its orchards and fertile fields was the sole occupant of the "bottoms" now covered from the mouth of Dickerson Run, almost to Riverside School, with one continuous town and with railroads and car shops, round houses, depot, etc.

The P. & L. E. R. R. is chiefly responsible for this change. Even old "Liberty" itself, a village that has appeared ancient as long as the "oldest inhabitant" can remember, was in a measure rejuvenated by the advent of this railroad, and the birth of a sister town at Dickerson Run.

Just how far back into the pioneer days the history of Liberty goes, is a little difficult to tell—certainly as far as 1792, for we are told that in the fall of that year Andrew Byers built the first house on the site of the present village. A number of the original log-houses of the old town were still standing until a few years ago. One of these bore the date of 1796 on its chimney, another the date 1797. Only one or two of the log-houses, which were all built prior to 1810, are yet standing. Thus the town seems to have been started as early as 1792 to 1796, but that there was a settlement here long before this seemed equally certain, for one of the earliest settlers in all this region was Joshua Dickerson, from whom the "Run" gets its name and the town, Dickerson Run. It is supposed that he came over the mountains looking for a location in this "western region" about 1770, or near that time.

He found the Yough region a forest-covered wilderness at that time, swarming with wild animals and Indians, but with all, an attractive and promising land. It is said that this hardy pioneer came alone and on foot, and that he first camped under an oak tree on the high bluff that overlooks the river, just above East Liberty. He at once set to work to build up a settlement in this region, but had not been long here when the Indians began to make their appearance in the neighborhood and he decided it was not a safe place for a lone seitler, so he rather hastily retraced his tracks over the mountains to his Eastern home. In a year or so, having learned that the Indian dangers had subsided he again came "out West," this time bringing his wife and child and probably another settler or two, for he came to stay. On his arrival at the old camping ground he built a cabin, and began to clear the land and till the soil. It was not long after this that his little colony again learned that the Indians had not entirely deserted the region, and there was great fear that they would give the settlers trouble.

We read in an early chronicle of the time that "Dickerson never went out to his field to work without taking his wife with him, who, while he worked, would keep watch with a gun in hand, and after a time would take the hoe while he did sentinel duty. Naturally enough, they believed that the Indians were likely to butcher them at any time. Eternal vigilance was for them the constant watchword.

"Despite their fears they never came to any harm through the Indians. Mr. Dickerson was eminently a pioneer and for years battled almost single handed among the wilds of this region, apart from other settlers and met at every turn such privations, trials and toils as would have checked his progress and sent him back to the haunts of civilization had he not possessed a heart of oak and a courageous stout-souled helpmate who bore like a heroine her full share of the burden."

It is said that on one occasion when it became necessary for Dickerson to go over the mountains with his pack-horses for salt and other supplies that could not be obtained in the new country, he found that his amunition had run so short that he only had two bullets left for his rifle. With one of these he killed a bear, whose carcass supplied his family with meat while he was absent, and with the other he killed game for his own sustenance during his journey over the mountains.

Tradition tells us that Dickerson and Samuel Rankin, another of the pioncers, bought their first land from the Indians, giving a pair of blankets in exchange for a large tract of land around about East Liberty. Whether this be true or not we know that Dickerson lived to see this region blossom and teem with civilized life, and that he became a large land holder in this portion of the Yough region, and that he died upon the homestead farm near East Liberty, October 10, 1827, in his eighty-eighth year.

Mr. Dickerson was a strict Methodist, and for some years maintained preaching at his house. In 1823 he materially assisted in the erection of the first church building in this region, the Methodist Episcopal House of Worship, which had a flourishing congregation with all the fervor and spirit of old-time Methodism, especially at revival times, up until 1861, when war-time politics got into the organization in such a way as to lead to its early downfall. The building ceased to be used as a church and was converted into a dwelling house, which is still standing at the east end of Walnut Street.

About the year 1780, it is also said, that Mr. Dickerson built a grist mill on the run which bears his name at the site of the present flour and planing mills and owned by Oglevee and McClure. Joseph Oglevee, the grandfather of the Oglevee brothers, and who came here from Maryland in 1788, built a sawmill a short distance below Dickerson's grist mill in 1792. Later, a nail-making shop and a sickle factory were also built about the same location.

William McBurney, one of the prominent early citizens of the old town, was born here in 1808, his father, Robert McBurney, a blacksmith, having come here from Maryland about 1798. At that time there was a small collection of log-houses, including that of Andrews Byers, the tavern keeper, and Samuel Brown, a hatter, who then lived in what was thought to be the first house built in the place, and the house later occupied for many years by William McBurney

and later by his descendants for several generations. It is more than probable that Josiah Allen kept a store here as early as 1799. In 1814 Matthew Cannon kept a store and a tavern in the village, and following him came William Mc-Mullen as a trader. In 1823 Robert McBurney gave up his blacksmith shop to one of his sons and opened a more extensive store than any that had so far been kept.

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It was customary in those earlier days to sell whiskey in these village stores, the same as groceries and dry goods, and this, together with two or three tayerns, made East Liberty in its younger years as notorious for its turmoil and bad conduct as it has been in later years for its quiet habits and good behavior.

In 1826 East Liberty secured a post office with John McBurney as first post master, followed in time by William Beatty, Samuel F. Randolph, Robert Mc-Burney, Jr., Joseph Oglevee, Susan Ransom, William McBurney, John Stoner and Daniel Reynolds. In 1874 the rival village of Alexandria (now Vanderbilt), which is about a mile further up Dickerson Run, made a strong fight for, and finally secured the post office, and has kept it ever since.

Oglevee Brothers (Joseph and P. G.) have conducted the leading store in the town for the past fifty years. Joseph Oglevee, who established the store in 1856, was born in the same year that Joshua Dickerson died, and is therefore one of the oldest citizens of the town, and being yet remarkably active, mentally and physically (August, 1907), the writer has found him of great service in securing material for these sketches. The other member of this firm, Philip Galley Oglevee, though not able to go back to as early a date as his brother, has had part in so much of the life and times of this region for the past half century that his help to the writer has been invaluable.

In the days when the "Little Falls" was a flourishing village with a forge going, sawmill, grst-mill, etc., besides other industries, altogether furnishing employment for quite a number of men, East Liberty was quite an active business It was the market and business centre for the "Falls" industries.

Here were the residences of most of the employes at the iron works, and the chief stores were here. A peculiar feature of local trade and commerce in those days was the scarcity of money. Rather the small amount of money that was necessary to carry on business and the use instead of money in the payment of wages and in the barter of the daily life, the products of the comnunity, such as salt meat, grain, etc., and at the time of which we write with he "Little Falls" iron works in full blast, the product of this forge, the "charater, a nail. oal, hammered bar iron," was not an uncommon medium of trade in lieu of noney. As an evidence of the business methods of the times, as well as for he various other interests that attach to it, we have inserted here a copy of a nost interesting school contract written in 1811, and kindly furnished to the collection of uthor by Mr. George McBurney, who has for many years been a storekeeper 1 East Liberty, following in the paths of his great-grandfather, Robert Mct house built turney, who as we have above noted, established the first store of any con-McBurney derable size when the old town was in its infancy.

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed do agree to employ William Scott, Jr., for the term of five months, commencing the 4th day of November 1811, for the purpose of teaching the scholars we shall entrust to his care the rules of spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic as far as his ability and thei capacity will admit of in that time at the rate of two dollars and fifty centereach scholar, payable one-half in cash, the other half in merchantable wheat rye, corn or bar iron at market price, delivered either at Jacob Leet's mill, of iron at Robert McBurney's, Esq.

"And further, we agree to meet at the schoolhouse, before the commence ment of the school, and appoint three suitable persons as Trustees, whose dutit shall be to see that the school house be put and kept in good repair and suf ficiency of firing and likewise one or more of them to attend in succession on evening in each month to do such duties as would be profitable for the school and if need require, either at the request of the master, or employers, all ar to convene, and if the master should commit any misdemeanor, he shall b suffered to collect pay in proportion to the time he has kept, and be turned of by the Trustees, and if he himself should render a sufficient reason to the trus tees for discontinuing at any time, he is likewise to have the same privilege an no employer after the school is closed shall have the privilege of sending mor than one scholar in proportion to three at a time to make up any lost time and further, we agree to give the master one day in every two weeks for hi own use, in testimony of which we have set our hands to this agreement thi 30th day of October, 1811." (Then follow the list of subscribers in their own hand writing, with the number of scholars each one sent.) Joseph Ogleve (writer's great-grandfather) was the first of the list with three scholars.

Joseph Oglevee James Jelly Archibald Downey James Cunningham Benjamin Atkins Jacob Lighty Thomas Parker Thomas Jones Noah Miller Robert Dougan Robert McBurney John Barricklow Alexander Moreland Daniel McMullan Joseph Bell Isaac Byers David Byers Harry Brison William Kirk George Barricklow Samuel Brown William Johnson Samuel Rankin John Graham George Cox Robert Crawford

John Dougen
John Cooley
John Wining
George Flake
Nancey Hare
George Pery
George Grimes
Robert Jamison
John Leslie

J. Work's Administrators
James Sloan
Matthew Gilchrist
Harry Stacman."

The following was added later:

"Saturday, November 2, 1811. The subscribers to the within Article me according to appointment and chose the following persons as trustees, viz. Samuel Brown, Robert Jamison and George Cox, and the master and employers agree to close the school at thirty-five scholars, unless the trustees shall consent that more shall be taken.

We have made mention above of the "Little Falls" and its one-time flourishing industries. To the older citizens of this part of the Yough region, and of the adjoining country for many miles back from the river, the name "Little Falls" is one filled with interest because of its association with the early life and industries of the region.

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In the year 1800 George Lamb built a forge on the Yough River about two miles below Dickerson Run at the mouth of what is now known as Furnace Run, but what was then called Arnold's Run, so named from the fact that it had its head waters in the Arnold settlement some five or six miles back from the river, on the road leading from East Liberty past Flatwoods and on to Brownsville. The old Arnold log school house stood at the head of this run until about the year 1834 when it was replaced by a brick building on the same site, and in 1858 this was superseded by the present stone building a mile further back, known as Buena Vista School.

Lamb soon sold his forge to Nathaniel Gibson, who built a furnace on the run, a short distance above the forge, and undertook to make the iron for his forge from ore found in the neighborhood. This he found was not entirely practical or satisfactory, and he was obliged to haul his ore a great distance across country or use pig-metal from the Connellsville furnace. A grist-mill, saw-mill, small store and some temporary dwelling houses for the workmen, together with a fine stone mansion house, which Gibson built for himself, made up the little village which for a number of years was quite a live business place. While the furnace and forge were comparatively small, yet the bar iron here made as before mentioned had quite a reputation and was shipped down the river in boats, or hauled to various points in wagons, besides being used in the trade of the neighborhood in exchange for store goods and other commodities of daily life. We find it rather amusing at the present day to contemplate the use of such heavy "currency," but it only emphasizes one of the hardships of the times of our hard-working forefathers—the scarcity of money.

We have seen somewhere a statement by one of these early business men who conducted quite a large iron manufacturing business for three years, during which time he only saw \$10.00 in money. Equally strange to us is the criticism that was at one time offered on this same region by some one who said the country west of the Alleghenies would "never amount to much because it was without iron or salt."

How Gibson and his co-temporaries of the Little Falls furnace days would open their eyes in astonishment at the abundance of both money and iron in the region of their early endeavors!

Gibson, it is said, did not make a great success of the iron business here, and about the year 1825 he sold the works and all its outfit to F. H. Oliphant, who made some improvements and named the plant the "Franklin Iron Works." Oliphant conducted the business for some years and sold out to Miltenberger and Brown, who continued the work until 1839, when they closed down and thus brought to an end the life of the place as a business centre. The several mills

gradually went down, the village disappeared in a few years and only the "Stone House" now remains; in fact, the place is now more often than otherwise referred to as the "Stone House." The writer, along with one who used to be familiar with the furnace and its surroundings in his boyhood, visited the spot recently, and outside of the stone house could find absolutely no trace of all that was once here except the outline of the old race course that conducted the water to the forge wheel. From what our guide on this occasion told us, this forge must have been an interesting piece of machinery in comparison with the giant forges of the present day. The "race" ran a large wooden water-wheel, which had for a spindle the trunk of a tree, on the opposite end of which from the wheel, were two heavy iron spikes some six or eight feet long, projecting through the log at right angles to each other, so that as the shaft revolved the



"STONE HOUSE"—SITE OF LITTLE FALLS VILLAGE AND IRON WORKS. Furnace stood to left of house. Forge to right and in foreground of picture.

four arms of these spikes would each in its turn catch the beam of the crude forge hammer, lifting it and letting it fall in slow stroke upon the red hot "pigs" of iron that were manipulated by hand until they were thus hammered out into "blooms" ready for market.

On the run where the furnace stood not one stone remains upon another to mark the spot, and we refreshed ourselves with wild berries growing amidst the wilderness of trees that has sprung up in the mouldering ashes of a once famous pioneer in the great iron industries of Western Pennsylvania.

The name "Little Falls" dates back to the earliest flat-boat navigation on

the Yough. A rough, rapid and tortuous stream at best, it is especially so at this point, where it makes an abrupt turn in its course from northwest to southwest and for the distance of a quarter of a mile or more the river bed drops several feet, causing a rough "rapids" covering this distance, rather than an actual water fall. This was the "little falls" in contradistinction to the "big falls" farther down the river. The narrow, rough channel, the swift current and the sharp curve made this one of the difficult points; in fact, the first real danger point in the early Yough navigation. At the lower end of this so-called falls, and but a short distance below the site of the old furnace and forge, the river again makes a sharp bend to the northwest, and on the river bank, in the very elbow of this bend, is located the "Lick Spring," giving rise to the name at this point in the river, the "Lick Spring Bend." Here again was a boat-

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LICK SPRING BEND.

Little Falls in distance. Old-time Flat Boat. Site of forge behind clump of trees.

wrecking spot. The descent through the swift current of the "falls" above, gave the boats such speed that it was sometimes impossible to prevent their being dashed against the rocky banks of the sharp "Lick Spring Curve." Many

persons yet living recall in the later boating years the wrecking at this point of a large cargo of coke owned by Colonel Hill. The wreckage of this boat lay here for many years, and became a well-known fishing spot.

The original "Lick Spring," which was destroyed by the building of the P. and L. E. R. R., but the waters of which are still obtainable from the hill-side, was so named because of its being a "deer lick" in the days of the pioneers. Its waters, or the earth about it, must have contained sufficient salt to attract the deer, which in those days were quite plentiful in this region.

As an evidence of this latter fact, it is related that the great-grandfather of the writer, who in his time had some local fame as a hunter, thought nothing of mounting his horse in the early morning, and with gun and dogs, riding across the river near this point, and on over a little distance into the "neck," where he would turn the dogs into the thicket, and in short time shoot two deer without getting off his horse. As a further evidence of the plentifulness of game in this region in the days of our great-grandparents, and of the scarcity of ammunition, especially of lead, which was hard to get from over the mountains. we are told that this same hunter would not shoot at a wild turkey or other small game unless he could get it in range with the trunk of a tree, so that if he missed, he could recover his bullet for further use. These facts sound rather remarkable now to some of the modern gunning sports of the Yough region, who with their fancy repeating rifles and double-barreled breech-loading and magazine shotguns, would be willing to waste a barrel of ammunition and to spend a small barrel of money if need be to get even the sight of a wild turkey or deer!

So much for the "Little Falls," its industries, dangers and surroundings, in its palmy days of old. We have said that here was the first real danger point in flat-boating on the Yough. This, however, was only the beginning of trouble for the pilots of old. For the next four or five miles the river is full of perils for the navigator, only less dangerous than those he had just passed. The course continues crooked and narrow and rocky, culminating in the "Big Falls" some seven miles below Dawson and but a short distance above Layton Station. Here again the bend in the river is quite sharp, and projecting rocks on both sides of the stream narrow the "rapids" down to not more than sixty or eighty feet, and this, together with the rapid fall in the grade of the river bed, combined to make here the crisis in the downward voyage, and many a staunch boat with its cargo has gone to wreck on these rocks and not a few lives have been lost from the crews of these wrecked boats.

When our readers recall what has already been said as to boating being practical only in high water time, with the old mountain stream converted into a maddened raging torrent of the most dare-devil nature, and when it is recalled that a boat's crew usually consisted of from eighteen to twenty-four men, there will be little wonder that many a boat was dashed to pieces, and still less wonder that in the event of such a catastrophy it occasionally happened that one or more of these men lost their lives. It is related that in 1805 a man

named Morehead was drowned here by the wrecking of a flat-boat. In 1807 another boat was wrecked, with the drowning of one man. In 1810 a man named Dougherty, while under the influence of liquor, attempted to ford the river at this point, and was drowned. In 1814 a flat-boat loaded with pig metal was sunk here, and one man was drowned. In the same year George Ebbert and Martin Kennedy, both of Perryopolis, were drowned here in trying to take through the falls a raft of logs. In 1822 a man while attempting to jump from an iron-loaded flat-boat, which had passed safely through the falls, fell under the river and was drowned. In 1834 a crew of men were bringing a cargo. of

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THE "BIG FALLS" (AT LOW WATER).

coal down the river during a "freshet," which struck the rocks and went to pieces in the falls, drowning four of their number—Andrew Burtt, John Franklin, Andrew Knight and Wesley Johns. Two years later Andrew Bobb was killed near here while assisting in the overturning of a flat-boat. In 1839 Uriah Strickler was drowned while attempting to take a boat through the "Falls," and so we might go on, if space would permit, to tell of other deaths and many

thrilling adventures and rescues in this connection, not only here at the "Big Falls," but at the other noted points all along the river.

If lives were not always imperiled or lost in these hazardous trips at floodtime, often entire fortunes were, for many a man, especially in the early cokemaking days, worked the greater part of a year to prepare it and invested every dollar of his previous savings in the boat and its cargo, which, if successfully piloted through all these dangers, and into a profitable market, would net him



LOWER END OF THE "BIG FALLS."

This picture looks up the river, and shows the narrow rocky bend just above Layton Station, where many an old-time flat-poat with its cargo has gone to pieces, leaving its owner in deep water financially, if not literally, or both, for ofttimes all a man had to show for a year's work was risked in one of these perilous trips down the "Dare Devil Yough" at flood time.

a sum of several thousand dollars, which, as money counted in those days, was a neat little fortune.

One who descends the course of this river now, and who knew it sixty or seventy years ago, can scarcely realize that it is the same stream. The B. & O. R. R. on one bank and the P. & L. E. R. R. on the other, have in many

instances marred the old landmarks and destroyed the natural beauty of the scenery by grading down and filling in the river banks, and by the stimulation of industries that have led to the cutting away of timber and the growth of little towns here and there throughout its course. It now seems more like an ever-flowing stream of coke cars than a current of water. One can almost imagine that during the last fifty years this once beautiful mountain river, with its tributary creeks and runs extending out among the hills and valleys, gathering up the water from a thousand springs and rivulets to pour them into the common current, has been slowly transformed into one great stream of coal and coke, flowing down by means of the two railroads where the river used to be, and fed by the many branch roads that reach out here and there to the thousands of mines and ovens, from which are welling forth apparently as exhaustless a flow as that which once came from the hillside springs.

It could scarcely have been dreamed by the most visionary enthusiast of the pioneer coke days that the little stream of coke flowing irregularly down the Yough Valley by means of the flat-boats in the early forties, could so shortly grow into the great swelling river of the present day, carrying in its current every year the millions of tons of coal and coke that flow in from all sides like the waters of its prototype of old.

One of these tributary streams of more than ordinary historic interest is Washington Run, which flows northwestward through a most beautiful and rich section of farming country and empties in the Yough at Layton, or just below the "Big Falls" of which we have lately been speaking. This run took its name, as is well known, from the earliest and most extensive land owner in the territory which it drains, George Washington, who received a warrant for lands here on the day of the opening of the land office of the proprietories for the sale of tracts west of the mountains, April 2, 1769. Nearly two years prior to this, however, Washington had begun to entertain the idea of purchasing large tracts in this region as is shown by the tenor of a letter written by him to Colonel William Crawford, of Stewart's Crossing (now New Haven), as follows:

"Mt. Vernon, Sept. 21, 1767.

"Dear Sir:—From a sudden hint of your brother's I wrote to you a few days ago in a hurry. Having since had more time for reflection, I now write deliberately and with greater precision on the subject of my last letter. I then desired the favor of you (as I understood rights might now be had for the lands which have fallen within the Pennsylvania line) to look me out a tract of about fifteen hundred, two thousand or more acres somewhere in your neighborhood, meaning only by this that it may be as contiguous to your own settlement as such a body of good land can be found. It will be easy for you to conceive that ordinary or even middling lands would never answer my purpose or expectation, so far from

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navigation and under such a load of expense as these lands are incumbered with. No; a tract to please me must be rich (of which no person can be a better judge than yourself) and, if possible, level. Could such a piece of land be found you would do me a singular favor in falling upon some method of securing it immediately from the attempts of others, as nothing is more certain than that the lands cannot remain long ungranted when once it is known that rights are to be had."

No information is found as to the preliminary steps taken by Captain Crawford to select and secure these lands on behalf of Washington, but it is certain that on the opening of the land-office at the time above mentioned warrants were issued for lands in the present township of Perry amounting to more than sixteen hundred acres, all of which came into possession of the General.

Captain Crawford, who selected these lands for Washington, acted also as his agent in locating many other tracts in what is now Washington County, Pa., in Ohio and along the Ohio River Valley in Virginia.

In 1770, the year next following the location and survey of these lands, Washington made a tour through this section and down the Ohio to the Great Kanawha and kept a journal of the trip. A part of that journal is given below, commencing on the date of his departure from Mt. Vernon, viz.:

- "October 5th:—Began journey to the Ohio in company with Dr. Craik, his servant and two of mine, with a led horse and baggage. Dined at Towlston's and lodged at Leesburg, distant from Mt. Vernon about forty-five miles. Here my portmanteau horse failed." (Here follows the journal of six days' journey by way of Old Towne, Md., and Ft. Cumberland to Killman's, east of Castleman's River.)
- "12th—We left Killman's early in the morning, breakfasted at the Little Meadow, ten miles off and lodged at the Great Crossing (of the Youghiogheny at Somerfield), twenty miles farther, which we found a tolerably good day's work.
- "13th:—Set out about sunrise, breakfasted at the Great Meadows (Fayette Co.), thirteen miles, and reached Captain Crawford's about five o'clock. The land from Gist's (Mount Braddock) to Crawford's is very broken, though not mountainous, in spots exceedingly rich and in general free from stone; Crawford's is very fine land, lying on the Youghiogheny, at a place commonly called 'Stewart's Crossing.'
- "14th:—At Captain Crawford's all day. Went to see a coal mine not far from his house on the banks of the river. The coal seemed of the very best kind, burning freely and abundance of it.
- "15th:—Went to view some land which Captain Crawford located for me near the Youghiogheny, distant about twelve miles.

This tract, which contains about one thousand six hundred acres, includes some as fine land as I ever saw, and a great deal of rich meadow: it is well watered and has a valuable millseat. except that the stream is rather too slight, and, it is said, not constant more than seven or eight months in the year; but on account of the fall and other conveniences, no place can exceed it. In going to this land I passed through two other tracts which Captain Crawford had procured for Lund Washington this day also, but time falling short. I was obliged to postpone it. Night came on before I got back to Crawford's, where I found Colonel Stephen. The lands which I passed over to-day were generally hilly and the growth chiefly white oak, but very good notwithstanding; and which is extraordinary and contrary to the property of all other lands I ever saw before, the hills are the richest land, the soil upon the sides and summits of them being as black as coal and the growth walnut and cherry. The flats are not so rich, and a good deal more mixed with stone.

"16th:—At Captain Crawford's till evening, when I went to Mr. John Stephenson's on my way to Pittsburg.

"17th:—Dr. Craik and myself, with Captain Crawford and others, arrived at Fort Pitt, distance from the Crossing about forty-three and a half measured miles."

On the 20th, Washington with Dr. Craik, Captain Crawford, William Harrison, Robert Beall and others, with some Indians, proceeded down the Ohio in a large cance, having sent their servants back to Crowford's with orders to meet the party there on the 14th of November, but they did not reach there until ten days after the time appointed. The journal then proceeds:

"Nov. 24th:—When we came to Stewart's Crossing at Crawford's, the river was too high to ford, and his canoe gone adrift. However, after waiting there two or three hours, a canoe was got, in which we crossed and swum our horses. The remainder of the day I spent at Captain Crawford's, it either raining or snowing hard all day.

"25th:—I set out early in order to see Lund Washington's land; but the ground and trees being covered with snow I was able to form but an indistinct opinion of it, though upon the whole it appeared to be a good tract of land. From this I went to Mr. Thomas Gist's and dined, and then proceeded to the Great Crossings at Hogland's, where I arrived about eight o'clock."

From there he journeyed back to Mount Vermont by the route over which he came.

It is evident from the language of Washington's journal above quoted that the tracts of his brothers, Samuel and John A. Washington, were on the route from Captain Crawford's (New Haven) to his own land at and near the site of the present town of Perryopolis, but that Lund (Lawrence) Washington's land lay some distance away from the direct route. It has not been ascertained to whom the title of these lands passed nor their exact location.

In the extracts above given from Washington's journal of 1770 it will be noticed that he makes reference to a mill-seat on the small stream (since named Washington Run) which flowed through his tract. It was his purpose to build a mill at this place and preparations were soon after commenced for it by Gilbert Simpson, whom Washington sent out as manager of his property here. His first business, however, was to erect a log house, which stood adjoining the present residence of John Rice. This was the farmhouse which was the headquarters of the operations carried on by Simpson for the proprietor. The



mill was built on the run in the immediate vicinity of the present village of Perryopolis. From the time of its completion until the present (with the exception of a few years prior to 1790) a mill has been in constant operation on this site.

Between 1770 and 1774, Valentine Crawford (who had settled on Jacob's Creek) succeeded his brother, Captain William Crawford, as Washington's financial agent in this region, Simpson being merely the manager of his farming and other operations on his lands in the present township of Perry. Below are given some extracts from letters written in the year last named by Valentine Crawford to Colonel Washington, having reference to the improvements then being made under the direction of Simpson on the Washington tract, viz.:

"Jacob's Creek, April 27, 1774.

"I went to Gilbert Simpson's as soon as I got out, and gave him the bill of scantling you gave me, and the bill of his articles. I offered him all the servants that he might take them to your Bottom until we got our crews at work; but he refused for fear they would run away from him. . . . "

"Jacob's Creek, May 6, 1774.

"As to the goods, I have stored them; and I went to Mr. Simpson as soon as I came up, and offered him some of the carpenters and all the servants; but he refused taking them—the latter for fear they would run away; he has, however, now agreed to take some of both, the carpenters to do the framing for the mill, and the servants to dig the race. Stephens has agreed to quit, provided the Indians make peace, and it would be out of his power to get them back again, as he has no means of conveyance.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged to build a fort until this eruption is over, which I am in hopes will not last long. I trust you will write me full instructions as to what I must do. Mr. Simpson yesterday seemed very much scared, but I cheered him up all I could. He and his laborers seemed to conclude to build a fort if times grew any worse."

"Gist's, May 13, 1774.

"Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that all your servants are well, and that none of them have run away. Mr. Simpson has as many of the carpenters as he can find work for, and has got some of the servants assisting about the seat for the mill until this storm of the Indians blow over."

"Jacob's Creek, May 25, 1774.

"From all accounts Captain Connolly caught from the Indian towns they are determined for war. . . . I have, with the assistance of some of your carpenters and servants built a very strong block-house; and the neighbors, what few of them have not run away, have joined with me, and we are building a stockade fort at my house. Mr. Simpson, also, and his neighbors have begun to build a fort at your Bottom, and we live in hopes we can stand our ground till we can get some assistance from below."

A letter from Crawford dated June 8th, informed Washington that Simpson had completed the fort at the Bottoms:

"Jacob's Creek, July 27, 1774.

"My wagon and team have been at work at your mill for some time hauling timber, store and lime and sand for it. I went over to assist in hauling some of the largest of the timber, but the late alarming accounts of the Indians have stopped the workmen, and I have brought home my team. I consider it a pity that the mill was ever begun at these times. It appears to me sometimes that it will be a very expensive job to you before it is done. All the carpenters I brought out for you stopped work on the sixth of May, except some who were at work on your mill. These I pay myself. I shall observe your orders in regard to settling with carpenters."

But it seems that the work on construction of the mill was delayed for some cause (doubtless the opening of the war of the Revolution), so that two years had elapsed from the time of its commencement before it was completed and put in operation, as is shown by a letter dated September 20, 1776, written by Valentine Crawford to General Washington when the latter was engaged in the operations of his army around the city of New York after the battle of Long Island. The following extract from that letter has reference to the building of the mill, and tells the time when it was first started, viz.:

"I this spring, before I came over the mountain, called at Simpson's to see your mill go for the first time of its running, and can assure you I think it the best mill I ever saw anywhere, although I think one of a less value would have done as well. If you remember, you saw some rocks at the mill-seat. These are as fine mill-stone grit as any in America. The millwright told me the stones he got for your mill there are equal to English burr."

From this time until 1785 little is known as to what was done with Washington's mill or on his lands in this vicinity. On the 23d of September in that year he wrote to Thomas Freeman (who had succeeded Valentine Crawford as his agent) as follows:

"If you should not have offers in a short time for the hire of my mill alone, or for the mill with one hundred and fifty acres of land adjoining, I think it advisable, in that case, to let it on shares, to build a good and substantial dam of stone where the old one stood, and to erect a proper fore-bay in place of the trunk which now conducts the water to the wheel, and in a word, to put the house in proper repair. If you should be driven to this for want of a tenant, let public notice thereof be given and the work let to the lowest bidder, the undertaker finding himself and giving bond and security for the performance of his contract. The charges of these things must be paid out of the first moneys you receive for rent or otherwise. If I could get fifteen hundred pounds for the mill and one hundred acres of land most convenient thereto, I would let it go for that money.

"G. WASHINGTON."

General Washington, however, did not succeed in selling or otherwise disposing of his lands until the fall of 1789, when they were leased for a term of five years to Colonel Israel Shreve, who afterwards became their purchaser.

The town of Perryopolis was laid out in 1814, although some houses had

been built here as early as 1806 or 1807. This century-old town was laid out on the general plan of Washington, D. C., and would no doubt have been named Washington, had not the hero of "Perry's victory on Lake Erie" swept the country with his well-earned popularity just about this time, giving the founders of the new town an opportunity to do honor to one of the nation's latest and most brilliant heroes. It is not our province to attempt a history of the "capitol of Washington Bottoms." We venture the opinion, however, that with all his keen judgment in selecting the finest quality "rich. level lands" the farmer Father of his Country never dreamt that he had beneath his rich soil a far richer deposit of coal, the working of which in these later years has transformed the Bottoms and the peaceful old town of "Perrynoplace," as it used to be called because of its quietness, into a veritable beehive of industry.

An incident in the town history is worthy of passing mention because of its connection with things of national interest:

In the year 1858, when stone blocks were being contributed from all the States in the Union for the erection of the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C., a block for that purpose was quarried by Mr. Pierson Cope, owner of a part of the Washington Bottoms, from which it was taken. Its removal from the quarry to the "Diamond" in Perryopolis was made the occasion of a great celebration on the Fourth of July of that year. A large procession of people, led by a martial band and headed by a number of distinguished orators and other dignitaries, escorted the block from the quarry to the "Diamond." The stone, which measured five feet in length and eighteen inches square, was loaded on a wagon drawn by four finely decorated horses, while sitting on the block and dressed in "regimentals" was an old negro called "Funty Munty," or Simon Washington, who had been a slave owned by General Washington. This old man, with a hammer in his hand, occasionally struck the stone so that it might be truthfully said not only that the block was taken from land once owned by Washington, but that it was worked by one of his former slaves.

As we go on down the Youghiogheny from Washington Run we come in a few miles to Jacob's Creek, the largest tributary stream in the region, and the boundary line for quite a distance between Fayette and Westmoreland Counties. Here again we have associations of local historic interest. It was here, near the mouth of Jacob's Creek, in Fayette County, in the year 1789 that some Philadelphia merchants (Turnbull, Marmie & Co.) built the first iron furnace west of the Allegheny Mountains. This furnace was known by several different names from time to time throughout its active career, which was terminated finally in 1802. It was called the "Jacob's Creek Furnace," "Alliance Furnace," "Alliance Iron-Works," "Turnbull's Iron-Works" and "Colonel Holker's Iron-Works."

While this was no doubt the place and date of beginning of the iron industries, which have grown to such wonderful proportions in the Pittsburgh

regions, it seems equally certain that iron had been discovered in this region at least ten years before the building of the furnace. Charcoal was the fuel used in the furnace, and until recent years the walls of the old charcoal house and the ruins of the furnace itself still remained to mark the birthplace of this great industry. The cut herewith shows all that is left of the time-wrecked furnace stack which was originally about 25 feet square. Not much of the history of this pioneer iron works can now be obtained.



RUINS OF JACOB'S CREEK FURNACE.
First Iron Works West of Alleghenies.

It evidently did not have a long life, although it was probably a very active place for some years. It is said on good authority that shot and shell for General "Mad Anthony" Wayne's campaign against the Indians in 1792-93 was made at this old works here on Jacob's Creek.

So much in brief for the old Youghiogheny. At various times some efforts and money have been spent toward rendering this stream navigable. We hear of this first in 1816. Again in 1821, \$5000 was spent for this purpose. In 1841 another effort was made. In 1843 the Youghiogheny Navigation Company was formed, and built dams and locks as far as West Newton. These were chiefly noted as aggravating annoyances to the old flat-boatmen, and only lasted 14 years. Just now (1908) quite a spirited effort is again being made to have the Government aid in deepening the channel, and making a navigable waterway out of this famous old river.

Connellsville is taking the lead in this movement, and is joined by Scott-dale, Dawson, West Newton and other towns along the valley. Hon. A. F. Cooper, member of Congress from this district, is a warm supporter of this latest effort for a navigable Yough.





Part III Old Time Sketches

INTRODUCTORY, PART III.

Having traced more or less briefly the Youghiogheny River in its course through Fayette County, with especial reference to persons, places and events of local or general historic interest, we shall now present some chapters pertaining to the every-day life in this region a few generations ago.

The following sketches, somewhat irregularly and perhaps irrelevantly grouped together, have for their purpose more the presenting of varied and interesting glimpses into the manners and customs of daily life in the times of our grandparents and great-grandparents, than they have the recording of anything like a systematic history of the times and people.

That which is usually dignified with the name history, gives to its readers but little of the details of real life. These, and a knowledge of the environment out of which, and by virtue of which, the strong character, and the general physical and moral worth of our ancestors was developed, are not learned, as a rule, from books or recorded histories. They must be obtained from the people themselves; from those whose long lives carry them back to the days of which we would learn. And as such persons are passing all too quickly from our midst, as the "good old times" with all their peculiar customs and institutions, their hard work, privations, joys and sorrows are swiftly receding from us, and rapidly becoming more and more dim and legendary, we have thought we could do no better service to the present and future generations than to lend our little help toward the recording and preserving of their history.

The writer has long had in contemplation a much more extensive effort in this direction, for he has believed that the time will come, if it is not already approaching, when the faithful portrayal of the lives of the forefathers would be to the children, and to the children's children, more fascinating than fiction, more picturesque than poetry, and far more valuable than either. Whether the duties of an exacting profession will ever permit the riding of this little hobby to its intended destination or not, we may at least hope to have already gone far enough to indicate the direction in which some other and more capable equestrian may travel with credit to himself and with pleasure and profit to generations yet unborn.

THE BACK-WOODS AND THE LOG CABIN ERA.

It is difficult for many of us who have come on the scene in recent years to realize that all this Yough region and the country around about it far and near was once completely covered with forest; that what our versatile President in his "Winning of the West" has said of the "back-woods" in general, was especially true of this land of our forefathers when they came as pioneer settlers into this beautiful Yough Valley.

"All the land was shrouded in one vast forest. It covered the mountains from crest to river bed and filled the plains that stretch in sombre and melancholy wastes toward the Mississippi. All that it contained, all that lay hid within it and beyond it none could tell. Men only knew that their boldest hunters, however deeply they had penetrated, had not yet gone over it; that it was the home of the game they followed, and the wild beasts that preyed on their flocks.

"Back-woods society was simple, and the duties and rights of each member of the family were plain and clear. The man was the armed protector, the provider-the bread-winner. The woman was the housewife and child-bearer. They married young and their families were large, for they were strong and healthy, and their success in life depended on their stout arms and willing hearts. There was everywhere great equality of conditions. Land was plenty and all else was scarce, so courage, thrift and industry were sure of their reward. There was very little money. Barter was the common form of exchange, and peltries were often used as a circulation medium. A young man inherited nothing from his father but his strong frame and eager heart, but before him lay the whole Continent wherein to pitch his farm, and he felt ready to marry as soon as he became of age, even though he had nothing but his clothes, his horse, his axe and his rifle. If the girl was well off and had been careful and industrious she might herself bring a dowry of a cow and a calf, a brood mare, a bed well stocked with blankets and a chest containing her clothes-the latter not very claborate and chiefly of homespun. Fine clothes were rare, a suit of such costing more than two hundred acres of land."

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But if these early settlers had little in the way of "goods and chattels," they were certainly rich in courage, fortitude and strength of character. They lived the "simple life" so far as their social and intellectual wants were concerned, but a life that was indeed "strenuous" enough in most other respects.

"The life of the backwoodsman was one long struggle. The forest had to be felled; droughts, deep snows, freshets, cloudbursts, forest fires and all other dangers of a wilderness life had to be faced."

It was no easy task to clear the land and prepare the soil for agricultural purposes. As a rule, the best soil was covered with the greatest trees, and the labor required for their removal was not inviting to those who came almost single handed to the task.

The white oak, the burr oak, black oak, black walnut, sycamore, poplar and other varieties had for centuries been adding size and strength to their immense proportions.

These giants and the smaller timber and undergrowth required great energy, perseverence and protracted labor to clear the ground ready for crops. The usual plan fo their removal was by "girdling," or cutting a circle around the trunk of each tree sufficiently deep to kill it, and then to burn by piecemeal as the branches and trunks came down by reason of time and decay. Consequently the patch of sunshine around his primitive home, as a rule, did not enlarge very rapidly.

The time and labor expended upon clearing the ground and raising grain often met with little or no reward. The products could not be sold nor exchanged for the necessaries of life, consequently the forest remained undisturbed for many years and agriculture was neglected, excepting for the necessary support of the family.

The early settler, however, was not all the time free from discouragements. His domestic animals frequently became lost or destroyed by ravenous beasts and the diseases of the country occasionally were protracted; but he came to stay, and this, for better or for worse, was his home, and he submitted philosophically to circumstances and events he could not control.

The wife and mother endured with patience and heroism all privations and afflictions equal with the husband and father, and performed the arduous household duties, and like the model women of old, "sought wool and flax and worked willingly with her hands." The whirring spinning wheel and threading loom were heard in almost every household.

The welfare of the family depended upon the success of home industries, and consequently the wife had much less leisure than the husband. She superintended the manufacture of all the fabrics for the house, for the clothing of the family, and cut and made up the same without protective tariff, rebate or combine, and it is singular that so little has been recorded of the good women who unlocked the resources of the new territory and gave their aid in founding a civilization that has surpassed all precedence in the history of nations.

The first lesson the new settlers had to learn was the necessity of self-help and the next and almost equally important lesson was the necessity of helping each other. Much of the labor necessary to open up a new country of this character could only be performed by the combined efforts of all the settlers. Wood-choppings, log-rollings, building cabins, opening roads and such like occasions always brought out the full force of the neighborhood.

Additions to the community were always welcome and when a new arrival appeared in the settlement and announced his desire to remain, all the neighbors would cheerfully turn out with teams, axes, shovels, augers, etc., and at a designated spot in the forest go to work to help the new arrival make a clearing and build a home.

Perhaps the latest acquisition would be a newly married couple eager to establish a home wherein they could work and grow up with the country.

It may be interesting to our younger readers at least to follow the description of the settling of such a young couple in the wilderness and to thus get a glimpse of the log-cabin age of the land of our forefathers.

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First a "location" had to be selected; this was often on a piece of land belonging to the parents of one or the other of the young couple, and was always placed as near as possible to some spring. We find yet throughout the country the oldest houses or the ruins of former houses invariably near a spring, regardless of whatever other inconveniences such a location might entail.

Having secured a location, the next thing was to cut down enough trees to let in the sunlight and "clear" a tract large enough for the cabin and a small garden.

Then came the first "gang" of the cabin builders, which consisted of the "choppers," whose business it was to select and fell the trees and cut them into logs of the proper length and diameter for the walls of the cabin. Next came the haulers with a team to drag in these logs and arrange them properly assorted at the sides and ends of the building; also a carpenter, if such he might be called, whose business it was to search the woods for a proper tree for making clap-boards for the roof. A tree for this purpose had to be straight-grained and from two to three feet in diameter. It was cut into "lengths" four feet long, and these in turn were split into halves and quarters and made into "bolts," from which the boards were "rived," or split, with a large frow and mall. These boards were used without planing or shaving. Another party of men was employed in getting "puncheons" ready for the floor of the cabin. This was done by splitting logs about 18 or 20 inches in diameter, and hewing the faces of them down smooth with a broad-axe and making the edges straight so they could be joined up for an even floor.

Sometimes, under favorable circumstances, the luxury of a wooden floor was not indulged in, the hard, dry earth being considered all sufficient. So far as possible, the materials for the cabin were thus prepared on the first day, and sometimes the foundations, or bottom logs, which were usually larger than the others, were laid that same evening.

The second day was allotted to the "raising." In the morning of the second day the neighbors all gathered in for this purpose. The first thing to be done was the selection of four "corner men," whose business it was to chop the notches and guide the placing of the logs as the rest of the company lifted them up. In the meantime the boards and "puncheons" were collected in from the surrounding woods ready for the roof and floor, so that by the time the cabin was a few rounds high the sleepers and floor began to be laid. When the walls had reached the square, two end logs were allowed to project a foot or 18 inches beyond the wall to receive the "butting poles," as they were called, against which the ends of the first row of clap-boards were supported. The

roof was formed by making the end logs above the square shorter and shorter while the side logs continued the same length, but smaller in diameter until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these roof logs, or "rafters," the clap-boards were placed in tiers, overlapping each other in the usual way to turn rain. (See cabin, page 114.)

Nails, of course, were unknown to such a building, and these clap-boards were secured in position by a sufficient number of heavy "weight poles," or split timbers, reaching the length of the roof at right angles to the boards, and kept from rolling off by intervening blocks of wood called "knees." the lower end of which were placed against the "butting poles" at the eaves and the other ends acting as a stop to the pole next above, and so on to the comb of the roof. (See picture, page 114.) The roof and sometimes the floor were finished on the day of the raising, as were also the openings for the door and the chimney. The former was made by sawing or cutting the logs through on one side of the building so as to make a space about three feet wide. This opening was secured by upright pieces of timber three or four inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs for the purpose of pinning them fast. A similar but wider opening was cut through at the base and split sticks laid in clay at the top as is well shown in the picture on page 176. This base of the chimney was made large to admit of a stone back wall and jams for the fireplace. At a later date when the log cabin had evolved into the log-house, this chimney, still on the outside, was built entirely of stone as shown on page 170.

A third day was commonly spent by a few so-called carpenters in leveling off the floor, making a clap-board door, perhaps one or two small openings for windows and some necessary furniture. A table was made by supporting a large split slab on four round legs set in auger holes. Some three-legged stools were made in the same manner.

The door was constructed of heavy split boards fastened to the battens or cross-pieces by wooden pins. The battens and hinges, which were also made of wood, were placed on the inside, and also the latch, to which a strong string was attached and passed through a small hole a short distance above so as to hang on the outside of the door. By pulling the string the latch was raised and the door opened by persons without.

At night the string was pulled in, leaving the heavy wooden latch down as a very secure and convenient fastening. This primitive latch and lock combination gave rise to that familiar expression of hospitality and welcome: "You will always find our latch-string out."

The bedstead was a crude and curious piece of furniture, made by placing a single fork with its lower end in a hole in the floor and its upper end fastened to a joist. Two poles were then supported by this fork, one running the length of the bed and fastening in a crack between the logs; the shorter one at right angles with the first, with its outer end in another crack. By means of these poles and the cracks in the wall, the boards forming the bottom of the bed, were supported. Some pins stuck in the logs at the back of the house

with clap-boards on them, served for shelves for the table-ware. A few more pegs around the walls for a display of the home-made clothing, hunting shirts, etc., and two small forks, or buck-horns, to a joist for the rifle and shot-pouch, and the carpenter work was complete.

In the meantime masons were at work. With the heart pieces of the "bolts" from which the clap-boards were made, they made billets for "chinking" up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and the chimney. These were "daubed" or plastered in with clay mortar.

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The cabin being finished, the ceremony of a "house-warming" took place before the young couple were permitted to move into it. This consisted of an all-night's dance by the relatives of the bride and groom and their neighbors. On the following day the young couple took possession of their new "mansion," which we can well imagine must have made a very humble appearance in the midst of the natural grandeur of its surroundings. Even the addition of their "worldly goods" added but little to the show of comfort in this new home. The furniture pieces, the cooking utensils were equally limited and simple and corresponded well with the furniture, generally consisting of a kettle "skillet," stew-pan, a few pewter dishes and some gourds. Sometimes this stock of kitchen and table ware was enlarged by the addition of home-made wooden plates, spoons, ladles, bowls and trenchers The iron pots and knives and forks, of course, were brought from over the mountains along with other pack-horse supplies. This table-ware corresponded very well with the articles of diet with which they were used "Hog and hominy" was proverbial for the dish, of which they were the component parts. "Johnny cake" and pone were, in the earlier days, the only forms of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. For supper "mush and milk" was the standard dish, and, indeed, continued to be in many homes long after the days of the pioneers. When milk was not plentiful, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity of cattle, or the want of proper pasture for them, the substantial dish of hominy had to take its place, and the mush was frequently eaten with sweetened water, molasses or the gravy of fried meat.

"We did not then, as now, require contributions from the four quarters of the globe to furnish the breakfast table, and yet our homely fare and unsightly cabins and furniture produced a hardy veteran race who planted the first footsteps of society and civilization in these immense regions west of the mountains. Inured to hardships, bravery and labor from their early youth, they sustained with manly fortitude the fatigue of the chase, the campaign and scout, and with strong arms 'turned the wilderness into fruitful fields' and have left to us their descendants, the rich inheritance of an immense empire blessed with peace and wealth."

Thus lived these hardy first settlers, and thus was built the famous log cabin of the pioneer.

It was a landmark peculiar to its own day and age, and has disappeared as

completely from the habitations of men as have the boundless forests with which it was once surrounded. Few of the present generation ever even saw a genuine old-fashioned log cabin. The log house that took its place at a later date is now an object of considerable interest, but it can never have the same classic sentiments clustering around it that cling to the old_log cabin.

This primitive abode of our forefathers will always have a conspicuous place in American history and literature. Orators have eulogized it and poets have sung its praises.

It has been the birthplace of many of our country's greatest men and women-Presidents of the United States were born in log cabins; great warriors, statesmen, philosophers and scholars were none the less renowned because they "first saw the light of day within these walls of logs and clay." Our Grants and Lincolns and Garfields have looked with pride to these humble places of their birth. Daniel Webster when defending William Henry Harrison from the taunt that he was the "log-cabin, hard-cider candidate," said; "Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were and the remains of that cabin still exist. I make to it an annual visit: I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them! And if I ever am ashamed of it or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."

Some years ago the writer was called upon to deliver a lecture to young people on "Barefoot Boys," in the course of which he made the following reference to the log cabin: "The White House at Washington is a palace of grandeur well worth our while to see, but back yonder at the beginning of the career of almost every President that ever graced it, is an obscure country farm house, in many instances a little old log cabin. What a contrast, and what an inspiration in the two pictures thus presented! First the barefoot boy in a log cabin, and then the grown-up man in the nation's highest seat of honor! If I were an artist and wished to paint a picture that should ever remain one of hope-inspiring interest to the boys of this great land, I think I should paint the log cabin birthplace of one of our country's famous men.

"They are to be found here and there throughout the land—little and old and time-worn now, many of them scarcely more than shapeless heaps of logs and stone, but all of them interesting and instructive, because of the lessons they teach, of the trials and hardships and struggles by which real greatness is made. Poverty and hard work built them, but out of them came a wealth of

character, pluck and power never known in the palaces of the rich, and the departing years have bequeathed to this twentieth century no grander monuments than the log-cabin homes of America's famous men and women."

Some one has drawn this picture so beautifully in verse and has so well described these "old log-cabins" and their surroundings and the character of the people who built them that we might easily conclude the following little poem had been "made to order" for this very place and chapter.

If you have any sentiment about you, or any veneration for the precious memories of the "good old days of long ago," you must find in these lines on "The Old Log Cabins" a responsive chord that cannot fail to add to the "sweet music of your soul:"

"They stand in the meadows all lone and forlorn,
The log-cabin homes where our fathers were born:
The thistle and goldenrod grow 'round the door,
And cover the hearthstone so cheerful of yore.

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The chimneys have fallen, the roofs sunken in, The squirrels dart through with their chatter and din; Unheeded the winter winds whistle about, And the snowflakes drift in where the children looked out.

How thick grew the forest afar and anear When these log walls were raised by the brave pioneer, And a journey to mill was not made in a day, And a trail through the woods was the only highway!

Here he brought, all undaunted, his pretty girl-wife With a dowry of courage to start them in life; Here the children were born, oft a dozen or more, And she rocked them to sleep on the rough puncheon floor.

The loom rested here and the wheel was near by, And beside it the tub with the butternut dye; The settle was there by the warm chimney side, And the trundlebed pushed 'neath the four-poster wide.

Ah, well, thus they lived, and they lived long and well; And happiness deigned at their hearthstones to dwell, And their sons and their daughters have risen to stand In the halls of the mighty all over the land.

Are you lonely, old cabins, so dark and so drear, Left alone to the tempests for many a year? Or are you content, 'mid the suns and the snows, To dream away time in a well-earned repose?" Probably the most realistic picture of a pioneer log-cabin ever put to verse, however, is to be found in the following extracts from James Whitcomb Riley's poem on the "Old Settlers":

"O'er the vision like a mirage falls The old log-cabin with its dingy walls, And crippled chimney, with the crutch-like prop Beneath a sagging shoulder at the top. The coonskin battened fast on either side-The wisps of leaf tobacco 'cut and dried.' The yellow strands of quartered apples, strung In rich festoons that tangle in among The morning-glory vines that clamber o'er The little clap-board roof above the door; The old well sweep that drops a courtesy To every thirsty soul so graciously. The stranger as he drains the dripping gourd, Instinctively murmurs, 'Thank the Lord!' Again thro' mists of memory arise The simple scenes of home before the eyes; The happy mother humming with her wheel, The dear old melodies that used to steal So drowsily upon the summer air. The house-dog hid his bone, forgot his care. And nestled at her feet, to dream perchance, Some cooling dream of winter time romance. The square of sunshine through the open door, That notched its edge across the puncheon floor, And made a golden coverlet, whereon The god of slumber had a picture drawn Of babyhood in all the loveliness Of dimpled cheek, and limb, and linsey dress. The bough-filled fireplace and the mantel wide, Where, perched upon its shoulders 'neath the joists. The old clock hiccoughed, harsh and husky-voiced, And snarled the premonition, dire and dread. When it should hammer Time upon the head; Tomatoes, red and yellow, in a row Preserved not then for diet, but for show, Like rare and precious jewels in the rough, Whose worth was not appraised at half enough. The jars of jelly; with their dusty tops; The bunch of pennyroyal and the cordial drops; The flask of camphor and the vial of squills:

The box of buttons, garden seeds and pills, And ending all the mantel's bric-a-brac, The old-time honored 'family almanack.'"

Then he describes a child's excursion to the log-cabin "loft" (they did not have garrets in those days), the odd things found there, and then his going tired to—

"the bed
Where first our simple childish prayers were said,
And while without the merry cricket thrills
A challenge to the solemn whip-poor-wills,
And filing on the chorus with his glee,
The katydid whets all the harmony
To feather-edge of incoherent song,
We drop asleep, and peacefully along
The current of our dreams we glide away
To that dim harbor of another day,
Where brown toil waits us, and where labor stands
To welcome us with rough and horny hands."

The poem closes with a defense of-

"the rude unpolished ways, That swayed us in the good, old-fashioned days, When labor wore the badge of manhood set Upon his tawny brow in pearl of sweat."

And with a eulogy of labor-

"'twas God's intent
Each man should be a king—a President;
And while thro' human veins the blood of pride
Shall ebb and flow in labor's rolling tide,
The brow of toil shall wear the diadem
And justice gleaming there, the central gem
Shall radiate the time when we shall see
Each man rewarded as his work shall be."

The log cabin of the pioneer period, as we have noted, was succeeded by the log house. Many have used these terms synonymously, and have not really known the difference between the two. There is, however, quite a difference. We have already given a full description of the log cabin. The log house was simply a step farther toward the modern luxurious dwelling. It was built of hewed logs instead of round logs, was usually a story and a half or two stories high; had at least two rooms, and often more. The chimney, while still on the outside of the end of the building, was built entirely of stone and mortar. The



TYPICAL OLD-TIME LOG HOUSE AND LOG STABLE

(Author's Birthplace)



(Breaking Flax)

floors were made of sawed boards, the windows had glass instead of greased paper, and the roof was made of oak shingles nailed on instead of clapboards held by weight poles.

These houses, many of them, were fixed up quite neat and substantial looking and were warm and comfortable, although, as a rule, too small for the size of the families that occupied them. A well-built log house was a very durable structure. Many of them are to be found throughout the country yet, and in good condition, after anywhere from fifty to a hundred years of continuous service. Some in more recent times have been made modern in appearance by weatherboarding them on the outside of the logs, and giving this outer garment a coat of paint. At about the time the log house came into general use or in most communities perhaps at a little later period, the stone house began to make its appearance.

This, as a rule, was a much more pretentious and commodious structure than either of its predecessors. As in the log buildings, the material for erecting stone houses was plenty and cheap, and many of the older stone dwellings were built of rough, irregular stone with but little dressing. Some of even the oldest ones, however, are constructed of neatly dressed stones and show first-class workmanship.

They often rival in appearance the brick buildings that came at a later date and the still more modern frame structure. It is remarkable how well many of these old stone houses stand the wear of time. The famous Chew House that figured so prominently in the battle of Germantown in 1777, though built of the soft, scaley rock peculiar to that region, stands to-day apparently as strong and substantial as if it had been built a hundred years after the War of the Revolution instead of many years before.

Some of the stone houses yet standing in this Yough region are almost as old as the history of the region. One or two of those shown elsewhere in this book are among the time-honored landmarks of their respective neighborhoods. A few years ago the writer was asked to help celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of one of these old stone structures, and did so by contributing to the program of the day the following little poem which represents the old house itself as speaking on that occasion. A large stone set high in the old wall of this house has chiseled on its face in crude characters "June 2, 1796":

"Pray tell me why, this bright June day,
These people all have gathered round
As if some tribute they would pay
Unto a hero, newly found!

Have I not stood here, long before, The same as now I stand to-day? Then why this throng about my door, And all these songs and voices gay? To answer me, I see you turn
And point to yonder graven stone,
That from its legend I may learn,
The reason why my fame has grown.

And why it is I now become

The centre of so gay a crowd,
And hear around me fife and drum,
And men whose voices praise me loud.

One hundred years ago to-day!

Have I so long been standing here?
Yet this is what those figures say,

However strange it may appear.

And is it all because I've stood
A hundred years upon this spot,
And sheltered man from wind and flood,
That I, to-day, am not forgot?

You say I'm old, but no, I'm not,
A hundred years cannot be long,
To one whose mortal frame is wrought,
Of beams of oak, and stonework strong!

No, I'm not old, nor shall I be, For yet another hundred years, The changes time can bring to me, Are not enough to wake my fears.

'Tis only man, whose form is clay,
Must grow so quickly old and die!
I came upon this earth to stay,
Then what to fear, from time, have I?

You call me old! Perhaps 'tis true,
If age be measured by the life,
That time allots on earth to you
So brief in years, so full of strife!

But what is your short age to me?

At best, your life is but a span,

And many here may never see,

The three-score-years-and-ten, of man!

I know you say that even now,
Are many in this joyous throng,
Whose silv'ry locks, and furrowed brow,
Proclaim that human life is long.

But human lives of flesh and bone,
And throbbing hearts that ache with care,
Are not the same, as walls of stone,
On whom no furrows time can wear.

I stand to-day as free from care
And all that time and age can bring,
As yonder bird that floats the air
Upon its light and tireless wing.

You point to me, and speak of age,
And while you speak, you're growing old!
You read my long drawn history's page,
But soon will be your history told.

I've seen how long the life can be, Of mortal man upon this earth! From one who died at ninety-three, To babe, that scarce survived its birth.

And were it not, that after all

There is another life for you,

How sad indeed would be the call,

That summons man from mortal view!

But this is my Centennial Day,
And not the time to sadly mope!
Drive these dull thoughts of death away,
And fill your hearts with brighter hope.

Sing 'round me now, your gayest song!

Make these old walls of mine rejoice.

Beat loud your drums, and thus prolong,

The sound that wakens at your voice.

Hang out your Stars and Stripes to-day;
Join young and old in Freedom's chorus.
One hundred years have passed away,
And Freedom's banner still floats o'er us."

THE EARLY SETTLERS AND HOW THEY LIVED.

Many of the original settlers in this region based their titles to farms on what was called the "tomahawk rights." Having selected a desirable piece of land, they encircled it with a line marked by "blazing" trees with an axe; that is, chopping a certain number of marks on the bark of the trees so as to be able to follow from tree to tree around the land by these marks. There was no attention paid to angles, degrees or chains, the sole purpose being to designate the boundaries of the tract, without reference to the number of acres. Lines thus indicated were held sacred by all parties, and later as the country settled up, were recognized by law. It was in this manner, largely, that the present irregularly and badly shaped farms originated.

Groups of settlers would try to locate at short distances from each other so as to better enable them to render mutual assistance as well as to afford a means of protection in times of danger, for as we have mentioned elsewhere, the dangers from attacks of hostile savages were by no means all past when the first settlers came into this region. Many a community was obliged to maintain its fort, and at certain seasons to take refuge in the same until an outbreak was quieted.

The natural beauty of the country and the manner of living in those early days exerted no small influence on the civilization and character of the mixed inhabitants of these regions.

They all were, or soon became, genial, warm-hearted, neighborly and obliging to an extent unknown in older communities and under more affluent circumstances.

They realized that the success of a settlement depended quite as much on the mutual aid of all its members as upon individual effort. Hence all kinds of work that a family could not well accomplish alone, such as wood-chopping, log-rolling, barn-raising, butchering, etc., among the men and quilting, spinning, carpet-making, etc., among the women, was willingly entered into by all the friends and neighbors.

Such occasions in most instances served a double purpose—they accomplished the work that was necessary to be done and they furnished the opportunity for sociability and much fun and pleasure, especially for the young folks, who were prone to terminate all such gatherings with a frolic or dance. The writer has often heard his dear old grandmother, now well on in her tenth decade, speak with pleasure of this feature of her girlhood days: "Many a time I've taken my spinning wheel under my arm and walked two or three miles to a neighbor's, where a whole parcel of us girls would spend the afternoon spinning and then at night the boys would gather in and we'd have a frolic, and wouldn't get home until way after midnight; but no difference how late it was we were always up and at work by daylight the next morning. Law me, I

dunno what the young folks would do nowadays if they had to work like we did." And many such remarks as this lead us to know that the girls of a hundred years ago were not unaccustomed to the hard work and privations of the times. The young men also knew what it was to labor long and hard, and they prided themselves on their bodily strength and were always eager to contend against one another in athletic games and sports, such as foot-racing, wrestling, jumping, lifting and throwing, and all kinds of tests of muscle and endurance.

They were equally ambitious in vying with one another in their work. It was often a matter of great pride to be able to do more of some particular kind of work in a day than the average man could do. A day in those times was not limited by law, but by light; they would begin as early and would work as long as it was light enough to see what they were doing.

Sometimes they matched up for honors single-handed, and sometimes they divided off in parties, each side bending all its energies to be first in husking a given number of shocks of corn, or in cutting with the sickles and binding up the greatest number of dozens of wheat in a day.

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While all were free and willing to help each other whenever help was needed, yet each family did everything that could be done for itself.

Of course we refer now to the primitive days of the earlier settlers when the men worked with axe and hoe and sickle, and the women were equally busy with spinning wheel and loom and wool-card. Almost every house had its loom and almost every woman, and some of the men, were weavers. "Linsey," or "linsey-woolsey," made from flax and wool, the former the "chain" and the latter the "filling," was the warmest and most substantial clothing to be had, and indeed for many years it was from these two sources alone that practically all the clothing came, hence the failure of the flax crop or destruction of the small flocks by wolves, dogs or whatever cause meant "hard times" in the way of clothing.

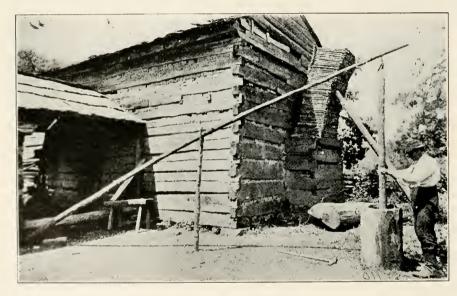
Most families tanned their own leather also, out of which they made their shoes, or "shoe-packs," and such articles as they were obliged to make of leather. The tan vat was a familiar object in the days of the log-cabin. In its cruder form it was simply a large trough sunk to its upper edge in the ground.

A quantity of "tan-bark" was easily obtained every spring in clearing and fencing the land. This, after drying, was brought in, and on wet days when out-door work could not be done, was "ground" by shaving it down and pounding it on a block until fit for use. Ashes were used in place of lime for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's lard and tallow answered the place of fish-oil. To be sure, this leather was coarse, but it was serviceable and substantial. The blacking for the leather was made of lard and soot. Almost every family also had its own shoemaker to make up the leather goods for the family, the same that they had their own "tailors" and "milliners" and "dressmakers."

For the preparation of food in these earlier times each cabin had some

form of crude home-made hand mill and a hominy block. The latter was an idea borrowed from the Indians and was only a block of wood with a hole burned into the top as a mortar where another rounded piece of wood or a stone was worked as a pestle, very crude and simple, but effective enough as a means of cracking the corn into hominy.

In the fall of the year, while the Indian corn was soft, this block and pestle did very well also for making meal for "Johnny cake" and mush, but was rather a slow method when the corn became dry and hard. To facilitate and lessen the work under these conditions the "sweep" was a device sometimes used. This consisted of an elastic pole or sapling some thirty feet or more in length, the butt end of which was placed under the side of a house or



"SWEEP" CORN MILL.

stump so as to hold it fast, while it was supported at a point about one-third of the way from the butt by a fork or pair of forked props so as to elevate the small end about fifteen or eighteen feet from the ground. To this elevated end was attached by a mortice or other freely movable joint a piece of sappling five or six inches in diameter and eight or ten feet long. The lower end of this was rounded off so as to answer for a pestle. A wooden pin put through this pestle at the proper height made a handhold and enables two to work at it if necessary. A still more simple home-made "mill" used for making meal while the corn was too soft to be cracked and beaten was the "grater." This

was a half-spherical piece of tin perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough convex surface of this grater while the meal fell through on the board block to which it was nailed, which, being in a slanting position, discharged the meal into a vessel placed for its reception. Of course, this was a slow way of making meal, but necessity has no law.

Another form of "hand-mill" very ancient in origin was better than the "sweep-mill" or the "grater." It was made of two circular stones, the lower of which was called the "bed stone" and the upper one the "runner." These were placed one on top of the other in a hoop-like wooden ring with a spout for discharging the meal. A staff or turning handle was set in a hole in the upper surface of the "runner" near the outer edge, with its upper end through a hole in a board fastened to a joist above, so that two persons could be employed turning the mill at the same time.

This same type of mill is said to be still use in Palestine. To a mill of this sort our Saviour alluded when, with reference to the destruction of Jerusalem He said: "Two women shall be grinding at a mill, the one shall be taken and the other left."

The general condition of this region, the state of society, the distance from market and lack of suitable means of transportation at the early period of which we write, was well calculated to call into action every native mechanical genius. Necessity was not only the mother of invention, but she was the foster parent of all the backwoods arts, sciences and professions.

There developed in almost every large family or neighborhood some one whose natural ingenuity enabled him to do many things for his family or neighbors with a degree of proficiency and skill scarcely to be expected under such circumstances.

Their plows made chiefly of wood, harrows with wooden teeth and sleds were in many instances well made. Many of the puncheon floors made as we have previously described were very neat, their joints close and the top even and smooth. Their looms were heavy, but were well made and answered the purpose very well. Certain members of the family or the community soon came to be known as the weavers, the shoemakers, the spinners, etc., and where each family did not possess those sufficiently skilled in these lines, the common artisan of the neighborhood was called upon and soon, in this way, "infant industries were born and nurtured."

Those who could not exercise these mechanical arts were, of course, under the necessity of giving labor or barter to their neighbors who could in exchange for the special service thus rendered.

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The early emigrants carried most of their goods over the mountains on horseback. The pack-horse was the first freight train from East to West, and, of course, only such articles as were absolute necessities were thus transported, but it is said to have been really wonderful what could be carried in this manner. Household and kitchen utensils of all kinds, and even good sized mills and

machines were taken apart and packed on horses. For years after their arrival in this "western region" the settlers were obliged to make frequent pilgrimages to the East to replenish their supplies of such necessities as could not yet be obtained or manufactured here. Families often combined and sent one or more of their number with a pack-horse train to procure these things for all.

The primitive farming was done either with oxen or horses, according to the circumstances and ability of the settler. There was much hard work first in clearing the land, after which the ground was broken up by the home-made plow, consisting of a straight beam and handles with a wooden mould board; the share, or "point," and coulter alone being made of iron. The harrow was usually triangular in shape, such as we see in modern times, but the frame was of heavy hewn timber and the teeth were of wood until iron became plentier and cheaper. The gears at first were such as had been brought from the East,



HAULING LOGS WITH OXEN.

but these after a while had to be repaired or replaced by home-made tow-ropes and rawhide leather, the bark of saplings, hickory withs and grape vines were also drafted into service at times to repair portions of the harness.

Grain of all kinds, of course, was planted by hand or sown broadcast, and was reaped with the sickle. (Fig. 9, page 214)

Our grandparents tell us it was a beautiful sight to see some six or eight men reaping their way across a field of wheat in the peculiar manner of the times. The best reaper was made the leader and the rest had to follow each in his place, until the end of the "through," which extended across the field or across and back again according to the distance. All hands then stopped long enough to get a drink of cold water from a nearby spring, and not infrequently a drink of whisky also from the green glass long-neck bottle, or the stone jug that was often thought to be a harvest field necessity in those days. Whisky

was home-made and plenty, and yet a drunken man in the harvest field was a rare occurrence, such conduct being looked upon as quite disgraceful. The women on many farms were as expert reapers as men. The scarcity of men laborers made it necessary to call the women into service in order to save the grain. A day's work in the harvest field was from daylight to dark, and it involved a tremendous amount of hard work, for but comparatively small returns, which fact indeed was true of most of the work in the "good old days." Laborsaving machinery in nearly all lines of agricultural pursuits and domestic manufactories had either not yet been invented, or, what was equally as bad for our "western" region, for this Yough Valley was then "out west," could not yet be profitably brought over the mountains from the East.

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We have mentioned above that whisky was home-made and plenty. This came about in a very natural way. It was not that our hardy pioneers were a set of drunkards, for we are everywhere told that there were fewer drunkards in proportion to the population in those days of pure free whisky than at any time since. The use of spirits as a beverage in the olden times was a prevailing custom that few stopped to question. We are told that within the life-



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

time of many now living it would have been considered a breach of etiquette not to set out the bottle when friends, and even ministers, called on a visit. "The green glass, long-necked bottle" was a kind of household god. It was present on nearly every occasion—at weddings, corn-huskings, log-rollings, flax-pullings, sheep-washings, fish-swabbings, house and barn raisings and many other similar gatherings of the people.

But the making of whisky grew out of the effort to convert the bulkier products of the fields into a portable (and we might add "potable") article for market.

The sale of grain of all kinds was very limited at home, and the farmers found they could not carry it over the mountains to the eastern market at a profit unless it was converted into whisky. "A horse," they said, "can carry only four bushels of rye, but a horse can carry twenty-four bushels of rye when turned into whisky." Whisky, therefore, became a staple production. At the time of the uprising against the attempt of the Government to impose a tax on all distilled spirits, known as the "Whisky Insurrection" in 1794, there were nearly three hundred "still houses" in Washington County alone, and in this portion of Fayette County in which we are interested, there is said to have been a "still house" on every fourth or fifth farm in some localities. Many men were distillers as well as farmers, converting their own grain and that of their neighbors into this "portable and salable article." The primitive stillhouse in keeping with the times was a simple, crude affair, and was always located below some good never-failing spring so as to have plenty of cold water, which was as essential in the making of liquor in those times as the "water wagon" is to the present-day efforts towards its destruction. We must not too severely criticize our well-meaning ancestors for engaging so extensively in the making of that which is looked upon to-day as wholly destructive to the welfare of a community. In the light and customs of the times, the moral side of the question was scarcely thought of. It was purely a business affair and a matter of finding a way to realize something from the product of their labor, and when at the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, Congress passed a bill, March 3, 1791, imposing a tax of four pence a gallon on all distilled spirits, these Western Pennsylvania farmer-distillers bitterly opposed it on the ground that it was not only an interference with their political rights and liberties, but a financial calamity, consuming, as they said, what little money the sale of whisky brings into the country! Great excitement prevailed from the time the law was enacted until, in 1794, it amounted to an insurrection. Washington County took the most active part, but Green, Westmoreland, Allegheny and Fayette were not inactive. Meetings were held, collectors were denounced, resisted and in some instances assailed, tarred and feathered, beaten, threatened, boycotted, or, as in the case of General Neville and Bnjamin Wells, their homes destroyed.

Military organizations were formed. The U. S. mails were interfered with. The excitement grew so violent and the proceedings so turbulent that President

Washington issued a proclamation giving warning to the disaffected people. The next day he appointed commissioners to visit the region involved with a view to restoring order, but all this failing to secure the end desired, he called out troops to the number of fifteen thousand men under General Henry Lee, the "Light Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, and sent them to the scene of the insurrection.

One wing of the army came westward by way of Bedford, Somerset and Mount Pleasant, the other wing by way of Cumberland and Uniontown, meeting on the Monongahela near Parkinson's Ferry, now Monongahela City. In a brief campaign the insurrection was crushed without battle or bloodshed. We have no record of rioting to any extent in the Yough region, except the attack on the house of Benjamin Wells, collector of revenue for Fayette and Westmoreland Counties. His house stood on what is now Seventh Street, New Haven, and he had his office in it. Three times the house was attacked by night. On the last occasion, July, 1794, the rioting party set fire to the house and destroyed it with all its contents.

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EARLY TRANSPORTATION AND TRAVEL.

As we have noted elsewhere, the first trains for transportation running into this region at the western foot-hills of the Alleghenies, were the trains of pack-horses taken back and forth over the mountains. These were followed after a time when Indian trails and forest paths had grown gradually into wagon roads, by emigrant wagons and still later by the regular commerce carriers called "Conestoga wagons."

Before the time of railroads between the East and West, the freight business of this western region was carried on almost wholly by means of these peculiar heavy covered road wagons drawn by six horses, and carrying large loard of merchandise and other supplies.

For many years these were the exclusive carriers between Pittsburg and the eastern markets at Philadelphia and Baltimore.



CONESTOGA WAGON.

After the completion of the Pennsylvania Canal in 1834 transportation was somewhat modified and the canal boat divided honors with the wagon train.

These old-time freight carriers known in the East as "Conestogas" and a little farther west as "Prairie Schooners" were large strongly built wagons, having a peculiar shape and cover of white canvas, best described by the picture accompanying this sketch. They were usually drawn by six horses, and in long routes as in the West, traveled in companies. A train of "prairie schooners" slowly moving across the plains with their burden of merchandise was once as familiar a sight as the railroad train of the present day, and yet we are told

that these peculiar wagons so characteristic of their age, had so long and so completely disappeared by 1893 that not one appeared on exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago. There is still an occasional old Conestoga wagon such as the one shown in the cut to be found preserved for exhibition in Eastern Pennsylvania. Not long ago, one was shown in a parade on the streets of Philadelphia and was an object of quite a little curiosity.

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It is said that as early as 1817, 12,000 of these wagons in twelve months passed over the Alleghenies from Philadelphia and Baltimore, each with four to six horses and carrying from 35 to 40 hundredweight. The cost was about seven dollars per hundredweight; in some cases ten dollars. To transport one ton of freight between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, therefore, would cost in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty dollars, and would consume from two to three weeks of time.

Now, by the Pennsylvania Railroad, a ton can be carried between these same places in 72 hours at a cost of \$3.00. In 1817 it cost \$14.00 to carry a barrel of flour from Pittsburg to Philadelphia and now the charge is 31 cents.

In 1804 when the first stage coach line for passengers was established between Philadelphia and Pittsburg it required seven days to go from one place to the other and that not unattended with many hardships and inconveniences. Now one can go comfortably to bed in a Pennsylvania Pullman at 7 o'clock in the evening in Philadelphia and wake up 9½ hours later in Pittsburg.

As the country developed westward, with travel and transportation necessarily overland in the manner above mentioned, it very early became evident that good roads and routes of travel were of prime importance to the growth of the nation. Especially was it obvious to the members of the National Government at Washington, and to all public-spirited citizens, that a great highway between the East and the West was a national necessity. The first practical step in this direction was taken in the year 1806, when Thomas Jefferson was President.

A set of commissioners were appointed, with an appropriation by Congress, to lay out and construct a national road. According to Hon. T. B. Searight, who has written a most complete and fascinating history of that road, from which we quote extensively: "Tradition attributes to Henry Clay the conception of the national road, but this seems to be an error. The Hon. Andrew Stewart ("Tariff Andy," one of Fayette's most illustrious statesmen) in a speech in Congress in 1829 asserted that 'Mr. Albert Gallatin (another, and by far the most distinguished national character ever sent out by our home county) was the very first man that ever suggested the plan for making the Cumberland (or national) road."

The road as constructed by the authority of Congress, and which, by the way, is the only highway of its kind ever wholly constructed by the Government of the United States, begins at the city of Cumberland, in the State of Maryland, and this is the origin by the name "Cumberland road." The connecting link between Cumberland and the city of Baltimore, including Washington.

is a much older road, constructed and owned by a private company, and the two together extending into Ohio, constitute the national road, which follows, in part, the old Nemacolin trail, mentioned in another chapter, and Braddock's and Washington's road over the mountains to Uniontown and on across the county to the Monongahela at Brownsville.

While it appears from the authority quoted that Henry Clay was not the planner of the national road, he was undoubtedly its ablest and most conspicuous champion. He worked long and earnestly for the early completion of the road, "begging, entreating and supplicating Congress session after session to make the necessary appropriations." He said: "I have myself toiled until my powers have been exhausted and prostrated to prevail on you to make the grant." No wonder Mr. Clay was a popular favorite along the whole line of the road.

From the time it was thrown open to the public, in the year 1818, until the coming of the railroads west of the Allegheny Mountains in 1852, the national road was the one great highway over which passed the bulk of trade and travel and the mails between the East and the West.

Many of the most illustrious statesmen and heroes of the early period of our national existence passed over the national road from their homes to the capital and back at the opening and closing of the sessions of Congress.

Jackson, Harrison, Clay, Sam Houston, Polk, Taylor, Crittenden, Shelby, Allen, Scott, Butler, the eccentric Davy Crocket, and many of their contemporaries in public service, were familiar figures in the eyes of the dwellers by the roadside. Many stories are yet treasured by the old "pike boys" concerning these noted men of the early day. A coach in which Mr. Clay was proceeding to Washington was upset on a pile of limestone in the main street of Uniontown a few minutes after supper at the McClelland House. Sam Sibley was the driver, and had his nose broken by the accident. Mr. Clay was unhurt, and upon being extricated from the grounded coach, facetiously remarked that "this is mixing the Clay of Kentucky with the limestone of Pennsylvania."

As many as twenty four-horse coaches have been counted in line at one time on this old road, and the large broad-wheeled canvas-covered Conestoga wagons, laden with merchandise and drawn by six horses were visible all the day long at every point, and many times until late in the evening, besides innumerable caravans of horses, mules, cattle, hogs and sheep. It looked more like the leading avenue of a great city than a road through rural districts.

It is the sincere belief of all "old pike boys" that the stage lines of the national road were never equalled in spirit and dash on any road, in any age or country. The chariots of the Appian Way, drawn by the fastest horses of ancient Italy, formed a dismal cortege in comparison with the sprightly procession of stage coaches on the old American highway. The grandeur of the old mail coach is riveted forever in the memory of the pike boy. To see it ascending a long hill, increasing speed when nearing the summit, then moving rapidly over the intervening level to the top of the next hill, and dashing down it—a driver like the stately Redding Bunting wielding the whip and handling

the reins—revealed a scene that will never be forgotten. And there was another feature of the old stage lines that left a lasting mark on memory's tablet. It was the "Postillion." A groom with two horses was stationed at the foot of many of the long hills, and added to the ordinary team of four horses to aid in making the ascent. The summit gained, the extra horses were quickly detached and returned to await and aid the next coming coach, and this was the "Postillion."

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Excitement followed in the wake of the coaches all along the road. Their arrival in the towns was the leading event of each day, and they were so regular in transit that farmers along the road knew the exact hour by their coming without the aid of watch or clock. They ran night and day alike. Relays of fresh horses were placed at intervals of twelve miles as nearly as practicable. Ordinarily, a driver had charge of one team only, which he drove and cared for. Mail drivers, however, in many instances, drove three or four teams and more, which were cared for by grooms at the stations. Teams were changed almost in the twinkling of an eye. The coach was driven rapidly to a station, where a fresh team stood ready harnessed and waiting on the roadside. The moment the team came to a halt the driver threw down the reins and almost instantly the incoming team was detached, the fresh one was attached the reins thrown back to the driver, who did not leave his seat, and away again went the coach at full speed, the usual group of loafers meanwhile looking on and enjoying the exciting scene. The horses used were showy and superb, the admiration of all who beheld them.

There was one mail coach that was especially imposing. On its gilded sides appeared the picture of a post boy with flying horse and horn, and beneath it in gilt letters this awe-inspiring inscription:

"He comes, the herald of a noisy world, News from all nations lumbering at his back."

No boy who beheld that old coach will ever forget it. The coaches were all handsomely and artistically painted and ornamented. There were three seats furnished with luxurious cushions and three persons could sit comfortably on each, so that nine passengers made a full load as far as the interior was concerned. A seat by the side of the driver was more coveted in fair weather than a seat within. During the prosperous era of the road it was not uncommon to see as many as fifteen coaches in continuous procession, and both ways, east and west, there would be thirty each day.

The road was justly renowned for the great number and excellence of its inns or taverns. On the mountain division every mile had its tavern. Many of them with inviting seats for idlers, and all with cheerful fronts toward the weary travelers. The sign-boards were elevated upon high and heavy posts, and their golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the wayfarer from the hot roadbed and gave promise of good cheer, while the big trough, overflowing with clear, fresh water and the ground below it sprinkled with fragrant pepper-

mint, lent a charm to the scene that was well nigh enchanting. The great majority of the taverns were called wagon stands, because their patrons were largely made up of wagoners, and each was provided with grounds called the wagon-yard, whereon teams were driven to feed and rest over night. The very best of entertainment was furnished at these wagon-stands. The taverns whereat stage horses were kept and exchanged and stage passengers took meals were called "stage houses" and were located at intervals of about twelve miles. Whisky was the leading beverage, and was plentiful and cheap. Three cents a drink at the ordinary taverns and five cents at the more aristocratic "stage houses." The current coins were the big copper cent, the "fippeny bit" (6½ cents), the "levy" (12½ cents), the quarter, half dollar and dollar. A hungry traveler could obtain a substantial meal at an old wagon tavern for a "levy," and two drinks of whisky for a "fip."

One of the old-time wagoners who used to drive on the national road, and with whom the writer was acquainted when a boy, relates that he has stayed over night at one of these old-time taverns when there would be as many as thirty six-horse teams in the wagon yard, one hundred Kentucky mules in an adjacent lot, a thousand hogs in other enclosures and as many fat cattle from the West in adjoining fields. The music made by this large number of hogs in eating corn on a frosty night I will never forget. After supper and attention to the teams the wagoners would gather in the barroom and listen to music on the violin, furnished by one of their fellows, have a "Virginia hoe-down," sing songs, tell anecdotes and hear experience of drivers and drovers from all points on the road, and when it was all over, unroll their beds, lay them down on the floor before the barroom fire, side by side, and sleep, with their feet to the fire, as soundly as under the paternal roof.

Space forbids our continuing these references to the most historically interesting highway ever constructed in the United States. The old pike, with all its faverns and travel, is little more than a memory now. Though most bitterly resisted and long fought back by some of the ablest men of the day, the railroads finally pushed their way over the mountains and on into the great growing West, and the glories of the old national road were forever a thing of the past.

"We hear no more of the clanging hoof,
And the stage coach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the traveled world,
And the old pike's left to die."

And likewise the old tavern, once so familiar and popular, for now

"It stands all alone like a goblin in gray,
The old-fashioned inn of a pioneer day,
In a land so forlorn and forgotten it seems

Like a wraith of the past rising into our dreams;
Its glories have vanished, and only the ghost
Of a sign-board now creaks on its desolate post,
Recalling a time when all hearts were akin
As they rested at night in that welcoming inn.
Oh, the songs they would sing, and the tales they would spin,
As they lounged in the light of the old country inn.
But a day came at last when the stage brought no load
To the gate, as it rolled up the long dusty road.
And lo! at the sunrise a shrill whistle blew
O'er the hills—and the old yielded place to the new—
And a merciless age with its discord and din
Made wreck, as it passed, of the pioneer inn."



THE OLD GALLEY CRADLE.

The Rocker of Five Generations.

(458Henry Galley)

CHANGES IN THE WEATHER.

We frequently hear reference made by our older citizens to the changes they have noticed in the seasons and general weather conditions since they were young. Some have questioned the value of these statements, attributing the apparent changes more to the influence of time on untrustworthy memories than to actual conditions. That the development of the country, cutting away of the forests, cultivation of the scil, etc., has, however, had a material and noticeable effect on the weather at certain seasons of the year seems to be beyond question. These changes have been going on so very gradually since the days of the first settlers that it would be difficult for anyone to recollect or describe just how or when they took place. Almost all of us, young or old, think we have seen marked changes. We are very prone to say "we have no good old-fashioned winters now like we used to have when I was a boy," and this may be true, but a single lifetime, though comparatively long, is hardly time enough from which to draw conclusions.

In consulting one who lived and wrote concerning this region, seventy-five or a hundred years ago, we find such statements as these:

"At the first settlement of this country west of the mountains the summers were rather cooler than they are at present. We scarcely ever had a single warm night, the evenings were cool and the mornings frequently uncomfortably cold. The coldness of the nights was owing to the deep shade of the lofty forest trees which everywhere covered the ground. In addition to this, the surface of the earth was still further shaded by large crops of wild grass and weeds which prevented it from becoming heated by the rays of the sun during the day.

"One distressing circumstance resulted from the wild herbage of our wilderness—it produced immense swarms of gnats, mosquitoes and horse flies which gave such annoyance to men and beasts that they may justly be reckoned among the plagues of the country. It was customary to build large fires of old logs about the forts, the smoke of which kept the flies from the cattle, which soon learned to change their position with every change of wind, so as to keep themselves constantly in the smoke.

"Our summers in the early times were mostly very dry. The beds of our large creeks presented nothing but naked rocks. The mills were not expected to do any grinding after the latter part of May excepting for a short time after a thunder shower.

"It was a frequent saying among our farmers that three good rains were sufficient to make a crop of corn if they happened at the right time.

"Frost and snow set in much earlier in former times than of late. Hunting usually commenced about the middle of October. November was regarded as a winter month, as the winter frequently set in with severity during that month and sometimes at an earlier period.

"For a long time after the settlement of the country we had an abundance of snow in comparison to the amount we usually have now. It was no unusual thing to have snows from one to three feet deep and of long continuance. Our people often became tired of seeing the monotonous aspect of the country so long covered with a deep snow and longed to see the ground bare once more.

"I well remember the labor of opening roads through these deep snows, which often fell in a single night, to the barn, the spring, the smoke-house and the corn-crib. The labor of getting wood after a deep fall of snow was in the highest degree disagreeable. A tree once fallen was literally buried in the snow.

"The depth of the snows, the extreme cold and the length of our winters were indeed distressing to the first settlers who were but poorly provided with clothing and whose cabins were mostly very open and uncomfortable. Getting wood, making fires, feeding the stock and going to mill were considered sufficient employment for any family, and truly those labors left little time for anything else.

"The spring of the year in former times was pretty much like our present springs. We commonly had an open spell of weather during the latter part of February. The month of March was commonly stormy and disagreeable throughout. Sugar was often made in the early part of April. It sometimes happened that a great part of April was but little better than March with regard to storms of rain, snow and cold weather.

"I once noticed forty frosts after the first day of April. We never considered ourselves secure from frosts until the first ten days of May had passed.

"Now our summers are much warmer, our falls much milder and longer and our winters shorter by at least one month and accompanied with much less snow and cold than formerly."

What causes have affected these changes in our weather and what we may reasonably suppose will be the ultimate extent of this change is problematic.

The future prospect of the weather throughout the whole extent of this western country is not very flattering.

The thermometer in the hottest parts of our summer months already averages from 90 to 100 degrees, which is a frightful degree of heat for a country as yet not half cleared of its native timber."

These observations were published in 1824. Our readers, many of them will be in position to make comparisons and draw further conclusions of their own, especially as to the fears and predictions at that time. Whether as great changes have taken place since the above facts were noted as in the fifty years or so immediately before, may be a disputed question.

Many of the older citizens to-day tell us they have seen quite a little difference in the seasons in the past fifty years. They tell us that it used to be quite common in this region to sow oats in March, and to be all done planting corn before the first of May. Now oats is not sown until late in April and corn planting done before the middle of May to the first of June.

In the fall, winter is not expected now before the middle to the last of

INDIAN SUMMER.

The term "Indian Summer" is one that is perhaps as familiar to all our readers as the names of the seasons themselves. As long as you can remember you have heard this expression applied to that peculiar hazy spell of warm weather that usually comes along in October and early November. But did you ever stop to inquire as to its origin and significance? We find that most persons of the present day have not. They know what the so-called Indian summer is: that in many respects it is one of the most beautiful seasons of all the year: that it is neither winter nor summer, but has its own peculiar characteristics which in some respects resemble both, and that with all the beauty and gayety and general good feeling that this particular time in the autumn is calculated to bring, it is also the time of which it has been well said "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." Most persons naturally suppose that the name had its origin in some way with the Indians, but they cannot tell just how. Others attempt to explain the use of the term in the fact that at that particular season the maize, or Indian corn, is ripe and ready for harvest, and as this was practically the only grain the Indians raised, therefore, this was their harvest time, or summer, hence it became known as "Indian Summer."

This, however, does not appear to be the correct explanation if we are to believe the records of the life and times of the earliest settlers. The term "Indian Summer" is another instance—of which there are many in our modern language-of the continued use of an expression long after its original import has been forgotten. When first made use of among our hardy pioneers this expression "Indian Summer" was applied to a season that was indeed the "saddest of all the year," but for entirely different reasons than those that later inspired the good old New England poet. It was not the "death of the flowers" that caused our first settlers to look with dread to the Indian Summer, but often the death at the hands of the Indians of some of their own number. It is said that the early backwoodsman seldom heard this expression without feeling the chill of horror, because it brought to his mind the painful recollections of its original application. The reader must here be reminded that during the long continued Indian wars sustained by the first settlers of our western country they enjoyed no peace excepting in the winter season, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make their visits to the settlement.

The onset of winter was therefore hailed as a jubilee by the early inhabitants of the country who, throughout the spring and early part of the fall, had been cooped up in their little uncomfortable forts and subjected to all the distresses of the Indian war.

At the approach of winter, therefore, all the farmers, excepting the owner of the fort, removed to their cabins on their farms with the joyful feeling of

prisoners set free. All was bustle and hilarity in preparing for winter, by gathering in the corn, digging potatoes, fattening hogs and preparing the cabins.

To our forefathers the gloomy months of the winter were more pleasant than the zephyrs of spring and the flowers of May. It, however, sometimes happened that after the apparent onset of winter, or what was often spoken of as "squaw winter," the weather became warm. The smoky time commenced and lasted for a considerable number of days. This was the "Indian Summer" because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlement with their destructive warfare.

The melting of the snow saddened every countenance, and the genial warmth of the sun chilled every heart with horror.

The apprehension of another visit from the Indians and of being driven back to the detested fort was painful in the highest degree, and the distressing apprehension was frequently realized.

Thus, our readers will see, was the origin of this term we now use so thoughtlessly.

We see also in this explanation a corroboration of the statements elsewhere made as to the change of seasons since the first opening up of this region. We would see but little now so far as the weather of the early fall is concerned to justify the above explanation, for we seldom or never have the onset of winter until after the so-called "Indian Summer" is all over. Especially are there no big snows or other severe winter weather nowadays before this bunch of delayed summer that would appear to us sufficient to hinder or restrain the depredations of the savages. But we do not doubt the correctness of the explanation given, for it is from the best of authorities and can be verified in more ways than one.



APPLEBUTTER MAKING.

Applebutter making took place in the fall. Large quantities of this once famous and familiar "diet auxiliary" used to be made and stored away every fall by all well-regulated families. And it was none of the pale, puny, wishywashy article that we sometimes see masquerading under the lable of "applebutter" to-day.

When once our grandmothers had done with the process of applebutter making, and had filled sundry cans, crocks and jars with supply enough to last a year or two, there remained no room for doubt as to the genuineness of their product. It had a depth of color, a life and vigor and general robustness of strength about it that bespoke longevity and great physical endurance.

The much vaunted "ever remorseless Hand of Time" found its match when it tackled a five-gallon crock of good old-fashioned applebutter, for the said applebutter invariably came out of a two or three years combat with this veteran wrecker of youth and usefulness with colors flying, with strength renewed and more capable than ever of going it alone.

Long years after great-grandfather Philip Galley had left Lancaster County to cast his lot and rear his numerous progeny in the valley of the "Yough," there was said to be stored in the Lancaster Museum a specimen of applebutter that had gone through the Revolutionary War; stood shoulder to shoulder with the patriots of our young Republic in the war of 1812; helped to elect a half a dozen Presidents, and still looked the picture of blooming youth and towering strength.

The first step in applebutter making was to prepare the cider. Of course, everybody made cider in those earlier days, and most families had a home-made cider mill and press. Some communities, however, depended upon a common mill where the neighbors from far and near hauled their apples by the wagon loads, and had them made up "on the shares." The apples used for this purpose were usually the defective ones—those shaken off by the wind or in the process of picking, or from certain trees that were of a variety not suitable for market or storage—all kinds, good, bad and indifferent, were loaded up in the early autumn and taken to the cider mill. Here the first thing to do was to grind them. Then they were put on the press, which worked with a great wooden screw. There was some skill required to properly place the juice-laden mass of ground apples within the rye-straw enclosures, layer on layer, and then slowly and carefully screw down on these the compressing plank in such a way as to drive out all the cider without bursting the "cheese."

The blocks of pummace that remained after this process was complete, were perfectly dry and so solidly compressed that they could be handled en masse.

The cider was placed in barrels, and a part of it put away in the cellar to ferment and "go to vinegar." You remember how you used to fish out some "mother" from that old "stock" barrel that had been standing there in the corner for so many years, and place it in the new supply, to "hurry it up." A part of it was placed convenient for daily use, for fresh cider, and cider that, after a week or so, began to taste quite "sharp," even after it reached that stage when it was called "hard cider," was once a very common beverage in many homes; and a part of it was "boiled down" at once before it began to ferment for applebutter making.

Two or three barrels of the fresh juice would be placed in the old sugar kettles perhaps, or other large boilers, over log fires and boiled down to a comparatively few gallons of thick syrupy liquid, which could be put away and kept indefinitely, or until such time as it was convenient to prepare the apples and make it up.

Then came the "paring bees," or "apple bees," as they were called, which usually began along in October and were looked upon as the ushering in of the season of frolic for the young folks. These "apple bees" were not only for preparing the apples used for butter, but those used for drying as well, for in the good old days our grandmothers dried their own fruit. They were very popular occasions and brought the young folks of the neighborhood together several times during the season, for each family in turn would give an "apple bee," to which all the others would be invited.

The folks would gather early in the evening, and by 7.30 o'clock everybody was at work busy as bees, and the big old kitchen would ring with merry jest and laughter. If the apples were to be dried they were cut round and strung on long threads and hung in festoons above and around the great open fireplace. If they were for butter they were pared and quartered and cored and put in tubs or other large vessels till the next day, when the boiling would begin. It was worth all it cost in time and labor to get up one of these old-time "apple bees." There were pies, buns, doughnuts and all kinds of edibles to prepare, and in no small quantity, either, for these merry workers had fine appeites and would have considered it awfully mean in their hostess not to have given them enough to eat, so after two or three hours work the good housewife made ready this feast which put everybody in fine humor for the part of the program that was still to come, the part the young folks had been anxiously ooking forward to all evening, namely, the dance, or as they often preferred to call it, the "play party," for in some communities the religious denominations were so opposed to dancing that any members caught at it would be "churched," nence it was often a matter of policy on the part of these good-natured sinners to apply the more innocent name of "play party" and thus tend to disarm suspicion. Everybody joined heartily in this old-fashioned dance, which was isually led by an "orchestra" consisting of one fiddle operated either by one of the party or by some well known "virtuoso" of the neighborhood who had been nduced to be on hand by a promise to "pass the hat." If no fiddler could be

found for the evening or for matters of policy none had been invited, the "party" went off just the same, even more lively, it appeared sometimes, for in the absence of instrumental music everybody joined the heartier in "singing" the dances, "Kil-a-ma-cranky 'tis a fine song, sing it and dance it all along, from the heel unto the toe, Kil-a-ma-cranky, here we go," was always equal to the occasion, and could be relied upon to start the "party" off at a lively pace. There was no ban against all kinds of plays, just so they were not called dances. not even against kissing plays, for, of course, this was before the invention of germs and deadly microbes, and so long as it was only a "play party" no one objected even though there was more romping and dancing than at a regular dance, with the kissing thrown in. The kissing in the games was merely incidental-a pleasant way of paying forfeits, particularly so, if from the right one. What a blessing to our grandmothers in their light-hearted girlhood days that they were blissfully ignorant of the dangers that lurked on the lips of our audacious granddaddies every time they "swapped microbes" in those oldtime kissing games!

No doubt some who read these sketches have taken part in such games and at this far distant date they do not seem to have been specially bad or dangerous; at any rate, you bravely took your chances and you've lived to tell the tale. Your sentiments in those days perhaps could have been appropriately expressed as follows:

"Though some affirm a deadly germ lurks in the sweetest kiss, let's hope the day is far away of antiseptic bliss; to sterilize a lady's sighs would simply be outrageous, I'd much prefer to humor her and let her be contagious."

The big old clock in the corner ofttimes chimed the midnight hour before these parties broke up, nevertheless the good housewife was up early the next morning ready to make the applebutter. The apples, which had been pared the night before, were carefully washed and put in the big copper kettle that hung on the stout iron crane in the old open fireplace. Sufficient water was added and the apples were cooked till soft, when the boiled cider was added a little at a time, and sometimes a little brown sugar and cinnamon or other spices were added. The boiling mass now had to be stirred constantly with a long-handled wooden stirrer, and wasn't it a job to stir all that batch of cider and apples until it thickened down to just the right thing and never once let it "stick" or "burn" at the bottom? (See illustration.)

It was no easy work to run that big stirrer for hours at a time, and it took several persons to do the work right. Sometimes the boiling was taken up in the afternoon and evening, and a number of young folks again gathered in to help through with the job, and have more fun and frolic. We are even told that lovemaking went on around the applebutter kettle, for a boy and girl would often make lighter work by running the stirrer together. There was work enough in it for a number of persons. Of course, it was a wood fire and some one or more had to keep plenty of fuel on hand and see that the blaze was not



"IT WAS NO EASY WORK TO RUN THAT BIG STIRRER FOR HOURS AT A TIME."

too high or too low. Sometimes the kettle was swung over an out-door log fire, and this required even closer watching. As the butter got thicker and thicker it got harder to stir, and the folks had to "spell" each other oftener, and they had to watch, too, not to let the blubbering, sputtering contents of the kettle fly on any one, for it would make a nasty burn.

When finally the apples and cider had all been added and the boiling had gone on for several hours, some old-time expert applebutter maker would begin to "test" the contents of the kettle at intervals to see when it was "done" or strong enough to keep.

This "test" consisted in taking out a ladle of butter on a dish to see if the cider "weeps out" round the edges. If it does, it must go on cooking and stirring, but it must be watched carefully now, for it is getting thick and will "burn" easily. When it is found, however, that the cider no longer weeps out, but all forms a simple heap on the saucer, it is ready to take off and to dip out into crocks, perhaps 20 or 30 gallons being made at once. When cool, the tops of the crocks were tied over with paper, then it was stored away in the old fruit cupboard or cn shelves in the garret or cellar and "we ate applebutter three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and every time it tasted like more."

BUTCHERING TIME.

The "apple bees" were scarcely ended till the butchering season was ushered in. This was along about Thanksgiving week. Often Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with the butchering frolic. Of course, it depended somewhat on the season, for butchering had to wait for cold weather.

Butchering and the work pertaining thereto, like nearly everything else has had its changes since the "olden time," but perhaps these changes have not been as great as in many other kinds of farm work. No great labor-saving machine. for instance, has yet been devised for killing cleaning and cutting up the fat porkers. Numerous smaller devices, however, have greatly facilitated the various side-jobs that go with butchering. The greatest difference, perhaps, between butcherings past and present is in the social features attending them. Just as on every other occasion that brought the farmers together in the earlier days, butchering was made the occasion for much sociability and sport. For the time being at least, on account of the preparation necessary with its accompanying excitement and work, butchering time completely broke the monotony of the quiet pursuits of rural life. When a family had set a day for butchering word was sent to a number of the neighbors who would be expected to help and preparations for the occasion were begun all around. Wood was then no object, and plenty of it was hauled and cut to suit the indoor and outdoor uses. Several large kettles, if not on hand, had to be brought home or borrowed from the neighbors. The old heavy sled was dragged from its usual place in the wagon shed and located at a convenient spot in the butchering vard. At one end of the sled the earth was dug away, so as to allow the placing of a large strong barrel or hogshead, partly sunken in the ground with its open top leaning toward the sled. Nearby a "log heap" was built ready for firing and in this "log heap" quite a number of good sized stones, old plowpoints or other pieces of metal were placed so as to be heated by the burning wood. Tools were hunted up, knives and axes sharpened, buckets, basins and other materials were gotten in readiness.

On the appointed day all hands were out bright and early, and long before dawn the "log heap" was fired, or if the water for the hogshead was heated in the large kettles then the fires were started under these, so that by the time the first hog was ready to scald the water would be boiling.

In the "log heap" method of heating the water, the stones and metals before mentioned were allowed to become red hot in the burning pile of wood and
were then shoveled into the hogshead in sufficient quantity to bring the water
to the required temperature. One of the happiest and most vivid pictures of
butchering day, as we recall it now, was that old log heap in the early morning,
blazing away with no light but its own, with vast spiral columns of smoke ascending through the frosty air, and the roaring, crackling blaze, accompanied
now and then by the loud report of a bursting stone, which caused myriads of

"sparks to fly upward" in pyrotechnic displays that were really beautiful. Breakfast, of course, was eaten by candle light, and by the time it was over the men who were to assist were gathering in and forming a jolly, joking crowd as they warmed themselves about the blazing log heap.

The younger folks, boys especially, looked forward with considerable interest to the day, for it meant a crowd and lots of excitement and fun, and boys have always craved the excitement and display of unusual activity that goes with a crowd. True, they would be called upon for their full share of the work. running errands, turning the grindstone, carrying water and wood and hunting up kindling and buckets and crocks for the women's use and dozens of other chores, but what did all this amount to (to the boys) if they were permitted to stay home from school on butchering day! Then they could be on hand to get the bladders to blow up and keep for a "Christmas crack." Where is the man whose boyhood was blessed with such privileges that never experienced the fun occasioned by stealthily placing one of these distended bladders near a company of the "big folks" and then jumping on it with both feet? The explosion was terriffic, but entirely harmless, except that it frightened the women half out of their wits, and made it necessary for the small boy to "skidoo" in lively manner to avoid sundry harmless missiles that would be fired after him. Christmas day usually gave license to all such noisy tricks, as well as furnished in the company that gathered in, exceptional opportunities for playing them, and no small amount of compensation for the extra work at butchering time has often come to the boys through their stock of blown up hogs' bladders.

Sometimes these bladders were sold at the neighboring town, for they used to be used to contain snuff.

The boy was sometimes permitted also to collect other "off haul," such as bristles, pig-tails, hearts, livers, etc., to have for his own and to sell and keep the money himself. By this means did many a boy secure his first pocket-knife, money purse or other coveted article. Some of you old boys who follow these sketches remember yet what an exciting pleasure it was to be permitted to go along with father to market in the big heavy loaded two-horse wagon and take your own butchering perquisites, with perhaps some rabbits or partridges you had trapped. The sum you received when you finally found a buyer was not large; but it meant much to you, and on your return your new cap or knife became the envy or admiration of all your schoolmates and you strutted about for many days under the proud distinction of having "been to town."

But to return to the butchering. Breakfast over, the "hands" all assembled, and everything in readiness, the jolly crowd anxiously awaited the word "go," which came as soon as there was enough daylight, and indeed this was not always waited for, many a hog having been killed by the light of the blazing log heap.

The fat porkers, as a rule, had been driven from the pen and allowed to wear off their first bit of excitement while the men were waiting for light enough to see to shoot, for this was the usual method of killing, though sometimes the

hogs were stuck as they lay in the pen, then driven out and made to walk up beside the sled and bleed to death. With the shooting of the first hog the fun and the work began in earnest. The old muzzle-loading rifle was banteringly handed to some one who must make such a good shot, even if it was yet so dark that he could scarcely see the sights, that there would be no "squeals." for that would put the marksman in disgrace for the day and make him the subject of many jibes and jests. If, however, he made a good shot, some one selected for the purpose at once ran in and did the "sticking" with a large butcher knife. Then came the dragging in and lifting on to the sled followed by the plunge into the scalding water of the barrel, first one end of the hog and then the other, and out again on to the sled where all that could get around the animal began with shouts and hearty good will to scrape off and pull out the bristles. In a few minutes the first hog was white and clean and ready to "hang up," and the second one was being "downed," or as was often the case when help was plenty, two hogs were downed at a time. This gave chance to divide up the work more now, some gutting and dressing the hogs that were suspended on the pole erected for the purpose, while others continued to slaughter and scald and scrape. This was repeated until the six or eight hogs were all up. Great pride was taken in seeing how early in the day this could be done. It was the aim to have the hogs all strung up and cleaned by nine or ten o'clock in the morning, according to the size of the butchering.

After the hogs had become sufficiently cool, they were taken down to be cut up and weighed, which involved another excitement, seeing who could come nearest to guessing the weight. In the meantime, the women in the kitchen and dining room had not been idle, and by the time the men had finished this first part of their work they were invited into the house to partake of one of the biggest and best dinners of all the year.

Dinner over, there was still plenty of work for the afternoon, especially for the women. Rending the lard, making sausage, liver wort, scrapple, puddings, mince-meat, etc., would keep all hands busy for the afternoon and evening.

The men frequently spent at least a part of the afternoon in shooting at a mark or other sports and games. The main work being over, and having had a good big dinner, they were in just the right mood to be full of fun and up to jokes and tricks on each other. Sometimes they would divide off on sides and have a regular shooting match. Most of the men in those days prided themselves on good marksmanship, and many became quite expert at "driving the tack," which was used to hold a small white patch about an inch square on a blackened block or board. At 25 to 50 paces it required a cool, steady nerve to be able to knock the centre or even hit the patch, especially if the shooting was done "off hand," as it was called, or without a "rest."

We are told that in the earlier days of the pioneers, shooting at a mark was a common and useful diversion among men, when their supply of ammunition would permit it, but that the present method of shooting "off hand" was not then in practice. In fact, off-hand shooting was not considered much of a test,

either of the value of a gun or the skill of a marksman. Their shooting was with a rest and at as great a distance as the length and bore of the gun would throw a ball on a horizontal line. Rifles in those days were much different from those of a later date. Few of them carried more than forty-five bullets to the pound. Balls of less size were not thought sufficiently heavy for hunting or war.

These butchering day shooting matches often became very exciting, especially if they were accompanied, as they often were, with plenty of hard cider, or sometimes something even harder. There was usually in the crowd one or two "smarties" or "greenhorns," gullible fellows who could be made the butt of a great deal of good natured fun, and there was always a "wag" or two just suited for keeping up such tricks. For instance, we are told how life was made miserable all afternoon for one man who was known to be easily "plagued" by loading his gun when it came his turn to shoot with a split bullet. This bullet when artfully handled in loading appeared all right, but of course would not "carry" and would never hit the target. By playing this mean trick every once in a while, allowing the victim to use good bullets part of the time, the crowd had the laugh on the would-be smart marksman all the day. Sometimes practically the same trick was played when a beef or hog was to be shot. Either the gun would not be properly loaded or if this part was closely watched, by various ruses, an opportunity could often be found to remove the bullet with a ramrod constructed for that purpose. On one such occasion as this, when one of the party who had been pretty loud in his boasts about his hog-killing ability and other evidences of his crack marksmanship was about to shoot a hog, he was handed a rifle from which the ball had been surrepticiously extracted, while, of course, the crowd all looked on, having been given the word quietly. Our unsuspecting victim picked out his hog, stood off about thirty feet, took fair aim and fired with a loud report as usual.

The result was the mutual staring at each other of hog and marksman, while, of course, the whole crowd joined in uproarious laughter. The hog merely grunted defiantly and went on rooting into the soft earth as if nothing had happened. Now the somewhat crest-fallen expert shot, unable to explain his utter failure to even touch the hog, made excuse that he was not used to that gun, that he had brought his own rifle that morning and if some one would bring it from the house he would show them how to use a gun that would shoot. Just this turn in affairs had been anticipated by the parties to the trick, and the ball had likewise been carefully removed from this brag gun, so it was willingly and quickly produced, and needless to say this second attempt was even more disastrous than the first, so far as its effects on the marksman and the crowd and its entire absence of effects upon the hog was concerned.

The tricksters having previously arranged for it, now had one of the oldest men in the party step up and demand the gun in disgust, saying he used to be able to do better than that himself, and, quickly loading the gun, he stepped a little nearer the animal and shot it without further ado. This was too much for our erstwhile bragging crack-shot; he could not understand it, and to keep his attention from the real cause of his humiliation, the crowd almost convinced him that some one had been "doctoring" the cider he had been drinking, and that he should not drink any more that day, as it was now quite evident to everybody but himself that he was not accountable for his acts.

So much for a glance at some of the diversions of butchering day afternoon. It was seldom that the work ended with the day. Much remained to be done that night, and several of the neighbors usually remained to help out with the making of the mince-meat, stuffing the sausage, etc. In the earlier times these were no easy jobs, for they had all to be done by hand. The mince-meat was chopped on a block or heavy plank with side boards on three sides, leaving the front open, where the chopper stood with a heavy cleaving knife, or "meat chopper," in each hand, which he worked rapidly up and down on the meat until it was fine enough for its intended purpose. Then came the mixing in of all that promiscuous mass of apples, raisins, cider, salt, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, allspice and apparently all else that could be found in the kitchen.

The sausage even required more work. After the meat was ground into sausage, it was put into a large tub for mixing. It was quite an art to properly mix sausage and it was usually done by one who had a reputation as an expert in this work, knowing just how much lean, how much fat and how much salt, pepper, and for those who wished it, sage, to put in to make the sausage keep well and taste good. There were various ways of preparing and putting the sausage away, but the most common method was to stuff it into properly prepared hog guts, or "casings," as they were called. These "casings" were cleaned by turning them wrong side out over a round stick of some kind, carefully scraping off the inner or mucous coat, and then thoroughly washing them. They were now ready to be stuffed, and this, before the days of the time-saving sausage stuffer, was a slow and tedious job, and one that required some one with a stout chest and plenty of push, for it was done by pushing the sausage through some form of tin horn held against the breast, while yard after yard of the "casings" were thus filled. These were then hung in the old smoke house and "cured" with hickory wood smoke, after which, like the apple butter, the sausage would keep for a long time and always tasted like more.

The meat itself—hams, shoulders and sides—when thoroughly cooled, was usually packed in salt in a large hogshead or other tight container until spring, when it would be brought out and for several days put through the same process of hickory-wood smoking, after which it was ready to use or to be kept indefinitely under the proper conditions, and in hundreds of families in those earlier days, was the sole meat supply practically the year round.

CORN HUSKING.

"Corn huskings" were once a familiar form of autumn festivities and were conducted in different ways according to neighborhood and circumstances.

One method was for a farmer to invite in all the neighbors round about to husk out a field of corn from the shock. Liquid refreshments were always in order on such occasions and much hilarity and good natured fun-making took place, as well as great speed-contests between individuals and groups. While the men and boys were thus at work in the field, their wives and daughters and sisters and sweethearts were perhaps as busily engaged around some quilt or with a bunch of spinning wheels in the house. The compensating social features came with the big supper and the frolic that followed at night in which young and old, huskers, spinners and all took a lively part.

Another method was to cut the corn and haul it to the barn in the stock. where, according to previous invitation, the "merry huskers" would gather for an afternoon and evening of work and frolic. Still another plan was to pull the ears, unhusked from the stocks and haul them in, where they were piled by the wagon-loads in two great semi-circular ricks on the old barn floor, leaving a bare space in the middle for receiving the corn as it was husked. Then a day would be set and arrangements made for a great "husking party." The neighbors far and near would be invited to come and bring their whole families—some to do the husking, some to help the good housewife prepare the "big supper" and some to furnish the fun and amusement while the others worked. We shall reproduce for our younger readers the description of such an old-time husking bee that was obtained from one who knew from experience the joys and pleasures of the "good old times of long ago."

So far as possible we shall quote verbatim:

"This party took place on the afternoon of one of the loveliest days in October. Nearly the whole neighborhood had been invited and old and young both were present, but the boys and girls especially were out in force. Such a crowd of young folks! Excitement and fun ran high, but there was no rowdyism and general good order prevailed. The unhusked corn had been piled up in a circle around an open space in the middle of the barn floor. This circle was divided into two equal parts, and two of the older girls acted as captains to 'choose up' and divide the company off on 'sides.' Then came the liveliest, noisest contest you ever saw, to see which side would husk through to the goal first, the losing side to pay the forfeits to the 'winners.' A happier set of young folks I never saw. I don't believe the young folks nowadays have half as much fun at their parties as we had that afternoon. How the boys did work. while the girls on each side urged them on, and did their full share of the funmaking as well as some of the husking. The golden ears flew thick and fast as each side tried to outdo the other, and every one watched for a chance to play some trick or get a joke on some one else. The greatest fun came when

occasionally a boy would find a red ear, for he was allowed to take a kiss from the girl of his choice of the opposite side while all the crowd looked on in great hilarity and glee.

"Of course the 'maiden blush' was as red as the ear of corn, for our girls with all their romping, good-natured fun, were modest and lady-like, not yet having been spoiled by modern manners and affectations.

"Certainly on this occasion we had fun. If you never attended such a party, my description can give you but a vague idea of what it was like. Everybody and everything, even to the weather and the land clothed in its autumn garb, seemed right for such enjoyment. Imagine what a scene was presented out there among the hills on that mild October afternoon. A haze spread over the landscape that told of the glorious Indian summer; the woods and all the trees in their rich and variegated foliage, the dome-like hilltops rising up majestically to meet the deep blue sky beyond, and in the far distance the dark shades of the old mountains notched into the horizon like a great circular frame around the whole picture. Nearby was the small stream winding here and there among the meadows, where the 'tinkling of bells told of grazing flocks.'

"It was a charming, tranquil scene, in the midst of which was our party of 'merry huskers,' light-hearted, healthy and happy.

"As the afternoon wore on, the golden pile in the centre of those two contending semi-circles, grew higher and higher and the husking contest more and more exciting, until finally the last ear was flung on the heap, the losing side gracefully paid its forfeits, which again occasioned great merriment, and all hands were ready with keen appetites to follow the host to the house, where ample justice was done to the waiting meal."

"This corn huskers' supper was no ordinary affair. In quantity, quality and variety, that old table was spread with the best the season could afford and was the result of no small amount of work on the part of the hostess and her daughters. As one good old grandmother used to express it: "It took longer to get the supper than it did to husk the corn," but no one who looks back now through the vista of a long, busy life has ever doubted that such happy occasions fully repaid for all they cost in time and trouble and work.

"When the supper was finally ended and there had been time to clear away the table and other removable furniture, the room was prepared for a dance. One or more fiddlers had been secured for the occasion and the rest of the evening was given over to dancing and all kinds of games and amusements, in not a few of which the old folks joined as heartily as the young.

Finally somewhere in the neighborhood of midnight the party "broke up" and the crowd soon dispersed. The boys took the girls home 'on behind' on horseback, or walked with them if the distance was not too great."

No one has ever presented a more beautiful or more realistic picture of the old-time husking party than is to be found in Whittier's poem "The Huskers." We know our readers have all been familiar with this little poem since their earliest school days, but it so charmingly describes the scene we have just been trying to picture that we reproduce it here in the hope that some who have read it hundreds of times will see in it new beauty, as we have done, from reading it in this connection:

"THE HUSKERS."

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again; The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red; At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped; Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued, On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly-pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night, He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light; Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill; And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky, Flecked by the many-tinted leaves and laughed, they knew not why; And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks, Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weather-cocks; But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks. No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell, And the yellow leaves among the boughs low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry, Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale-green waves of rye; But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood, Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and sere, Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear; Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold, And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain; Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down at last, And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond, Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all a-fire beyond, Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone, And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away, And deeper in the bright'ning moon the tranquil shadows lay; From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name, Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow, Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below; The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before, And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart; While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade, At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair, Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair, The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue, To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.



OLD-TIME THRASHING.

Thrashing grain by machinery, is, of course, a method of comparatively recent years. The evolution of the modern steam thrasher from the crude "ground thrasher" to the more effective horse-power machine, and on to the present self-feeding perfected and powerful machine drawn about the country by its own traction engine, is an interesting bit of history that we shall not take time to narrate at present. It has practically all come about in a single lifetime. In the earlier days of our grandfathers, the flail, or as it used to be called sometimes, the "bread-pole," was the thrashing machine in general use, and the grain was all beaten out by hand. Most of our readers, perhaps, are familiar with this very simple implement. It consisted of two parts—a "staff," or handle, some six feet long, to which was attached by strong leather strings the "supple" some two and a half or three feet long. By means of the swinging motion of the staff the "supple" was made to beat heavily upon the grain-laden sheaves spread out upon the "thrashing floor," thus liberating the grain from the straw by a comparatively slow and laborious process.

After the corn had been husked and stored away in the autumn, thrashing with the flail was next in order. This was such a long drawn-out and tiresome job that it was usually the rule to keep the larger boys at home from school until it was finished. Our older friends tell us that in their childhood days one of the most familiar sounds was that of the loud and regular strokes of the flail heard from many an old barn floor while on the way to school.

It commenced, too with the earliest dawn and was a work that lazy men or boys could not well shirk, no matter whether it was the missing of one, or two, or three good strokes, for their cessation would be quickly noticed even in the inner most recesses of the house.

The instrument itself was thus a complete tell-tale, and the straw would show how thoroughly the work was done. All the oats, wheat and rye were thrashed by this method, and sometimes beans and buckwheat were also thrashed in the same manner.

It was a task of beat, beat on the spread-out grain on the thrashing floor and how desperately tough it was on damp or rainy days, how hard to separate the grain from the husky and bearded home in which it had been born, nurtured and protected into maturity.

The thrasher would change his position this way and that, trying to find the easiest position. Blows and blows alone could do it. The same monotonous beat from morning until night for five or six weeks, requiring, perhaps, before the task was fully completed, not less than 100,000 strokes. If our young men on the farms to-day were required to do this preparatory to getting their winter's schooling they could perhaps the more readily realize how that phrase "the dead beat" may have originated.

The following story will illustrate the old-time spirit of rivalry that existed in many kinds of farm work.

A celebrated thrasher whom we shall name "A" had quite a reputation

throughout the whole community for his ability with the flail. A farmer living in the neighborhood hearing of this concluded to engage "A" on a trial. At early dawn on the designated day "A" was on hand with his flail to thrash out a quantity of oats for market.

Soon two dozen sheaves from the mow overhead were laid for a "flooring," and the thrashers commencing with alternate beating as they stood opposite each other.

The farmer gave vigorous strokes that at times sent the grain flying in volleys of several yards around, while "A" kept up a peculiar switching manner that made less noise.

After being engaged for an hour or more the farmer requested that "A" should lay on harder and the grain would come out faster and easier, as he might notice by his own method. Thus the thrashing continued until noon, the farmer endeavoring to infuse into "A" by word and action that he should lay on heavier to facilitate the labor.

The latter, however, was good natured and did not appear to take offense or mind his instructions and adhered to his accustomed manner, which from experience he had found to be the most effective.

The farmer all this while was busily thinking or devising how he could improve the matter, and finally conceived a plan when the grain was put to one side and the floor cleared at dinner time.

When they returned the farmer said: "'A,' you will now thrash your flooring at that end of the barn, and I will thrash mine here, and we will be likely to know the better how we get along."

Seeing into the matter at once "A" good humoredly replied: "That will be excellent, it is a wonder you did not think of it sooner."

In a short time "A" had his flooring thrashed, his straw bound up and the grain put aside, when he took the large bundle of straw and sat down on it looking on while the other man worked away, being about half through.

Although regarded as a laborer he knew he had just as good a right to assert his proper dignity or independence as any other man, and for an example he would do it now in the face of the avericious farmer who was also regarded as one of the richest men in the community.

"I wish," said "A," "you would hurry and get done with that so that we can commence another flooring." Down heavier and quicker came the flail of the farmer. The grain flew higher and further around in showers, but no use. In spite of his robustness with every flooring was the aforesaid repeated and thus was "A" enabled through his skill to most provokingly taunt and worry his employer as he sat nearly half that afternoon on the straw giving the farmer an instructive lesson.

There was no question as to the method of "A." On that night the farmer slept a more wearied man after what may have seemed to him one of the longest afternoons of his life.

"A" had now the satisfaction of having fully maintained his reputation, and, of course, he never lacked in this kind of labor.

FLAX.

In the days of which we write—the days of our grandparents—the raising of flax was as essential a part of the farmer's duties as the raising of corn and wheat, for while the latter were necessary for food, the former was just as necessary for wearing apparel, bed and table linen. So completely has this absolute necessity of farm life, this once every-day industry of almost every home and fireside throughout the land disappeared in the last forty or fifty years, that most of those persons born since that time have never seen a field of flax, and know practically nothing of the process of preparing it and making it into clothing, except what they have heard from time to time, in the conversational references of their parents or grandparents, hence we have thought worth while, as a matter of permanent interest, both to the present and to coming generations, to briefly describe the

FLAX INDUSTRIES OF THE "OLDEN TIME."

The ground was plowed and harrowed in the early spring, the same as for corn or oats, and the flax seed was sown "broad-cast" as soon as the weather and soil would permit. Some families always tried to sow their flax on Good Friday.

It grew rather easily, was a fairly sure crop; in growth reached a height and size somewhat like the timothy grass of the present day, the individual stalks being straight and smooth to the height of twenty-four to thirty-six inches and about the thickness of a broom splint, or rather heavy "timothy" stalk, and branched somewhat at the top into several little stemlets, each holding a small somewhat spherical seed pod when near maturity. The blossom was light blue or purple, and a field of growing flax is said to have been a most beautiful sight when in full bloom. (Fig. 3, page 214.)

The harvesting was done about the time of late oats harvest, or just a little later usually than the regular grain harvest, and "flax-pulling" was by no means the pleasantest and easiest part of the old-time harvest.

Here, as indeed in all the harvest, the women often helped the men, and many a night, after a hard day's work at pulling flax, the aching, half-broken backs of our grandfathers could have been duplicated in the farmhouse kitchen or beside the trundle bed and cradle, had not our patient, long-suffering grand-mothers been made of the stuff that "murmurs not nor complains."

Flax pulling, of course, had to be done entirely by hand. As much of the flax as could be advantageously grasped with the two hands was seized and pulled from the ground, root and all, as a rule not much of the soil clinging to the roots, for they were small and ran straight down with but few branch rootlets. If necessary the clinging soil was quickly shaken off and the handfuls of flax were placed side by side on the ground.

This was allowed to "cure," or dry, for a day or two in the sun, and then was bound into small sheaves and set up in shocks, or ricks, and later hauled to the barn.

Next came the threshing out of the seed, which was sometimes done soon after the hauling in, and sometimes left until the sharp frosty weather of the fall.

The process of threshing differed somewhat from the threshing of grain. All that was used in the way of machinery was an open storebox or barrel, with a piece of plank or flat stone across its top in such a way that the tops



BREAKING FLAX.

HACKLING FLAX.

of the small flax bundles could be struck sharply over this obstruction, causing the seed to rattle out into the open barrel.

Having thus freed the flax from seed, the next essential step before it could be made use of was the "bleaching," or rotting, of the woody fibre of the flax stalks. This was done by again spreading the flax out in a thin layer on the ground, where it was left for weeks at a time, exposed to all kinds of weather. Sometimes this was done in the late fall and early winter, so as to be ready

or the winter spinning, and sometimes it was not "bleached" until the folowing spring and used for summer spinning.

The flax was left thus exposed upon the ground until its stalky interior was horoughly deadened and easily broken, then it was again gathered into sheaves or bundles and taken back to the barn, where it was now ready for the process of "breaking."

Here a somewhat more formidable machine was brought into use, the "flaxoreak" (see illustration). This rather crude home-made device, which was once as familiar a sight on every farm as a plow or a hand rake, is now so wellnigh extinct as to make the chance one that may be found after long search a real curiosity to those of the present generation.

We were fortunate enough to discover and resurrect one of these timetonored machines, which we now have in our possession, and which we here reproduce on paper for your inspection and for your instruction in the method of its use.

The veteran "breaker" who is kindly demonstrating the action of the machine was not fortunate enough to have any flax with which to demonstrate, but you can readily see by the bunch of straw he is holding just how the flax was broken by placing it on the lower set of sharpened rails and striking it repeatedly and more or less rapidly with the upper set as shown in the cut.

This was also hard and tiresome work, and consumed considerable time. In this, as in the "scutching," which comes later, there used to be professional or expert workmen who made a business of going about the country at the proper seasons to do this work—sort of itinerant specialists, who went from place to place, working by the day or by the job according as they were hired.

In this connection our veteran friend in the picture, who is now (August, 1907) nearly ninety years old, and who was for many years a neighbor and friend of Peter Galley, related to us a little "illustrated story" which Mr. Galley used to tell him, and which, with the old man's gestures and mimicking voice, was quite amusing. Mr. Galley, it seems, had had some trouble to get flax-preakers to do much good when employed by the day—they worked entirely too slow, for it went something like this: "B—y t—h—e d—a—y, b—y h—e d—a—y." (Illustrated in very slow, drawling sing-song tones as he slowly raised and lowered the "break.")

He therefore concluded he could get more work done if he would pay by the job, and after this, he said, the tune changed entirely, and sounded like this: "By the job; by the job; by the job, job, job; by the job; by the job; by the job, job, job," suiting the quick, rapid strokes on the machine to the double quick time of the rapidly uttered words.

Having thoroughly broken the flax, there remained the process of separating the more or less finely broken fragments of the inner stalk from the long, string-like fibres of the bark or outer layers. This was done by scutching and nackling it.

Scutching flax, while not such hard work, required more skill than had, been demanded by the previous steps in the process of preparation. The equipment in the way of implements for this part of the work consisted of a "scutching block" and a "scutching knife"—very simple little tools.

The "scutching block" was made by nailing a small board to the upright end of a piece of plank, or block of wood, some three or four feet long in such a way that the broken flax could be held in one hand and allowed to hang over the edge of the board while with the other hand the broken stems, or "shives" as they were called, were beaten out from among the stringy fibres by a succession of dexterous blows with the so-called "scutching-knife," which was not a knife, but a sort of wooden broad sword, usually made of hickory, about two feet long, rounded down for a handhold at one end, and a broad sword-like shape the rest of the way. (Fig. 5, page 214.)

After beating out the "shives" as thoroughly as possible in this manner, it is ready for the hackles. These are two in number—a coarse and a fine. Hackling is practically a course of combing. The "hackle" consists of a small board filled with pointed steel spikes some three or four inches long, the finer one of course having a larger number of spikes smaller and closer together. This steel comb is fastened to a block, or small trussel (see cut), and the flax is dragged through it repeatedly until the coarser parts are all combed out, and the light, silky fibres are left clean and straight and ready for spinning.

As will be gathered from the above description, there were at least two grades of tow by the time it came to the spinners—the "scutchin' tow" and the fine, or "linen tow." The first of these was rough material that resulted from the first hackling, and was spun into coarse thread for various purposes, such as the making of grain bags and heavy clothing for every-day wear; or after the boat building industries of the Yough grew up, there was demand for all the "scutchin' tow" that could be spared in this particular region for "calking" the boats.

The finer qualities of the tow were spun on the small spinning wheels into various grades of linen yarn, or thread, according to the use to which it was to be applied.

Spinning was the "fine art" of the flax industries, perhaps even more so than the weaving which followed it. Almost any one of ordinary handiness could learn to spin, but it required a person of unusual dexterity and skill, one with quick, nimble fingers, good eyesight and patient endurance to be a good spinner, hence the women, as a rule, were the spinners, and not all the female members of the family were equally skillful in the use of the wheel. Certain ones usually developed a special talent, or liking, for this part of the work and became the spinners in the family or neighborhood. Perhaps the mother in dividing up the household duties among her daughters chose the one or two she thought best suited for the work, and taught these to spin.

WOOL WORKING.

Sheep were comparatively easily raised, except for the attacks of wild anils in the very early days, and of dogs in later years. This latter trouble—raids of sheep-killing dogs—has been a menace to sheep raising, and is even the present days.

Just why otherwise harmless and valuable farm dogs should suddenly deop into a wolf-like slaughterer of dozens of these innocent and defenseless
mals in a single night has always seemed to us a little difficult to explain.
t such is the case, and many a fine farm dog has been regretfully killed,
her on suspicion or direct evidence, the morning after a neighbor's flock was
ded and depopulated of as many perhaps as 15 to 30 or more of its numbers.
r was it the lambs only that were slaughtered in this way, for the older and
bicest sheep of the flock were just as likely to fall.

Sometimes these slaughters occurred before the season's crop of wool had in taken, and then the dead animals had to be shorn where they were found the fields, for the fleece was entirely too valuable to be lost.

Occassionally it happened that one or two of these dead wool-bearers were found for several days, possibly a week or so later, having been chased a some adjoining field or to a distant or out-of-the-way part of the pasture. The of you, we know, will recall very distinctly the anything but pleasant task a had in recovering such a fleece. No shears were needed in these cases; process of decomposition had gone just far enough to render the use of ars unnecessary. All that was requisite was a stout stomach and the ability hold the nose and "pull wool."

* * * * * *

One of the early summer jobs that was often the occasion for a little ersion in your boyhood days was "sheep-washing time," for once a year the ik was treated to a plunge bath that was supposed to cleanse and purify the ce before it was shorn. We say supposed to do so, for we never could the understand how the submerging of the struggling animal a few minutes the early the water of the river some miles away, or the creek, or a dam in the process are also a great deal toward cleansing the accumulated grease and dirt in the wool. Especially did this look useless to us when, as often happened, flock had to be driven home after this annual soaking for several miles the dusty road and kept in none too clean a place until the shearing was the.

However, there must have been some practical good derived and perhaps it is the abuse of the custom—the "failure in technique," as we say in these entific days—that we condemned rather than the principle involved.

We have suggested above that "sheep-washing" was often the occasion for

a little diversion from the monotony of every-day farm work. This came about from two or three reasons.

In the first place, it usually meant a day, more or less, according to the size of the flock, away from home—out of the ordinary. It meant somewhat of a frolic, for, being a pretty big job, several helpers had to go along.

If the washing place was some miles away, help was needed to get the flock to the place, and, if perchance, you were fortunate enough to be able to construct a washing pool of sufficient size in some stream on your own farm, you still needed some extra help, for it would keep one or two men too long in the cold water; besides, it was more convenient to have some two or three persons out of the water to manipulate the flocks, corrall the sheep, unwashed and washed, into their proper pens, and conduct them to and from the water, so that the washer would not have to come out so often. This extra help, of course conduced to the excitement and sociability of the occasion, and just here the writer is reminded of another factor that sometimes entered into the levity and hilarity of the old-fashioned sheep-washing frolics. The water being cold, or the men being afraid of so much water on the outside, without some counteracting agency within, it was deemed a necessity to provide the crowd with a jug or bottle, the contents of which could be called upon in emergency or when some one felt that his "rheumatiz" would not stand the chilling, etc.

The writer has a very vivid recollection of one of these events that occurred in his early boyhood, in which he more or less innocently played a part, that, for a time at least, created a panic among the sheep-washers and threatened dire disaster to the boy.

It happened in this way: Not far from where the boy was at that time living, there was a good sized run in which in the early spring a sheep-washing dam had been built.

One day a neighboring farmer brought his flocks to be washed. There were several men in the party, including a well-known local preacher, a man of giant frame, tall and muscular, making him on such occasions a valuable help, for wrestling with a large frightened "bell-weather" in the cold water was not an easy task for a puny man. The party had not neglected to provide the usual antidote against rheumatism and "colds," and this the boy, in playing about in an adjoining field, had noticed was being rather liberally used. He also noticed as the forenoon wore on that the men appeared to be enjoying the work immensely, even the preacher and one or two of his pillars in the church seemed to be a great deal happier than he had ever seen them up at the little old meeting house where he had sometimes gone to "preaching." After a while one flock of sheep was finished, and all hands turned out to take these away and bring another lot from a field nearby.

This was the boy's opportunity. He quickly and quietly stole down to the scene of operations, where he found the unusually large medicine bottle, the popularity of which had already aroused his curiosity and suspicion.

Just why he should have been possessed of such a wicked thought with a

preacher so near he does not to this day know, but this wicked thought prompted him to carefully transfer the big bottle and its remaining contents from its seat of honor to a very humble and secluded spot beneath the bottom rail of the old worn fence not far away. Then he left that immediately locality, concluding that it would be safer not to play too near the water.

From an adjoining hillside he presently saw the shepherds returning with their flocks, the preacher naturally leading the way, as all good preachers should, apparently anxious to get back to the water, or something.

Just why he should have tarried on the brink of the pond and looked about him in such doubtful manner as if afraid of the water was something hard to explain of a Baptist minister. Presently all hands were seen to be in the same state of procrastinating doubt and disbelief, and the boy from the hillside could see that something was decidedly wrong and that the sheep-washing was being woefully neglected.

The men seemed excited and cast frequent glances toward the hillside, and the boy decided he would hurry home for fear it might storm. The preacher and his faithful band appeared to misinterpret this action, for they ran toward the boy, calling and even throwing stone after him. He did not have time then to wait to see what the men wanted, but the next day his uncle, with whom he was staying, sought an interview with the boy and with ill-concealed effort to appear serious proceeded to reprimand him for disturbing the things while the men were out after sheep.

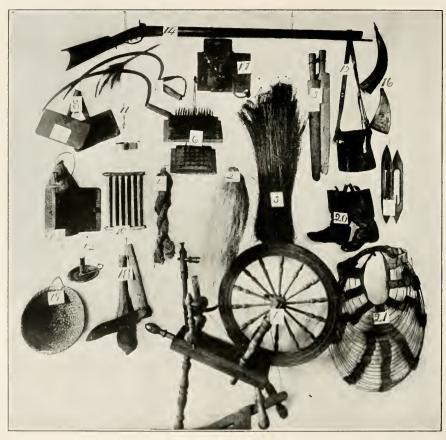
That big bottle may be buried beneath the old fence rail yet, nobody knows, but if it ever does have a resurrection it will be able to tell how at least one sheep-washing suddenly changed from "wet" to "dry."

Sheep-washing over, and warm weather having apparently come to stay, "sheep shearing" was next in order.

What a back-breaking job this was, especially with those old-fashioned short-wooled, wrinkle-covered sheep. Of course, if you had the long-wooled variety it was not so hard. The process of taking the fleece was usually done on the old barn floor, which was cleared of vehicles and swept clean. Here again many hands made shorter work. Neighbor helped neighbor, and the man that could shear the largest number of sheep in a day was much sought after, and there was often great pride in contesting for and holding the sheep shearing championship for the neighborhood.

It was not merely a matter of who could shear a sheep the quickest, but who could do it in the shortest space of time and leave the fleece whole and in best condition with the fewest "nicks" on the animal's hide, for it was hard to use those peculiar big shears rapidly without bloodshead, on account of the wrinkly hide, and the struggles of the frightened animal, which had to be held down on the floor by the shearer while he worked.

If skillfully removed, the fleece lay on the floor at the completion of the job with its inner and whiter side up, almost wholly in one blanket-like piece,



OLD-TIME REMINDERS. (From Author's Collection.)

- 1. Grandmother's spinning wheel.
- 2. Tow, on the "rock" ready for spinning.
- 3. Bundle of flax, unbroken, raised time of civil war.
- 4. "Hank" of flax yarn as spun on wheel.
- 5. Pair of "scutchin' knives," for scutching the broken flax.
- 6. Pair of backles, coarse and fine.
- 7. Pair of shuttles from old hand loom.
- 8. Wool cards, for carding wool by hand.
- 9. Pair of very old sickles. Wheat from wheatfield, Gettysburg,
- 10. Candle molds.
- 11. Old-time lard lamp.

- 12. Brass candle stick. Once used in lighting Flatwoods Church.
- 13. Old tin lantern.
- 14. Old long rifle. Especially used in fish shooting.
- 15. Shot pouch and powder horn for rifle. Over 100 years old.
- 16. Old Powder Horns. One bears date of 1766.
- 17. Old wall coffee mill that used to call us to breakfast as a boy.
- 18. Frow and mall for "riving" clap-boards and shingles.
- 19. Home-made bread basket. Made of straw and hickory splits.
- 20. Writer's first pair of boots. Red topped and copper toed.
- 21. Grandmother's hoop-skirt.



"REMNANTS OF THE PAST."
The "Big Wheel" (Used especially in spinning wool.)

The Reel.

ready to be folded and rolled and tied with the twine, which was either done by hand or by aid of the wool-tying table, which compressed it into the smallest roll and applied the twine.

At first, just as in the making up of the flax, it was all done by hand. A little later the carding-mill and the fulling-mill took off these rather difficult portions of the work of making homespun.

Of these, the first greatly shortened the time between the taking of the fleece and the spinning and carding of the wool with the small hand "cards," such as the pair shown in Figure —, in sufficient quantities for the winter's weaving and knitting was a slow an tedious process, but in the earlier days of our grandmothers it was the only way; and then after all this had been done, the cleansing and carding of the wool into the "rolls," the spinning of these "rolls" (or little slender batches of the straightened out fibres of the wool, about 18 to 24 inches long, and as thick as one's finger) on the "big wheel" into yarn, the scouring and dyeing of this yarn, and the weaving it either alone into flannel, blankets, etc., or mixed with flax yarn into linsey—after all this, we say, before these webs of woven goods could be cut and made into bedding and garments, it had to be "fulled" or shrunk and thickened.

In the time of most of those yet living to tell us of these things there were scattered here and there through the country fulling-mills, to which the people far and near took the product of the looms to have this final preparation before dyeing and making it up. But there are those still living who remember hearing their parents tell of the "fulling-bees" before the days of the labor-saving mills.

As was the case in many of these old-time labors, if they could be made the occasion for inviting in the neighbors, young and old, so that a regular frolic could be made of it, not only were the tasks more quickly done, but the natural demand for sociability, fun and diversion from the hard work of everyday life was in a measure supplied.

So, we are told, it was not an uncommon thing for the good housewife, on cutting her web of blanketing or winter cloth from her loom, to invite in the young folks of the neighborhood to full it for her.

This "fulling party," or "kicking bee," as it was sometimes called, was such a crude and curious affair compared with the young folks' parties of to-day that a brief description of one will not be out of place.

The floor of the largest room was cleared and cleaned and the goods to be fulled were thoroughly saturated with home-made soft soap and hot water and spread out in proper thickness in the centre of the room, surrounded by a row of closely placed seats. About dusk the guests began to arrive and prepare themselves for the fun, and work. Soon the seats were filled with some twenty or more hale and hearty "barefoot boys with cheeks of tan, with their merry whistled tunes and their upturned pantaloons," who grasped a strong rope extending around the circle and awaited the word "go." At the command, forty or fifty stout feet struck the soft wet mass of cloth, and the "machine" was running.

Quickly it got up speed, and on they went, jumping and thumping and banging and stamping with might and main, faster and faster, performing a veritable Indian war-dance, stopping now and then for a little rest, and to allow the web to be turned and refolded, or to add fresh soap and water from the nuge kettle hanging on the crane in the great open fireplace nearby, and then going at it again with redoubled effort, kicking and whooping and yelling with the water splashing and the foaming soap suds flying far and near.

This was great fun for the boys as well as for the girls, who watched on or helped add the soap and water, and who would occasionally give the merry dancers a shower-bath rather warmer than the law allowed, which would of course bring forth loud exclamations and howlings of vengeance against the girls.

Sometimes a smart "fuller" in attempting to outshine his fellows by some extra high kick or caper would lose his footing on the slippery floor and come down with a splash and a thud into the foaming suds, followed by the roaring aughter of the whole crowd.

In an hour or two the work was done; the cloth was well thickened and ready to be quickly carried out, so that the well-washed floor could be mopped dry and in a very few minutes the big table was in its place well filled with the cest the house could afford, to which the faithful "kickers," now "clothed and in their right minds," came with ravenous appetites because of the evening's mard work and frolicking fun.

After this feast, the table and chairs were again cleared from the room and all hands joined for the rest of the evening in games and dancing and all kinds of fun.

Once "fulled" and washed and dried, the cloth was ready for the tailor. The old-time large family, which has almost as completely disappeared as some of these crude customs of which we speak, often had within itself the tailoress, the shoemaker, the weavers, the spinners; so that in many instances, as the family of eight to twelve children grew up, each trained to his or her particular part in the work, they were trained and equipped to produce all their own footwear, clothing, bedding and table linen, doing everything right at home, except, perhaps, the tanning of the hides for the shoe leather, and there was usually a tannery not far away.

Where, perchance, the family did not have all its own trained artisans, the want was supplied either by taking that particular part of the work, as the shoemaking, for instance, to a neighbor who did have a shoemaker in the family, or by employing a journeyman shoemaker, who came and lived with the family until the year's footwear was all made up.

The same with regard to the clothing. As we have mentioned above, after the cloth was "fulled" it was ready for the tailor, who, if he be one of these itinerant artists, came and lived with the family until all were measured, the goods cut and fit and sometimes finished ready to wear, although the sewing, which, of course, was all done by hand, was usually done by the girls after the tailor got it ready.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM TWO CHARACTERISTIC OLD-

"The first day that I remember of being at school was when the teacher printed some of the letters of the alphabet that I could not remember on the palm of my hand with pen and ink, which almost broke my heart. I cried and cried, and finally one of the older girls washed them off and you may know how much she was to me after this.

I think there was nothing very striking in connection with our school days, but they were interspersed with work days at home.

I guess the most striking thing then was when we should happen to be standing at the head of the spelling class and had to take our places at the foot of a long class in consequence of being out of school for a day. You know in those days if a pupil was a good enough scholar and never missed class he could stand at the head for all time, but then it would be a proud time for us if we should happen to spell a word that the whole class would miss, and walk to the head of the class. I think likely we studied our lessons all the harder for having to stay out.

You know there was only one boy old enough to work, and there were four girls of us, and when father would be short of help we would have to work in the fields, carrying sheaves, dropping corn, picking up apples, potatoes, etc.; then our household duties were many, so that I guess our education was a secondary thing in our times.

You know we had no graduating exercises in those days for us to look forward to in the common schools, and when it was considered that we had education enough we stopped going to school. I was but a little over sixteen when I stopped going. Then we had our sewing lessons and spinning lessons. We spun flax and wool, and then grandfather gave us his loom (such a nice one it was) and taught us how to weave, and we spun and wove the cloth for the men's wear and flannel for our common winter dresses, also blankets, sheets and very nice towels and table linen.

You know grandfather was a very fine weaver, and he was so kind in teaching us how to weave. He was such a dear old man, you cannot speak his praises too highly. It always seemed like heaven to me to go to grandfather's home. But to go on with my story: We milked a large number of cows and fed calves and made lots of elegant butter (yon know we had such a fine place for keeping it) and sold it at six cents per pound. Then we raised a great many chickens (had to, for we had no meat market in those days) and sold the eggs at four cents a dozen in trade. Then we had a great deal of fruit of all kinds, and we spent weeks and weeks in getting it dried and ready for winter use.

Oh, those were busy days, but they were happy days, and as I think of it now amidst all our many duties we had much time for recreation and pleasure in the company of our young associates.

I think we were just as happy then as the young folks now, but it was in an entirely different way.

If we wished to go anywhere we either walked or went horseback. Our mail was delivered once a week at the Liberty Post Office by a boy on horseback, and if I chanced to be in the town when he came he would ask me to take a ride with him on the same horse, and would bring me home. Wasn't that fine?

Shoemakers would come to the house and make our shoes. The farmers cut their grain with the sickle. I remember what a wonder the introduction of the "cradle" was. I never saw a railroad train until 1852. We used to go to the neighbors to borrow fire if the fire should happen to go clear out, and the nearest neighbor lived about half a mile away. We had pine splits dipped in brimstone that if we would touch to the least spark of fire it would start a blaze, thus save us many trips for fire.

The first friction match I ever saw cost 25 cents a block about an inch square. I remember the first spool of cotton that ever came into our house. I thought the spool such a wonderful thing that I begged mother to let me have it when it became empty. I suppose I remember it more distinctly from the fact that mother set me to sewing a sheet and I used the thread double in order to get the spool empty the sooner, and I remember that she gave me a severe reprimand, and ordered me to rip all that long seam out and sew it again. You can imagine how such a seam would look sewed by a ten-year-old girl with a double thread. By the time I got the spool I think likely it had lost some of its attraction.

There is one thing in connection with our school days that I must speak of. It almost makes me tremble now when I think of it how we used to crawl on our hands and knees across the foot logs over Dickerson's Run when there would be a freshet, and the water would be rushing and foaming underneath, so much so that we could not think of walking across. There was nothing but the pare log, and as I think of it now it seems so strange that nothing better was provided, and that no one was ever drowned in crossing at such times.

When I was a girl I was troubled with asthma, or phthisic, as they called t then, and a man who came to our house one day, I suppose felt sympathetic or me, for he said to father: "You take that girl out to the woods and stand ter by a tree and bore a hole in the tree just above her head, and put as much of her hair in the hole as you can. Then plug up the hole and cut the hair off, and when she grows above that hole her trouble will be all gone." It was tever tried, so I cannot youch for it. Will give it to you for what it is worth.

Where in the world did you find that old man that works the flax break? He must be a Rip Van Winkle sort of man, for the whole scene looks as if it night be under the apple trees near father's corn house where he kept his flax, and the machine when not in use; and now for a companion piece you want he "scutcher" with his "scutching board" (a board nailed to a block to make t stand upright) in one hand, a bunch of flax thrown over the end of the board,

and in the other, a large wooden knife with which to "scutch" the shives out of the flax.

The "heckle" also belongs to that group, but our mother usually did that part of the work, thinking she could do it so that the flax would spin better than when done by any one else. She would do that in the work shop at her leisure. She would first heckle off the coarse tow with the shives in it. The men would make use of that; then the fine tow for spinning was taken care of very carefully. Each handful of flax as she heckled it was twisted and folded once together, a knot tied in the end and a whole bunch put together and hung up where the mice could not get any of it; then we girls spun the tow and flax and made it into cloth for sheets, towels and table linen, and then we spread it on the grass and bleached it until it was very white, and then we used our needles and thimbles.

The tow yarn was used for men's wear in the summer time for field and farm work. Mother would buy coton warp and then would color half and half of both the cotton and the tow what she called a "copperous" color—a bright orange. Then it was put in the loom—six threads of the copper and six of the white and we would put in the filling in the same way. This made something that would never fade and was considered handsome.

The general rule was to have a corn husking and quilting bee on the same afternoon; and then they danced in the evening, either on the main floor in the barn, or in the house as conditions demanded; but we were debarred any such pleasure as that at our house. Father thought dancing a very wicked thing, and I never saw a party-dance until after I was married and moved away."

(Mrs. Anne Middleswarth)

"In the fall of 1850 we had an applebutter boiling, and had all the neighbor boys and girls in to help us. It took until late at night to finish the boiling. We took turns, in couples, a boy and a girl at a time stirring while the rest played games in the yard, and father (who had been a widower for more than a year) seemed young and played with the rest.

Anna and I thought he was too old to cut up with the young folks, and we felt rather mortified at his conduct. Some time after that I overheard him talking to another young widower and they both said they were lonely without a companion.

The young widower asked father if he thought he could get me to be his wife. Father said he did not know; so in a short time I got a letter from him, asking if I would become his wife, and stating how nicely he and his former wife had gotten along, and what a nice home he had, and how many peach trees he had on his farm, etc. I wrote him that I was perfectly satisfied with my home, and not long after that he married another girl and made her a very good husband. A year or so after this father came home a little late one evening

and found me having some company. A young man was calling upon me and we were sitting by the grate fire when father came in, and the young man said to him: "Peter, what keeps you out so late this evening?" Father replied: "The same that is keeping you out so late, I guess."

Not long after that he told me he was going to be married and bring us a new mother. I then went to work and made his wedding shirt, stitched the pleats in the bosom like machine stitching as near as I could.

On January 22d he married the widow Stauffer, sister of Jacob, Joseph and Peter Newmyer. They were married by James Darsie. There was snow on the ground, and Conrad Walker had taken father in his sleigh, and by noon he came back bringing the bride and groom.

I had a fat turkey roasted and had some neighbors in to greet them.

That evening my brothers got some neighbor boys to come, and they serenaded them with horns and tin pans.

* * * * * * *

On November 5, 1854, Joseph Rist and I were married by James Darsie. We lived on a farm in the home neighborhood for five or six years, then in the spring of 1860 the farm was sold, and we started for what was then known only as "Pike's Peak." We took a boat at Pittsburg and went to St. Louis; from there by rail to St. Joe, Mo.; from there by stage to Brownville, Nebraska, where we loaded three wagons with provisions and cooking utensils, and traveled six hundred miles with ox-teams, landing at what is now Denver, about the middle of June, after forty days' travel from Brownville.

This whole journey from the East was filled with many incidents and adventures, and was completed only after a long series of hardships and discouragements. There were a great many Indians on the plains, and we were in more or less fear of their raids on our stock, but they did not molest us, and all got off in pretty good shape from the upset and break-downs and other accidents.

We found the town made up of a few little log shanties with tents stretched on top of them for roofs, and Indian squaws sitting around on the ground with papooses strapped on their backs.

We now have a city with 200,000 inhabitants."

(Mrs. Sarah Rist)



THE OLD HAND LOOM.

Hand loom built by 'Peter Galley and used in his family until his death in 365, since which time it has been in the hands of strangers who still use it for eaving rag carpet. This loom was discovered by mere chance while the writer as hunting for the house in which Jacob Galley had conducted the weaving usiness mentioned elsewhere.

We are sorry not to be able to present a better picture of this famous old ariosity, but it was with the greatest difficulty, and only after repeated efforts nat we secured any kind of photograph at all. While our little party, ranging age from young boyhood to the white-haired grandparents of 90, in whose ossession we found the loom, were gathered about contemplating all this vettran survivor of a former age had seen and done, it appeared to begin to speak to us and to tell us the story of its past, which the writer has endeavored to atterpret and put in verse, as

THE OLD LOOM'S STORY.

Come and hear now the story, ye gray-haired and young. Of one in whose glory no poet e'er sung. I'm the old family hand loom your forefather's knew, Come to bring from the past a brief message to you; Come to tell of the life and the times long ago And the wonderful changes a long life can show. For a round hundred years I've been working away, And have right now to ask you to hear what I say. You've grown old, some of you, and you justly take pride In recounting your years to the youth at your side; But though long the gray mantle of age you have worn, I was toiling to clothe you e'er yet you were born. Brush the dust from my shuttles, my cross-beams lay bare, For the hand marks of heroes are covered up there! Not the battle-scarred heroes of war's bloody fame, But the heroes of industry, pluck and good name. For the days when your stout-hearted forefathers wrought 'Mid the hardships and struggles that fell to their lot, To reclaim this good land from its wilderness state, And establish here homesteads and industries great, Were the days when stout hearts were as much in demand As were ever war's heroes on sea or the land. I was fashioned by hands just as brave and as true, In the battle of life as the world ever knew; Very humble, I know, 'mid that early day strife, Were those honest hard toilers who brought me to life, But the greatness of men is not measured alone, By the size of their names cut on tablets of stone,

And if you would allow an old hand loom to prace. I'd rather be good any time than be great. From the bak in the forest with implements crode, I was built as you see me, entirely of wood: I may be. I have fonce well the work that was given to me. And it that is the cest, after all, is in not. Both for men and machine, what sever their look.

िकार करार कारत कहा किया का कार के हमारेहर की कारती There is no firmon can be held so strange as my morin; For my long pury He has seen manges so great The you seems would believe all I now could relate. I would tell til the day when this somese-directed land To and fown he and near where your black owens stand, Never inserted met its sent in its stratuse below Held the families which that your lines years show: But just there let me say in its press for that wealth Your fair land has paid dearly in morals and health. I remember pure well int not then were this When an aute of one for numer follows was still— Now a mouseof noise first is the once you would pay For this very same one if you bought it to-day-When your grandmothers walk i many miles to the store To trade numer as any comes and fresh eggs as four And mongan bear in the bashers that home on their erms Empres some-empis to last them a mouth on the farms: When a mirri of a foller a few for good "heads" wind seme all the self that your farm-work femants: And a day was as long as the being of the sun. And a workman was report of how much he had done. What a married is the will the present-lay than When it will at him late is deposited in man Who wor days made by law and your mutus and such Men now man of now limbs menest of how more.

I sepail well the tail-way the flax break and seed.

And the wool-partie and handles and old spinning wheel.

And the out-team so slow than could hard such a load.

And the great drones of lime-stock that once filled the road:

And the turniples and coll-game the old-fashnoned ma.

And the stage rushing by with its frust-cloud and fin.

.

I must tall if the suntail house man long ago stood

Like a sentry on guard in the edge of you wood. There to drive back the old superstation and fear. While the "master" kept pay-school three months in the year. What a strange looking sight would that house be to-day With its walls built of logs, roughly chinked in with clay, Leaving cracks here and there, where the snow drifting through Added "light," oftentimes, as no teacher could do: I could tell of the quill-pens that stern master made. And the trade-marks he left on the backs that he Haved: Of the slab seats and desk and the old puncheon floor. Of the great open fireplace, and wood at the door, Where the boys came to choo, e'er the school day begun. Clad in clothes made from flax that their good mothers spun. Oh, a sight such as this would be strange now to see. And you'd gaze at that school, as you now stare at me; But 'twas just such a school, such a loom, too, as I That your grandparents knew in the days long gone by.

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And how poor was the world a brief time ago In those hundreds of helps that you now value so! Not a steamship was plying the great ocean way, Not a railroad or trolley in my younger day! And the telegraph, too, with its world-circling strands Had not yet made as neighbors the far distant lands. And I scarce need recall, when the first telephone But a few years ago as a mere toy was shown! Great inventions, these wires, but more wonderful still Men now talk without wires, 'round the world at their will! And the time-saving harvest helps farmers now use: Daily papers that bring all the world's latest news: The machine that can talk-what a marvel profound-And the wonderful X-Rays the doctors have found: And the arc light in place of the old tallow dip: And the searchlight that points out the way for the shin; And the bicycle, too, automobile and all, Whirring by at a speed that does truly appal! And content not with this you attempt now to fig. And s'er long your domain will be earth, sea and sky! You're in deep water now, with you're boats submarine, And you're up in the air with your flying machine. But before many decades, I have not a doubt, You'll sail 'neath the sea, and you'll fly all about. * * * * * *

All these wonders live seen, and a thousand times more.

Since your forefathers lived in the good days of yore. And without all of these, what a world it would be! But 'twas just such a world had a place here for me. And full well do I know, with the world moving on, This old loom must soon go where the past has all gone. I lament not the fact that my life-work is done, Neither wish myself back where that life-work begun; For I did what I could in the day that was mine, And my efforts, tho' crude, had a purpose divine. Every age plays its part; every hand-loom and man; What is crude at the start, slowly grows in God's plan. You may smile, if you will, at my looks crude and rough; If my part I fulfill, 'tis for me, quite enough; In this old world of yours, how we look counts for naught: 'Tis our work that endures when all else is forgot.



"LIKE A SENTRY ON GUARD IN THE EDGE OF YON WOOD." (Jefferson School, Franklin Township. Author's first teaching place.)

SUGAR MAKING.

Maple-sugar making used to be one of the most delightful events of the rm year. Like many other old-time practices, it has well nigh become a lost t. In sections of the country where maple sugar is yet occasionally made, there is less picturesqueness now and more effort to attain cleanliness and ake good pure sugar. In the days of the early settlers, maple-sap was often actually what they called "boxing" the trees; that is, by chopping a great coove in the side of the trunk and hollowing it downward so that the sap could collect in it. This method often proved fatal to the trees and had to be candoned. Instead of this, sometimes a notch was cut in the trunk at a contenient height and a semi-circle spout of some kind inserted. Beneath this cout was placed the old-time chopped-out sugar trough. At a later period, owever, the sap was obtained by boring a number of holes in the tree with a auger in which sumac or large elder "spiles" were driven, and under which tackets were placed.

The old-time boy was more concerned in sugar-making than any other ember of the family. As soon as winter began to relax its grip in March, he as out dipping into the maple trees with his jack-knife, and if the sweet ooze the tree responded he was jubilant. Without delay he hastened to the house tell the news, and his announcement was followed by no end of stir and externent in getting ready for work in the sugar camp.

The buckets, and all kinds of vessels suitable for catching the sap were unted up and scalded out. A supply of new spouts or "spiles" were made; sually the snow was still on the ground, in places at least, and a sled was used to haul the necessary articles to the camp. We have various descriptions of the detime sugar-making scenes from which we shall quote for the benefit of our eaders.

"The buckets were loaded on the ox-sled, together with three or four big lack kettles, axes, augers, spouts, a gun and provisions—often enough to last or several days. The sun shone brightly into the leafless forest and the snow as softening and settling. Spring was making ready to take possession of the woodlands. The robins were arriving, the squirrels venturing out, and the rows were beginning to call with their accustomed heartiness.

"Arriving at the 'camp' some of the men set out at once to do the 'tapping,' and soon on all sides the patter of falling drops mingled with the shouts and aughter, and the sound of the axe echoing far and wide.

"Years before a rough shanty had been made in the sugar orchard, and also was now covered afresh with boughs and put in order. Sufficient space before the door to serve for a boiling place was cleared of snow. Two heavy togs were here rolled nearly together, and a fire was built between them. A cout fork was set up at each end, and a long green pole was laid from fork to took.



"On this pole was hung the big kettles, possibly as many as five in all.

"The great fire was kept up night and day as long as the sap run lasted. Somebody was always cutting wood to feed it, and somebody else was busy most of the time sap gathering. One man had to give his entire attention to the boiling. He had to keep the kettles replenished, and he had to see that they did not boil over. This he prevented by dipping into the threatening turbulence a piece of fat pork tied to a stick.

"The boy helped enthusiastically at all these tasks, and frequently he had a little boiling place of his own with a small kettle and a fire all to himself.

"He boiled his sap down as rapidly as possible, and was not at all particular about chips, scum or ashes.

"He was also apt to burn his sugar; but if he could manufacture enough syrup to make a little sugary wax on the snow, or could scrape a little sugar from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle he was happy. He preferred the wax to anything else, and, in truth, the thick, hot syrup when dripped on the snow, did congeal into a delicious substance. Eating it was a long drawn out pleasure, for it dissolved very slowly.

"Occasionally the sugar makers boiled eggs in the hot sap or roasted potatoes in the ashes. One or two persons stayed in the bough shanty to keep the fire going all night.

"A run never lasted more than three or four days. By that time there was generally such a change in the weather—either too warm or too cold—as to stop the flow. There was then nothing to do but wait for a fresh start. The first 'run' was always the greatest in amount and the sweetest; there was always a purity and delicacy of flavor about the sugar made from it that far surpassed any subsequent yield.

"The liquid as it thickened was dipped from one kettle to another along the line, and in the end kettle it was reduced to syrup. Then the syrup was taken out to cool and settle until enough had been made to 'sugar off.'"

This final result was obtained simply by boiling the syrup until it crystaled. The sugar (?) was the climax of the woodland industry, and was done only ce in two or three days. Often it was made the occasion of an evening's plic at the camp. The neighbors were invited, the pretty girls came and ere was laughter and song and merry voices, and everyone are as much sugar the could. The trees around showed distinctly in the glare of the fire, which therefore the bough shanty, the hogshead, the buckets and the group of resons around the kettles. Not only did the sweets delight the palate, but the uation appealed strongly to the imagination.

At length the sap run of the season had been boiled down, the camp among e maples was deserted, the fire which had been burning its incense to the ities of spring was extinguished and silence again reigned in the forest.

Another of our old-time sugar-making friends tells us:

"It required some labor and expense to equip a 'camp' for sugar making, t once furnished the material lasted for many years.

"The necessary equipment consisted of furnace, kettles, sugar troughs, iles, sled, water barrel, funnel, buckets, etc.

"At the end of the sugar season these would be safe'y housed to remain til the next year. As soon as the icy earth began giving way to mild suniny days in the latter part of the winter, it was considered by the sugar maker the announcement of the near approach of sugar weather. At such times like indications the sugar troughs would be taken from the place of storage d distributed among the trees, the better trees getting the larger troughs, he water barrel underwent inspection, the funnel was refitted, the sled was paired, the pile of dry wood increased, tubs and buckets were soaked, shorter of spiles and sugar troughs was made good, furnace and kettles were cleaned deverything was made ready for the work.

"After this, the first clear frosty morning with the prospect of a thawing y, a man would be seen with an auger passing rapidly from tree to tree, esely followed by another one with a basket and hatchet, who drove the spiles d set the troughs as fast as the one with the auger made the holes.

"In a short time the surrounding forest seemed sparkling with the beauties the rainbow and echoing the music of falling wa'er, each tree dripping, dripng with the rapidity suggestive of a race and wager held by Nature for the e that first filled the assigned trough with sparkling gems.

"A 'run' of sugar water was dependent upon frosty night and warmer days, d when a number of consecutive days and nights remained above or below ezing, the sugar water would cease to flow, often making it necessary to move the spiles and freshen the auger hole at the next 'run' to insure the tural ability of the tree.

"The sugar manufactured in those days was made from the black maple, or gar tree. This tree was very productive. In an ordinary season it would not ten or twelve gallons in twenty-four hours, and during the season average ough for ten to fifteen pounds of sugar. The better trees have been known produce over fifty pounds each in an ordinary season.

"The sugar maker knew quite well the kind of days he could obtain a run of sugar water, and for that purpose one or more holes were bored into the tree three to five inches deep and the spiles driven in to conduct the fluid into the sugar trough. The spiles were made from sections of elder or sumac, eight or ten inches in length, shaved down to the pith from three inches of one end, which formed the shoulder, made tapering to fit into the auger hole, which was usually three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The pith in the shoulder and body of the spile was removed so as to form a channel for the water to flow through.

"The sugar trough was a short trough two to four feet long, made of some light wood as the white walnut, and was carefully charred on the inside to prevent the injury of the delicate flavor of the sugar. Many persons familiar with higher mathematics and languages named in the curriculum of Yale or Harvard, as well as words and phases used in athletic games and the manly art of self-defense, would be turned down if asked to describe or name the uses of many very simple things to the pioneers of three score and ten years ago."

No doubt, there are many of our readers who never saw the headquarters of one of these primitive "sugar camps" with its row of four or five kettles placed over a roughly built stone furnace, under an open shed, and near the kettles under this shed a hogshead or other reservoir to hold the excess of water gathered during the day for night boiling; the sled and mounted barrel with a sugar trough funnel; the sugar house near the furnace with its slab benches, gourd dippers and other primitive articles used in the manufacture of sugar.

This was the temporary residence of those running the camp, or the "sugar-house," the door occasionally showed a want of confidence by being ornamented by a heavy padlock and chain. This little building entertained many a jolly crowd.

It was the manufacturer's office, storeroom, parlor and bed room and restaurant. It was always a pleasant place to spend an evening, and still more, a delightfully sweet place on "stirring off" days, for then was the time to dip and cool the wooden paddle, and taste again and again the charming sweetness of maple sugar in its native purity; but in less than a century sugar trees, sugar troughs and pioneer sugar making had been classed with things of the past, scarcely known by the many and remembered but by a few.

When it is said, "In infancy he was rocked in a sugar trough," the language, to many, is as figurative, hypothetical and meaningless as "the lullaby upon the tree-tops." Many of the younger generations never saw this pioneer cradle. The ordinary use of the sugar trough was to catch and hold the sweet water as it dripped from the spile, but under certain circumstances good specized. The sugar was the climax of the woodland industry, and was done only ing a small somewhat spherical seed pod when near maturity. (Fig. 3, page —) The blossom was light blue or purple, and a field of growing flax is said to mens were devoted to other purposes, and eminent lawyers, doctors, statesmen and divines have proudly referred to their cradling days as those having been well spent in the pioneer environment of a sugar trough.

THE "SPELLING BEE"

In the old school house at one time had quite a place in the hearts of the young people. In certain neighborhoods and communities this now almost forgotten social and educational event was so enthusiastically maintained year after year that a generation of spellers grew up who had so completely mastered the orthography of the English language that a misspelled word was so unusual as to attract the attention of the whole community.

"Spelling matches" were conducted once a week in many of the local schools. These were usually held on Friday afternoons. The whole school practically would be turned into a huge spelling class. Two of the best spellers in the school would be named as captains, and they would take opposite sides of the house, and "choose up" until all who were old chough would be in time ready for the contest. Then the teacher would take up the old Osgood's Spelling Book, or indeed several books, and even the dictionary was often used for this purpose, and beginning at the head of one of the lines, pronounce page after page of words, back and forth from one side to the other, requiring each individual who missed a word to be seated, and continuing until all were down or until at least all on one side were spelled down by those on the other side, a sort of shooting-Indian game that often grew very exciting and led to no small amount of rivalry for championship honors.

This kind of training was often but the preparation for larger matches between rival schools of adjoining districts. One school would issue a challenge to another; a time and place would be determined upon and a whole evening would be consumed in trying to decide which school could produce the best spellers. The contest in these inter-district matches would be conducted practically as that described above, and as we can well imagine, the spirit of rivalry often led to very exciting times, even to the extent of bitter controversies and sharp words between the friends of the rival schools. The climax of interest and intensity would be reached when, after spelling some several hundred words, all but two or three of the best spellers on each side had gone down beneath the merciless fire from Cobb's Speller, the U.S. Speller or Webster's Dictionary, with the pronouncer selecting the hardest words he could find, until finally another would go down, possibly leaving but one up on each side, or one against two or three on the other side, with the house crowded with friends of the rival contestants waiting in almost breathless expectation that the next word would be the shot that would decide the battle, and so thoroughly did some of these old-time grown-up scholars know their business that for hours at a time the battle would rage with but one or two up on each side, until finally for want of time the contest would end in a tie.

These occasions, of course, attracted great crowds. The friends and sympathizers from the rival districts were there to see their champions win. Distinguished spellers from a distance came, and teachers from other schools, to assist in selecting and pronouncing words, and many young couples came just to have a place to go.

OUILTING BEES

were another source of old-time entertainment coupled with profitable employment. This time it was for the ladies alone. Remnants and scraps of all kinds of cloth that came into the house, or that was not entirely worn out in the garments made of it, were saved, and cut into patches of various geometrical shapes, and week after week at odd spare moments or while visiting or entertaining visitors were "pieced" or sewed into some selected pattern that would be considered attractive and beautiful.

When one of the thrifty housewives was finally ready with a "nine-patch," a "star," a "Roarin' Eagle of Brazil" or some other such fancy pattern, it was put into the frames and a dozen or so of the neighboring women were invited to the quilting. The quilters were seated side by side around the frames with their feet extending under the quilt, which was just high enough to be handy for working. With a chalked cord the quilt was laid out in lines for sewing. It was quite an accomplishment to be a fine quilter, and each one did her best. For fancy quilting the design was marked on the quilt with a pencil, then sewed around and stuffed in with cotton. These fancy quilts were made of red and green on white, blue on white or some such combination of colors, and were considered the acme of good taste and difficult work.

Every family had a spare feather bed dressed in one of these beautiful quilts, and truly they were beautiful, but just how close such "spare beds" and bedding would conform to our modern ideas of health and hygiene is a problem.

Of course, many of our female readers know all about the work of quilting, which is not by any means unheard of to-day, and we do not attempt to describe it in full. The opportunity thus afforded for sociability, for cultivating the powers of conversation and for developing the latent talent of spinsters and seamstresses to disseminate gossip has no doubt done much to prevent the full and free use of the tongue from becoming a lost art among the women of the present day. Hence we younger folks owe to the old-time "quilting bees" something more than the handsome and very useful products of their skilled needles and thimbles which we have inherited, and the younger folks of that day often owed much to these semi-social functions of their elders also, for we are told a quilting bee among the women was often accompanied by a corn-husking among the men, and that an afternoon thus spent in hard work for a neighbor, both in his house and in his fields or barn, could not help but bring permission for a "ho down" that night, and all hands, young and old, would dispel fatigue and banish care in a genuine old-time country frolic.

Many a bashful swain and blushing maiden found in such an after-frolic as this the first opportunity to "hold hands" and "whisper words of love" that finally led to the establishment of a new home, the piecing of more quilts and the holding of other "bees."

"And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party," etc.

also came in the fall or winter, for it required cold weather for this job. At first it was the "tallow dip"; such things as candle molds were seldom or never known among the pioneer housekeepers, and even long after they did come into use, many families continued to make their year's supply of "lights" in the good old-fashioned way. A cold, freezing day was selected for this work, which was done either by one person using a small, deep kettle, or if on a large scale, two persons were necessary. When two worked at it, the tallow was put into a big iron kettle over the fire, and while it slowly melted, the soft cotton cord-like wicks were cut and twisted and hung on smooth round sticks long enough to reach a little more than across the top of the kettle and holding from six to twelve wicks, according to the size of the dipping kettle.

Some twenty or thirty dozens of wicks would thus be prepared and made thoroughly dry, and when the tallow was melted the dipping began.

The kettle had to be kept full to the top of the melted tallow and for this purpose water was sometimes put in the bottom of the kettle to float the grease up to the top.

Then two workers took hold at the ends of the stick and dipped the wicks into the tallow; a drying rack on which to hang the sticks had to be close by, and this first dipping required extra attention, for as the wicks with all the tallow they would hold began to cool the women had to strip them down and see that they hardened straight and smooth. After this initial dipping the work could progress rapidly. While dipping one set of wicks, another had cooled sufficiently to be re-dipped, and this process was repeated over and over until the "dips" were of proper size.

Some of the old-time superstition was apt to crop out in candle making, as indeed it did in many of the domestic duties and doings of the earlier days. For instance, on candle-making days, some families were careful to shut up all the cats or small dogs, for not only might they disturb the "tallow dips" while they were on the racks hardening, but if a cat or dog ran under them before they were put away it was a sure sign they would burn over a corpse before the end of the year, or if a candle was broken during the making, it was an accident greatly to be deplored, for it foretold a break in the family circle before the year was out.

old

sion

While this process of "dipping" was a much more speedy way of making candles it did not produce the neat, round, smooth article turned out by the "candle molds." After these useful helps to the "light problem" made their advent into the farmhouse kitchen, anyone almost could make the candles, whereas it required one of skill and experience to "dip" a lot of respectable looking lights. The molds, which were made of tinplate, contained apertures for from six to a dozen or more candles. They were used by threading into each of these individual tubes, a wick similar to that used in making the "dips," suspended on small rods or sticks across the top of the "molds" and emerging from the orifice at the tapering point end of the tube below. The wick suf-

ficiently plugged this lower orifice to prevent the hot tallow from escaping when poured in at the hopper-like top of the molds.

Having thus filled the molds, they were placed to cool, after which by means of the sticks on which they were strung they were, with a little care, removed in good shape and were then hung away to the sleepers overhead in the cella where the rats and mice could not reach them.

The old brass candle-sticks of various patterns and designs, the iron "snuf fers" and the "molds" once so familiar in every farmhouse, are, in these days of magic press-the-button lights, little more than "moldering relics of a former age."



"RELICS OF A FORMER AGE."
(Winding a bobbin for the Hand Loom)

OTHER HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

In these days, with every home supplied with, or having within easy reach, all the books, periodicals and newspapers that can possibly be made use of; and with musical instruments as common as spinning wheels once were, the young folks sometimes wonder how their grandparents ever managed to spend the time, outside of the regular daylight working hours.

We are assured, however, that there was plenty to do, even in the long winter evenings. The sewing necessary in the making of the family clothing took much time, for in the earlier days it was all done by hand, even long after Elias Howe's wonderful labor-saving machine was put upon the market most families could not afford or obtain one. Then there was the knitting of all the woolen footwear. This was something always on hand. The good housewife never failed to have her "knitting" ready to pick up for a few minutes or an hour or two whenever she chanced to have occasion to sit down or when visiting or receiving visitors; that is, when not engaged in some of the more formidable occupations, such as spinning or quilting; and then there was carpetrag sewing which could always be worked at by the girls, and boys, too, for that matter, when nothing else was urgent. Of course, when our grandmothers and great-grandmothers did indulge in the luxury of carpets on the floor it was home-made rag carpet, and rags had to be collected and sewed for many months sometimes before enough for a carpet was obtained. As these sewed rags could be kept indefinitely, and as carpets would always be needed, we can easily understand how sewing carpet rags, like knitting and mending garments and piecing quilts, could partake largely of the characteristics of Tennyson's Brook, and go on forever, almost, in the old-fashioned large family.

Any one could soon learn to sew carpet rags, young or old, male or female; there was not much sewing skill required, hence the boys, for fun and amusement, often joined the girls in an evening's carpet-rag sewing, making a regular "carpet-rag party" out of it.

It seemed that an individual was never too young nor too old to sew carpet rags. It was usually the first sewing a girl learned to do, and as in our own old grandmother's case that, with sewing quilt patches, was the last she was able to do, having scarcely quit it yet at the age of ninety-three.

When the writer was a small boy, almost as long ago as he can remember, he learned to sew carpet rags and to knit, as he sat at this same old grand-mother's knee, and admired the curious workings of her nimble fingers that resulted in endless yards of carpet rags, or that so strangely transformed the equally endless strands of yarn into stockings and mittens, the like of which for warmth and wear he has never found since.

There was quite a useful lesson in the doing of these things, a lesson we would do well to learn more often to-day. Knitting taught patience, as did the



THE OLD CHIMNEY CORNER.
(Where the writer learned to sew carpet rags and knit)

sewing of carpet rags and quilt patches; and they all taught economy and thrift and industry; taught how to do much with little, and how to make every spare moment profitable by transforming, in time that would otherwise have been lost, a single thread of yarn into clothing, and bits of waste cloth into carpet or bed quilts.

All the old scraps of cloth about the house were made use of for one or the other of these purposes. Old dresses, coats, cast-off wearing apparel of all kinds—if it were strong enough yet to be torn or cut into strips about an inch wide and anywhere from one to three or four feet long were pressed into service for carpet rags. Odds and ends too small for this purpose were cut into quilt patches, so that practically nothing in this line went to waste. The strips just referred to were sewed end to end in one long string and wound into balls weighing from two to four pounds, and when after a time enough of these balls, or enough pounds of sewed rags were gotten together, they were taken, along with the proper number of pounds of cotton "chain," to the carpet weavers, or perhaps they were woven into carpet right at home on the old hand-loom.

Speaking of this economic turning to account of the odds and ends in the old-time home, reminds us of another almost forgotten art that once served the

same purposes, namely, that cf soap-making, but for want of space we shall only briefly mention this one-time familiar home industry.

Our grandmothers made their own soaps chiefly for two reasons: First, because they needed soap, and, second, because in most instances they could get it in no other way.

If they could buy soap at the stores it was a needless expenditure of hardearned money for something they could make for themselves out of the material that would otherwise go to waste. Besides, most of these good housewives preferred their own make to the "store-soap."

The two materials necessary for soap-making—fat and alkali—were comparatively easily obtained, only requiring, as in the collection of carpet and quilt material, a little time to accumulate a sufficient quantity.

"Soap grease" was obtained by saving all the scraps of fat mezt, lard, tallow, meat skins and the general "off haul" from the kitchen; or perhaps the bulk of it kept out for that purpose at the butchering time.

The lye was made by soaking wood ashes in water by means of the old "ash-hopper," which was so constructed as to hold a large quantity of ashes. and having an opening draining into a trough, or a vessel of some kind at the bottom, so that water could slowly percolate down through the hopper, extracting the alkaline salts from the ashes and yielding a dark strong liquid lye in which the grease was boiled until by chemical action it was saponified or turned into "soft-soap." This was made in large quantities about once or twice a year and kept in barrels, kegs, crocks or jugs ready for use for all purposes, whether for the toilet or laundry. "Hard-soap" was also made in much the same way and cut out in blocks, or cakes, which certainly never lost their strength with age, for we have very distinct recollections of using old-hardened cakes of home-made soap when a boy that not only removed the several lays of dirt that usually encased a country boy's hands, but it appeared to us, always carried away one or more layers of skin with it. The mention of soft-soap in jugs reminds us of a practical joke that was one time played by a well-known Franklin township citizen on one of his equally well-known neighbors.

These two men were noted for their fun and tricks on each other, and one cold winter morning one chanced to meet the other coming along the road with a jug in his hand. Now in those days at least nine out of every ten jugs you would meet contained whisky, which, as our readers know, was home-made and cheap. It was therefore quite natural for Mr. A. to conclude that Mr. B.'s jug contained whisky, so after most cordially greeting his neighbor and receiving just as warm a greeting in return, Mr. A. remarked that as it was a very cold morning, and "seeing you have a jug of whisky, Mr. B., I shall be glad to take a drink with you." This was the opportunity Mr. B. had been longing for for months to pay back some old scores, so he very cordially acquiesced as to the coolness of the morning and assuring this friend that the jug contained as fine an article as could be found in the country, he raised the jug and bade Mr. A. to help himself.

His need lesses for a final remission by the very neutral tosposality with which he indust was professed lesses. Which is apply the jug to his lips and begin to final with a great test it substitution. We the little was a very short the sid was influently in the which lessing in the up to the ground and the military was influent to the property of the up to the ground and the military military first the very side of the side was influent.

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bread Basker.

Among the practical places that the going roles need in play most earn other and expensely upon a neverthelp in the respondent of was the move at the number of the family. This as we retail naving beaut it from the or the numbers of the family was something like the following:

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This point that was in the tipe of character to encourage the one was played upon him. He was possed and full of him and which might be raised somewhat "allian" so that the young believes to the designormant were plane and to have some a lost and to pay him take for some of his "alliantees".

It was faithful in take him 'single huming'. It course he said tenter had heart of 'single huming' heart for some time paints he introduced hum, he hands of the game and the manner in huming o were takefully emphasis in him, and handless resterns hade in it is he presente unif his introduced was greatly aroused.

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Needles it say the party ener gently a say distance from our similar teacher friend hastened base in the noise vibere that vibral information of the fresche until the return in the noises vibra entire and taken trees.

The cast well imagine the sport that our interest last or the engage of the reaction that their winner. In was only necessary in figurial "state building" to quiet him on any and all rulescomes.

This same trice, under a different name and performed in a somewhat independ manner, was practiced in the earlier far by the Direct Defeater Femsystems, as the obligating regima will indicate.

West the close of Dunner the sons and indigness in a rather interests in a partie of the parties of the property of the proper

wits was there—a whole team in himself. This was George, the farmer's son, for several years a married man who resided on an adjacent farm. He loved fun and the society of young folks, and they in return equally loved him, for his company was sought wherever amusement was desired. It was on this occasion when the short hours had pretty closely advanced that he introduced with the most impenetrable gravity the subject of 'Elbedritches.' This novelty at once brought the attention of the company, especially of the more credulous, who listened in gaping astonishment at his marvelous disclosure respecting their original habits and haunts, also when captured from their rarity the fabulous prices their skins brought in the market. According to his account, with the occasional assistance of one or two others, it was finally arranged or rather understood that 'Elbedritches' were small animals of various colors, sometimes white, sometimes brown or black, but often striped and that their chief value consisted in the extraordinary beauty and the fineness of their fur, which was to be obtained in the greatest perfection only during the coldest weather of winter. It was further stated that they abounded only on the highest hilltops and could only be captured on the coldest and windiest nights.

"To secure them it was necessary for several persons to hold a large sack or blanket extended in such a manner that when started up or pursued the small animals could easily be caught.

"It was supposed with the first suitable occasion several dozen at least might be bagged. Before the breaking up of that company that night it was observed that some of the aforesaid remarks had made an impression from the anxious inquiries that had been made respecting them, and several freely expressed a willingness to try their hands at the business.

"On an evening of the following December at the same farm house and in that same kitchen were assembled the whole household, with perhaps two or three exceptions as to the old folks, besides several visitors of the neighborhood. In one corner of the room on a table at work was a journeyman tailor who was a keen lover of jokes and whose eyes were full of mischief. Nearby on a stool sat a traveling cobbler engaged in repairing shoes—a gullible, simple-minded fellow. In an opposite corner seated over a spade was a German who had been recently bought for his passage. He was busily shelling corn in a tub for mush and feeding the chickens in the morning. His name was Henry, and he was of an awkward sluggish disposition. Near the centre was a single woman, but for some time out of her 'teens' who was following her regular profession—I mean—spinning. In another corner a hired girl was ironing at a table. With these exceptions the rest were chiefly seated in a kind of semi-circle in front of the huge fireplace where a bright, blazing fire of hickory afforded nearly light enough to illuminate the ample room.

"After all kinds of things had been talked over, and the corner clock had for some time struck nine, who should enter but George, our wag. The moment the tailor observed him, he said in the greatest glee: 'You are the very man for us, now is the time to catch E'bedritches.'

"Thus the subject was at once introduced, and as may be well supposed, there were some profound speculations as to the nature and character of these strange animals. However, before ten o'clock the evening work had all been finished, and the requisite preparations made when the party in the most buoyant spirits started for the summit of the highest hill in the whole country.

"The night was clear and cold and unusually windy. Every star in the deep, blue firmament seemed visible and to shine with more than ordinary lustre as

if to compensate for the moon's absence.

"A light crest of snow lay over the landscape and materially contributed to banish all ideas of gloominess.

"George and the tailor acted as pilots, and struck a bee-line across some three or four fields of gradual ascent before they attained the bald open side of the summit.

"While on the journey, Henry, with true German thoughtfulness, related that with his share of the prize money he meant to purchase himself a pocket-knife and a pair of mittens. The cobbler said that he should want a hat and coat and some tobacco; the spinner and hired girl on the night of the apple-butter boiling had fixed on a bonnet surmounted with ostrich feathers and decorated with red and yellow ribbons with ear and finger rings to correspond.

"Our sanguine party at length attained the brow of the hill and found themselves in the centre of what might be called a "Common," extending over some ten or twelve acres of ground, with here and there an occasional patch of whortleberry, or sweet fern bush.

"George, business-like, unfolded a blanket and stationed one at each corner, giving explicit directions how they should stand, hold and use the same, so as to insure success.

"He and the tailor then started for the adjoining woods, which more than half encircled them, to start up and drive to the blanket, as they said, these Elbedritches would do.

"It will at once appear that as soon as they reached the woods by a circuitous route, they hastened to the home to see how long the party would stay to
freeze over their credulity. After the tailor had left (although unknown to
him), he started up a rabbit close by Henry and the cobbler who both observed
it thinking that the Elbedritches were already beginning to make their appearance.

"As the four stood there with the extended blanket, the wind kept howling most dismally through forests, and by sudden fits would almost take them from off their feet. They were, however, pretty well provided against the cold, excepting Henry, whose hands began to suffer for want of the mittens, who, strange to say, had so ardently expected by this freezing, to have them warm in the future.

"After waiting for about half an hour and seeing neither Elbedritches, the tailor nor George, the hired girl and the spinner declared they could stand it no longer and therefore started for home.

"Henry having now carefully wrapped his hands in one corner of the blanket, began to feel more comfortable and agreed with the cobbler to hold on a while longer, especially since they had been encouraged by what they had seen with their own eyes.

"Here, then, on the bleak northwest summit of the highest hill in the country in December's coldest night with several inches of snow on the ground and buffeted by the howling tempest in the dreary hours of midnight did our two heroes stand holding a blanket and waiting for Elbedritches.

"Would as their chronicler I could give them immortality, for they certainly deserved it.

"Nearly one o'clock Henry and the cobbler were compelled to succumb, half frozen and woefully disappointed. As they entered the kitchen they found George and the tailor seated comfortably before the fire engaged in a pleasant chat over a plate of apples and a mug of cider.

"The spinner and the hired girl had some time ago retired sullenly to rest. Our men, who were in quite an agreeable mood, now expected a regular blowing up, but the contrary was rather the result, for Henry and the cobbler from a quarrel on the way home had now gotten into an earnest discussion about a matter that turned out as novel as it proved unexpected.

"It appeared that just after they had started for home, and the cobbler being some twenty yards ahead, Henry saw something come from out the fern bushes close behind him, and observed it to be a handsome little animal striped with black and white. He quickly took the blanket from under his arm, and, holding it outspread with extending hands, rushed on the object, which in a twinkling he had gathered in and rolled up in a heap.

"He then called the cobbler, telling him that he had certainly caught an Elbedritch. The cobbler in the greatest excitement hurried back, not knowing exactly what he meant, and seeing him point to the blanket, from his unbounded curiosity anxiously thrust his arm inside and part of his head, but as suddenly withdrew, venting curses loud and deep on the unfortunate German. Thus among the three the night was rendered the more hideous by stench, cursing and quarreling. The blanket with its prisoner was reluctantly left behind, and in this plight and mind the two deluded victims had entered the kitchen.

"George and the tailor were at last compelled to retire, the former to his home and the other to his bed, thus leaving the two before the fire warmly discussing the difference between Elbedritches and Skunks.

"The cobbler contended that they were entirely distinct, the former being aerial or spiritual things with all the angelic graces and virtue, though in an animal's garb, while the latter were of the lowest origin bent on the Devil's errand, aided by one of the vilest compounds distilled in the lowermost regions.

"Henry, stupid as he was, firmly maintained his opinion. He instanced how well the description that had been given of one agreed with the other, besides, as neither were known in Germany, they must certainly be the same. As for the smell, whether it was a usual accompaniment he did not pretend to

know, from having had no previous experience, and as to its being celestial, terrestrial or helestial in origin was more than he could understand.

"Thus the night wore on and this learned discussion about Elbedritches came to a close as the two from the effects of their exposure went to sleep on chairs before the hearth."

SQUIRREL HUNTING.

Our fathers and grandfathers take great interest, many of them, in recounting their squirrel hunting days, just as others, and even some of these same persons do in recalling their old-time fishing sports.

Gray squirrels were once very plentiful all over this Yough region, and hunting them with the rifle was a favorite sport, in which many of our older citizens were once very proficient. We are told that in the good old squirrel hunting days, almost every boy old enough to handle a rifle could put a ball through the head of a squirrel three times out of five, or even better, on the tops of the highest trees. No one in those days would think of shooting a squirrel except in the head.

The destructive shotgun had not yet come into general use. As the timber was gradually cut away, the squirrels naturally became less plentiful, and a great deal more tact and woodcraft were demanded of the successful hunter. With the increase of population, the destruction of the timber and the replacement of the old muzzle-loading rifle with the double-barreled shotgun, the gray squirrel has been practically banished from the region, and thus another of the old-time pleasures has yielded to the destructive advances of civilization.

Aside from the interest in gray squirrels as a source of pleasure and profit to the old-time rifleman, there is something singular in their history that may be interesting to our readers. Sometimes in the course of a few years these beautiful but destructive inhabitants of the forests would become so numerous in certain regions as to give great annoyance to the first settlers, even threat-cning the destruction of whole crops and devouring at times great quantities of corn in the fields. And then, all at once, and as if by common consent, they would gather up and migrate to some other part of the country. Stories of these migrations sound almost incredible in the light of the present day scarcity of the animals, but we have it on reliable authority that in the early times these migrations often took place in such vast numbers that it would require many days for the marching columns of several miles in width to pass any given point.

At the commencement of their march they were said to be fat, and to furnish an agreeable article of diet, but towards its conclusion they became quite poor and sickly and many of them died of disease or perished by thousands in attempting to cross the streams that lay in their course.

When a region had thus been depopulated, the squirrels were scarce for some years, when they would again multiply to great numbers, emigrate and perish as before.

The cause of this peculiar action has never been satisfactorily explained. It cannot be the want of food, for the districts or countries they left were often as fruitful, or more so, than those to which they directed their course.

A good story is told by an old lumberman, who, in the early days of steamboats on the Ohio River contracted to deliver on board the steamboat 100,000 shingles at one of the landings.

The sningles were stacked on the bank of the river ready for shipment. A few days after, the lumberman heard that most of his shingles had been stolen and that it was probable they had gone to Pittsburg.

On receiving this unwelcome news he drove down to the river to look after the condition of things. Before he reached the place he found the woods alive with squirrels marching toward the river. On his return he was asked what discoveries had been made. The reply was: "The shingles never went to Pittsburg. They all went down the river and it is useless to look in Pittsburg or any other place for them. I got to the river just in time to know all about it. You see, the squirrels were marching across the river at this point, and the commanding general is not much on a swim, and he carried one of my shingles down to the water and rode over on it, and every colonel, captain, lieutenant and non-commissioned officer did what they saw their general do, and finally the rank and file made a raid, and I got there just as an old squirrel came down to the water dragging a shingle which he shoved into the river, jumped upon it, raised his brush for a sail and over high and dry, and when near enough to the other shore leaped off and let his boat float down the stream.

"As soon as these observations were taken in I went up on the high bank where the shingles had been placed and found there was not a shingle left. They are down the river, gentlemen, down the river."

This story receives a shadow of support from the learned and cautious Buffon, who observes: "Although navigation of the gray squirrels seems incredible, they are attested by so many witnesses that we cannot deny the fact," and in a note on the subject he also says: "The gray squirrels frequently remove their place of residence, and it not unoften happens that not one can be seen one winter where they were in multitudes the year before. They go in large bodies and when they want to cross a lake or river they seize a piece of the bark of a birch or lime, and, drawing it to the edge of the water, get upon it and trust themselves to the hazard of the wind and waves, erecting their tails to serve the purpose of sails.

"They sometimes form a fleet of 3000 or 4000, and if the wind proves too strong a general shipwreck ensues, but if the winds are favorable they are certain to make their desired port."

"WILD GOOSECHASING."

This account of the migration of gray squirrels reminds us of another fact of natural history along this same line with which all our readers may not be familiar.

We refer to the passage of wild geese back and forth across this region in the spring and fall. In the fall of the year, say along in late October and November, great numbers of these noisy travelers left their summer habitat along the Great Lakes and migrated to the more genial climate of the southern waters. It was always looked upon as an unfailing sign of the approach of cold weather when the greese began to go over. Once in a while, however, they appeared to have made a mistake and a considerable period of warm weather occurring after their flight would cause them to return to the north and later go south again. At the approach of warm weather in the spring they made the same journey northward. They usually traveled in large flocks and at quite a distance above the earth, possibly a quarter of a mile or more, for they looked very small, and their peculiar squalk, which attracted attention to them, sounded as if a long way off in the sky.

Their flocks assumed various shapes, the most common of which was that of a huge wedge, with one old gander in the lead, with two, four, six, eight, etc., gradually spreading out into the body of the wedge behind him. We used to have great amusement when that familiar far-away squall announced the passage of a flock of geese trying to count them before they got beyond the reach of the eye. Often thirty to fifty or more would be lined up in one of these flying "wedges," keeping together as neatly and regularly as if joined to each other by some invisible cord running throughout the flock.

Occasionally one or more stragglers would be seen laboriously beating his way along in the rear as if the flight was proving too much for his strength. Once in a while a flock would approach quite near to the earth, so near, indeed, as to attract the attention of gunners, who would often follow firing after them for quite a distance, but seldom or never succeeded in getting the coveted roast, for a flock that looked to be quite within gun-shot when some distance away was found to be entirely out of reach of the best marksman when he succeeded in getting under them.

Many a squalling flock in its slow fight across this region has thus been chased from hill to hill by some excited swain who felt sure the geese would alight on the next ridge of hills, or would be so low as to be easily killed by his gun, only to find when the hill was reached that his game was as far away as ever, and that he had had his "wild-goose chase" for nothing, thus giving rise to that familiar expression so often used to denote a fruitless or foolish business venture.

WITCHCRAFT.

One who has not previously given any attention to such things will be greatly surprised at the widespread belief in witches and their mysterious influences that must have one time prevailed throughout all this section of the country, and, indeed, in every new community before popular education had gained the predominance.

He is almost equally surprised at the tenacity with which such superstitions hold on among a people where they have once gotten a fairly good start.

It only requires a little inquiry among the older citizens and a tolerably close observation as one goes about in any rural district to-day to demonstrate to his entire satisfaction that there was a time not many generations ago when witches actually had their abode among us, and that hundreds of persons who now laugh at the idea of a "real live witch" are yet unconsciously or secretly paying their little tribute to the throne of ignorance where once their ancestors worshiped boldly and blindly. Such persons, of course, will not admit that they are in the least superstitious, and they try not to be, but it is very difficult and takes a long time in the history of a people to entirely root out the results of ignorance and evil once sown broadcast upon so fertile a soil as that of a newly settled country.

This fact is also demonstrated in the readiness of a certain class of people in every community to eagerly lay hold of every religious, medical or other fad that comes along if it chance to be clothed in a strange or mysterious garment, thus showing the constant tendency to relapse towards that state of society that once admitted witchcraft without a question because, forsooth, it furnished a ready-made cause for many effects that were as yet unexplained and unexplainable.

There is not a particle of doubt that many of the notions of religion, and medicine, and science in general, and of the numerous and varied combinations of these notions that are blindly accepted to-day, will be thrown on the same dump-heap with withcraft just as soon as popular intelligence has arisen to the place where it can grasp the real explanation of the phenomena involved in them. In medicine, for instance, we have seen wonderful cures wrought by the more or less intricate and complicated machinery of some supposed new method of treatment, that were wholly explainable on the simplest principles of truth that have been known and practiced under one name or another as long as the history of man.

And we are equally sanguine that we have seen much under the name of religion what perfectly sincere and honest people have thought to be the workings of the most commendable religious convictions, that, in our own humble opinion, were but the manifestations of every-day hypnotism and hysteria. This is meant as no criticism on medicine or religion, far be it from the writer's

purpose to even suggest a slur at either, but it is only used to illustrate the point we make, namely, that much of the belief and practice of any age must necessarily be found false, and therefore discarded in the light of the greater knowledge of the age that follows it.

We cannot wonder, therefor, that in the early days of our country all manner of afflictions and misfortunes were prone to be attributed to witches. In fact, anything that in the rather limited extent of knowledge could not be well explained or accounted for any other way, was charged to the mysterious influences of witchcraft

Strange or incurable diseases, especially among children; the death of cattle, horses or other live stock, failures to accomplish certain kinds of work; destruction of all kinds of property were among the many evils ascribed to this source.

In the very early day there were also wizards as well as witches, but these seldom exercised their mysterious powers for bad purposes. In fact, the powers of the wizards were exercised almost exclusively, it is said, to counteract the evil influences of the witches. No one ever knew just how or by what means these witches accomplished their evil purposes; in fact, no one was supposed to know except the witch herself; her's being the darkest of the occult sciences, else there would have been no witches or wizards. We find in conversing with older folks on this subject that here and there at rather distant intervals were cld women, usually some poor old widow or deserted grandmother who probably lived alone, who were accused of being witches. We have in mind now an cld log house that stood for many years in an out of the way place, as many of these old houses of the early day did, located away off from the road, and which as long as we can remember was known as the "witch house." Here lived all alone for many years in the days of our great-grandparents an old woman generally supposed by the community to be a witch.

That this supposition had some ground in fact, or that it was more than a mere supposition, an accusation conclusively proven at least to the entire satisfaction of many of her neighbors, the following little incident will demonstrate. Now witches, it must be borne in mind, do not go about on their errands of deviltry in natural or human form, and this particular old witch had long been thought to assume the shape of a rabbit, or more correctly speaking, perhaps, "to turn to a rabbit" when on her raids.

This suspicion and fear was finally confirmed in the following manner: A party of men were out 'coon hunting one night—this being one of the more common old-time sports—when towards morning the dogs got after a rabbit and ran it so closely that to escape capture it jumped through a broken pane in a low window of this old hillside cabin, much to the disappointment of the dogs and to the astonishment of the hunters, who, when they arrived on the scene and began to look inside for the rabbit, found instead the old woman sitting there panting for breath as if she had been running a long distance. Of course it did not take long to put fact and fancy together and make out a clear

case against the poor old frightened creature. The identity of the witch had now been established beyond a doubt, and for the rest of her days the old woman that lived alone on the hillside was shunned and feared as a deadly foe to the welfare of the neighborhood. Rabbits, too, were everywhere placed under suspicion, for it was not known just what particular one might chance to be the guise under which the old witch was making her nightly depredations upon the community. As an evidence of this, it is related that a certain well known farmer in sugar-making time was alone in his sugar camp one night about ready to "syrup off," when he caught the glimpse of a rabbit running past his sugar-house, and a moment later his kettles, with all their contents were completely overturned as if by some unseen hand. This was too much for the old gentleman, and he deserted the "camp" and made for home without delay. He was not a coward and would not have run from anyone he could see, but a witch was not to be trifled with, and that this destruction of his syrup was the work of the old witch of the hillside there could be no reasonable doubt, for he had seen the rabbit.

No wonder such a mysterious and destructive being should be looked upon with fear by the rural folks far and near, for not only did she upset kettles of syrup, but she upset many a plan or undertaking that was of more value than the boiling sweets. She caused whole fields of grain to go bad; fruit trees to fail to do their duty; cows to give bloody milk, and even milked the cows at times in a most mysterious and witch-like manner.

For instance, it was said that the witch fixed a new pin in a new towel for each cow that was to be milked, then hung these towels over her door and by means of certain incantations milk was extracted from the fringes of the suspended towel after the manner of milking a cow.

The death of horses, cattle, hogs or any kind of stock was of course attributed to the witch, who also put various animals under "spells" and malign influences which could only be broken by the most heroic methods.

This leads us to say a few words as to the various ways of trying to destroy the witch or break her "power."

Here we meet some very subtle problems; we shall not attempt, however, in our limited space to fathom the philosophy of witchcraft, or even give a lengthy account of the subject in general, only such as pertains to the region under discussion, and that only as we have very hastily gathered it from the traditions still lingering with many of the older citizens.

There were different ways of breaking the influence of a witch or of casting a "spell" on her that would restrain her evil acts for a time at least. For instance, when cattle or dogs were supposed to be under the influence of witchcraft, they were burnt in the forehead by a branding iron, or when dead their bodies were burned to ashes. Fire was a most potent remedy in combatting witchcraft. It inflicted a spell on the witch that could only be broken in one way, and that was by her borrowing something from the family by whom the "spell" was produced. Indeed, this was considered the only way the witch had

of relieving herself from the "spell," no matter how inflicted, and we are told this was once so thoroughly believed that women on whom there rested the slightest suspicion as to witchcraft, were often refused requests which would otherwise have been granted without hesitation, and good persons, entirely innocent of the cause of their refusal, have been nearly heart-broken when they learned why the usual neighborly kindness had not been shown them.

There prevails, we find, entire uniformity of opinion as to the fact that there was but one way to wound or kill a witch, and that was to shoot it with a silver bullet. Of course, this did not mean to kill the old woman, but referred to killing the rabbit or other small animal that personified the witch. One of our neighbors told us of a man who pounded his silver cuff-buttons into a bullet with which he killed a troublesome witch. As all of this was over a hundred years ago we can easily understand that ammunition for witch hunting was not plenty; then, too, it was no easy matter to detect the right animal to be killed, and finally even when one had enough silver for a bullet and knew what to shoot, he was just as apt to find that the devining old tormentor had bewitched his gun and thus saved the life of the witch.

Another method of curing the disease, or removing the influence exerted by a witch was to draw the outline or picture of the supposed witch on a cardboard or stump and shoot it with the bit of silver. This inflicted a painful and sometimes mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding to the part of the picture struck by the bullet. We spoke a moment ago of burning the bodies of animals supposed to have died from the influence of witchcraft. If this were done under the proper conditions it was said to be an infallible method of either driving off or breaking the power of the witch. One instance will serve to explain this method of treatment should any of our readers ever have occasion to use it.

This story can be easily verified by any one who will take the pains to make a few inquiries among the old grandmothers in the region of Washington's Bottoms or Perryopolis.

A certain farmer who had had several cows and horses die was told that if he would burn the next one to ashes without leaving the fire or saying a word to anyone while it was burning it would drive out the witch and he would lose no more stock.

He concluded to try it, and when some time after this a valuable horse died, he hauled the body to a distant out-of-the-way spot and built a great logheap about the dead animal and began to burn it. Before the fire had progressed far a messenger came running in great excitement to tell the farmer his mother was suddenly taken extremely ill, and that he should come at once or she would be dead from the horrible pain she suffered. The farmer, of course, forgot his task and rushed to his mother's home. When he arrived, however, his mother was much better and soon recovered. But this had interrupted his burning out of the witch and it was not long until he lost another horse. This time his neighbors persuaded him that he must stick to his task

and burn the animal according to directions, no matter who or what called him.

He determined to do so, and after getting the huge fire well started, word was again sent to him that his mother was sick. This time he heeded not, nor spoke to anyone until the animal was completely consumed. Then he returned to the house and to his astonishment found his mother had died, and that, too, at the very hour when the bonfire had been at its height. There could be no doubt about it now—his own mother had been the witch that caused all his trouble, and henceforth there were no more mysterious deaths among the live stock of the neighborhood.

Many such stories as we have above quoted might be gathered in any community whose settlement dates back a hundred years or more ago, and it is interesting to note the gradual disappearance of the belief in such superstitions; each succeeding generation showing less of it in direct proportion to the growth and distribution of popular education.

Ignorance is always associated with superstition, and the relative amount of intellectual development of any age or community can be well estimated by the extent of the belief in witchcraft, signs and other superstitions which we find to have prevailed at that time or place.

We are apt to console ourselves with the thought that all of this kind of foolish thing was "very long ago," and that our ancestors at least never had any part in it. Do not, we beg of you, be too sanguine about this. You may not have to go far beyond your own age and family to find ample evidence, if you look closely enough, to convince you that the day of haunted houses, graveyard ghosts, and "real live witches" was not as far back along the pathway of progress as you may have imagined. You might even yet, if you will look around, find a house here and there in which it would be considered almost suicidal for families acquainted with the circumstances, to attempt to live.

If you would search the hog troughs or the stable doors in almost any neighborhood you would very probaly find a horseshoe there, presumably for "good luck," but in reality, to keep the hogs or the horses from becoming bewitched. If you were raised on the farm you have often heard of the "churning" becoming bewitched; you might even have found a silver coin in the bottom of the churn, kept there to keep out the witches, or if you were watching on from some secret hiding place you may have some time seen the witch driven out by whipping the churn with a witch-hazel bush or burned out by placing in the bewitched cream a red-hot flat iron.

We boast of our present-day enlightenment and civilization, and we smile at the credulity of any community that could have tolerated such conditions as we have just described, but let us not be too exultant. There are enough remnants of this same superstition in every community, and we were about to say, in every one of us if it were separated out and shown to us in its true light, to make us blush with shame. We would find no one to-day, perhaps, in the more enlightened communities, who would believe for a moment in witches, but if we could get an honest confession we would find hundreds of people every-

where who are frightened at the import of a dream; who secretly shudder at the howling of a dog, or the ringing of the so-called "death-bell" in the ear, who will risk bodily harm to pick up a pin on a crowded street for good luck; who have nailed a horseshoe over the door for the same reason; who consult the signs of the zodiac, that relic of paganism that still clings to the calendars, as regularly as they do their Bibles; who plan their work and plant their seeds with religious faithfulness to the phases of the moon; who would no more think of whistling before breakfast than they would dare to disregard the fatal influences of Friday or the number "thirteen."

We are told that the good old sugar-maker before referred to, whose kettles were so mysteriously capsized, was such a strict Covenanter that he would go through his camp on Saturday evening and turn his troughs upside down to prevent their gathering sugar water on Sunday, and yet with all such religious strictness we cannot help but question the type of Christianity that will permit its possessor to believe in ghosts and witches; neither can we quite understand how one can be a good Christian, sincere and unshaken in his faith, and at the same time allow an unlucky number or day, a dream, a horseshoe, or a sign in the calendar to have a part in the control of his or her daily life.

MEDICAL.

Did time and space permit it, very much of interest could be written along the line of bodily afflictions and diseases in the days of the fathers, and of the old-time remedies employed in their treatment.

Naturally, the privations and hardships of the early settlers led to much physical suffering, in spite of the fact that, as a rule, they were an unusually rugged and hardy class of people. We can little realize at the present day, with all this land so wonderfully changed and with our homes surrounded with every convenience and luxury, just what was encountered when the country was new. With the scanty protection often afforded by their cabins; the scarcity of the proper quality of clothing; the frequent and prolonged exposure in all kinds of severe weather; the entire absence of sanitary and hygienic measures in homes and communities; the lack of drainage for the soil, and the tremendous growth of wild weeds and smaller vegetation which gave rise to what in many sections amounted to almost a scourge of all kinds of annoying insects; and not by any means the least harmful annoyance, the great number of poisonous snakes that infested the land—with all this, we say, it is small wonder that there was a great deal of sickness, and, comparatively speaking, many deaths. The greater wonder is that they got along as well as they did.

As we see it now, there were perhaps three factors in their manner of living which had most to do in counteracting these baneful influences, and in thus enabling so many of them to escape disease and death.

These were their great amount of out-door life; their simple diet, and their

almost entire freedom from the present-day nerve-racking strife after social, educational and financial position.

Of course, in the early days of the settlement and development of this region, there were practically no educated physicians within reach. Occasionally there was to be found a man who posed as a doctor, who had "read medicine" with some one perhaps, or in rare instances, had even "been to the lectures," but the practices of these so-called doctors, when they were to found, were often as crude and ineffective as that of the backwoodsman himself, so when the pioneer was wounded or stricken with disease it practically amounted to a question of "survive or perish," "fight it through alone and get well if you can, or die if you must."

One of the earliest writers of this period says: "For many years in succession there was no person who bore even the name of a doctor within a considerable distance of my father's residence. Whether the medical profession is productive of most good or harm, may still (1820) be a matter of dispute with some philosophers who never saw any condition of society in which there were no physicians and therefore could not be furnished a proper test for deciding the question.

"Had an unbeliever in the healing art been amongst the early inhabitants of this region he would have been in a proper position to witness the consequences of the want of the exercise of this art. For the honor of the medical profession I must give it as my opinion that many of our people perished for want of medical skill and attention. Gun shot and other wounds were treated with slippery elm bark, flax-seed and other poultices. Many lost their lives from wounds which would now be considered triffling and easily cured."

This was written nearly a hundred years ago of a condition of society prior to that, and yet the writer has seen just such foolish practices in the present day; even seen lives lost at this advanced age of the world from ignorant and foolish attempts to "draw out the poison" of wounds with somebody's homemade or quack salve; or poultice an abscess to a "head" with flax-seed, bread and milk or some such concoction which only served to cause the loss of valuable time that should have been used to prevent or cut short the process of disease and destruction going on in the tissues.

Continuing, this writer says: "My mother died in early life from the tread of a horse which any person in the habit of letting blood might have cured without any other remedy. The wound was poulticed with spikenard root and soon terminated in an extensive mortification. My father died of an 'hepatitis' (inflammation of the liver resulting from an attack of malaria that could have been cured with a few doses of quinine) at the age of about forty-six. He had labored under this disease for thirteen years. The fever which accompanied it was called the 'dumb ague,' and the swelling in the region of the liver, the 'ague cake.' The abscess bursted and discharged a large quantity of matter which put a period to his life in about thirty-six hours after the commencement of the discharge. Thus I for one may say that in all human probability I lost both of my parents for want of medical aid."

Naturally enough, rheumatism was one of the most common afflictions among the early settlers. It was treated, as a rule, by external applications, such as the oil of rattlesnakes, geese, wolves, bears, groundhogs and pole-cats, which was rubbed in before the fire.

Coughs and pulmonary diseases were treated with a great variety of decoctions and syrups, in which spikenard and elecampane played an important part. Little or no relief is said to have come from such syrups, and they must certainly have done harm to the digestive tract at least. The diseases of children were mostly ascribed to worms, for which a large dose of common salt; scrapings of pewter spoons, or green copperas (sulphate of iron) were given.

Many children died of croup, or what was called "bold hives." The most common remedy for this was the juice of roasted onions or garlic given in large doses. For fevers, sweating was the general remedy and was produced by large doses of strong decoctions of Virginia snake root. Patients were denied cold water and fresh air, and many of them died or afterwards had dropsy or consumption.

White walnut-bark, made into a strong tea, and given in half-pint doses, was a common medicine, we are told, for digestive disorders. "When intended for a purge, the bark was peeled downward; when for a vomit, it was peeled upwards."

The "itch," which was a very common disease in the early times, was commonly cured by an ointment made of brimstone and hog's lard.

Burns were treated with poultices of Indian meal, scraped potatoes, roasted turnips and slippery elm bark.

"For the bite of a rattle snake or copper-head a great variety of specifics were used. I remember when yet a small boy to have seen a man bitten by a rattle snake brought into the fort on a man's back. One of the company dragged the snake after him by a forked stick fastened in its head. The body of the snake was cut into pieces of about two inches in length, split open in succession, and laid on the wound to "draw out the poison" as they expressed it. When this was over, a fire was kindled up in the fort yard and the whole serpent burned to ashes by way of revenge for the injury it had done. After this process was over a large quantity of chestnut leaves were collected and boiled in a pot. The whole of the wounded man's leg and a part of his thigh were placed in a piece of cleatnut bark fresh from the tree and the decoction poured on the leg so as to run down into the pot again. After continuing this process for some time a quantity of the boiled leaves were bound to the leg. This was repeated several times a day. The man got well, but whether owing to the treatment bestowed on his wound is not so certain.

A number of native plants were used for the cure of snake bites, among them the white plantain held a high rank. This was boiled in milk and the decoction given the patient in large quantities.

Cupping and sucking the wound and making deep incisions, which were filled with salt and gun powder, were amongst the remedies for snake bites.

It doesn't appear to me that any of the internal remedies used by the Indians and the first settlers of the country were well adapted for the cure of the disease occasioned by the bite of a snake."

"Charms and incantations were in use for the cure of many diseases," says the same early writer. "I learned when young the incantation in German for the cure of burns, stopping blood, toothache and the charm against bullets in battle; but for want of faith in their efficacy I never used any of them."

Erysipelas, or "St. Anthony's Fire," was circumscribed by the blood of a black cat. Hence there was scarcely a black cat to be seen whose ears and tail had not been frequently cropped for a contribution of blood. At a much later period we find where the same remedy was employed in the treatment of "shingles." Our informant tells us that it was necessary to get a cat that had absolutely no white hairs on it, kill it and apply the blood to the shingles, and, lo! your patient's life is saved, for you know if this belt-like affection extends around the body and meets it is sure death. The blood of a black cat will keep it from meeting, although I never saw a case meet, even where this remedy was not used, but it is a very reliable treatment and would be used much oftener than it is, if it were not for the bad luck that always goes with killing cats."

Cats were not the only animals used in early-day medicine. Live toads were said to be a great remedy for "white-swelling" or other form of abscess or running sore. They were used by tying them on the afflicted parts and letting them remain there and cry or squeal until dead.

A remedy for whooping cough was to take the child to the flouring mill and give it a good shaking up in the hopper. If the case was of only ordinary severity, this would be sufficient, but if it proved to be exceptionally obstinate, a favorite remedy was to "find a stallion, run him until he snorts, then have the patient inhale his breath."

Another remedy for croup was to "saturate a thread of woolen yarn with turpentine, pull it through the fingers to remove the excess and tie it about the child's neck." Persons troubled with nose-bleeding were advised to wear a black, not a white, ribbon about the neck.

In addition to the large decoctions of all kinds of horrible herbs and the smothering and sweating used in fevers, as noted before, we find in some localities it was considered good practice to poultice the feet of a fever patient with horse-radish leaves and similar strong applications for the purpose of "drawing the fever out through the feet," certainly a very worthy purpose, and going after it by that route was apt to be fraught with a great deal less danger to the patient than the pouring into him by mouth of the gallons of disagreeable and entirely useless "herb-teas" above referred to. One of the good old grandmothers tells us that in her girlhood days headache was cured by "cutting a lock of hair from the crown of the head and burying it under a stone on the north side of the house." That is easy enough and beats the celebrated so and so headache powders of to-day all to pieces, for no depressed hearts from acetanilid poisoning can come from that!

She also states that in her community asthma had a somewhat similar treatment, namely, "bore a hole in a sweet-apple tree, put a lock of the patient's hair in it and plug it up." There must have been something very efficacious about this method of treating asthma, or "phthisic," as it was also called, for we find the older people everywhere tell us of this same remedy applied perhaps with slightly different "technique" in different localities, but the essential features of which were the same.

For instance, in some reminiscences quoted elsewhere, it is told just how high to bore the hole and when to expect results. A very estimable lady whose picture appears in this volume says that in her case a poplar tree was used, and a bunch of her hair plugged into it, "and I was never bothered much with the phthisic afterwards, but then I might have outgrown it, anyway." Such skepticism! How could any one doubt the efficacy of such a widespread and longestablished remedy?

Judging from the number of persons who have tried this treatment, or who have seen it tried, we must conclude that phthisic was formerly a very prevalent complaint, especially among girls. This conclusion is also strengthened by the statement of a lumberman who has been cutting timber all through this region for the past thirty or forty years, and who says that he has found many a tree with the tell-tale hole and plug in it. We can easily understand, in those cases that were not as promptly cured as others, or that persisted in spite of this time-honored treatment, how failure could have resulted from not selecting the right kind of a tree; from putting in too much or too little hair; from boring the hole too high or too deep; or driving the plug in too tight! Perhaps it was on account of these numerous opportunities for error to creep into the method of applying the treatment, that it has dropped so completely out of use at the present day.

There were those who believed firmly in the efficacy of rubbing a child's jaws against the side of a hog-trough to cure mumps. There was no getting away from their testimony, for they had seen it done and knew it would surely cure if done right and at the right time. Why, they had even seen where one member of the family was a great deal worse than the others, simply because he had not bowed down to the hog-trough, as the others had done. What better proof could any one ask than this?

Many of our older readers, we are sure, have often heard of the wonderful curative properties of "sheep nannie tea" for measles. The writer has often been told of the use of this particular brand of barnyard pills, but he could never quite get any one to admit that he had used the remedy in his own case.

If any of our younger readers do not understand what is meant by "sheep nannie tea" let them ask their grandparents, but don't ask any one if he ever took the "tea," for he won't admit it, if he did, no matter how much good it did his measles.

Baby's sore mouth was considered almost a necessity, at least for one attack; some even went so far as to say it was good for the child, which perhaps

could not be healthy until it had an attack. Many queer remedies were used to cure it. One was to gather nine small twigs from a peach tree, and after drawing each one through the mouth of the afflicted child, bind them together and hang them in the chimney; as they dried up from the heat of the fireplace the sore mouth disappeared.

"Yaller janders," or jaundice, was cured by digging a sod by the roadside and hanging it in the chimney corner.

A harmless, if not entirely effective method of stopping bleeding from the lungs, was to place an axe under the patient's bed. When all other poultices failed, one made from fresh cow manure was sure to produce results.

All kinds of remedies were employed to remove warts. One that never failed was to steal a dishrag, rub it over the warts, then bury it. When the rag rots the warts disappear. Hundreds of others equally effective could be given.

The older folks were supposed to know the medicinal value of almost every weed and shrub that grew, and a long list of plants could be named whose special virtues were once largely depended upon to preserve the family health. For instance, the Jamestown weed was smoked for asthma. The juice of ripe pokeberries dried in the sun was a specific for cancer. Sourdock root made an ointment for itch and tetter. "Life-everlasting" was made into poultices for "drawing swellings to a head." Burdock root and blackberry root were made into "teas" for dysenteries. For other forms of bowel trouble the steaming vapor from mullein was used. Bonset, or thorostem tea, was a stand-by that could be used for fevers, colds, rheumatism, ague and a host of other things. Grape vine sap would make the hair grow. Elderberry bark, made into a salve with suet, was just the thing for sores and burns. "Sassafras tea," especially when made with sugar water, was not a bad substitute for coffee, and a favorite "spring medicine to purify and thin the blood." Pennyroyal tea would produce sweat and break up a cold, and the old reliable catnip tea for colicky babies was an absolute family necessity; and so we might go on through the whole botanical catalogue. Nature is a great healer, and "time cures many ills." Our forefathers seemed to have learned long ago what the quacks and side-branches of medicine are feasting on to-day-that most diseases get well themslyes, and that some simple, harmless decoction of plant or shrub would serve to satisfy the mind that something was being done, while time cured the patient.

MEDICAL. (Continued.)

Old-time Healers, Grannie Vernon, etc.

Not only were all kinds of medicinal agents used for the cure of bodily ailments and afflictions, but here and there throughout the country in the days of our great-grandparents at least, and some of them down to a much later date. were to be found individuals, usually old women, possessed with some supernatural or mysterious healing powers, to whom confiding folk went with their afflictions from far and near. And many and wonderful were the cures thus wrought. With doctors so few and far away we can little wonder that in their ignorance of the cause and nature of disease, these worthy ancestors of ours availed themselves of every cure that was heard of even to the witch-like mysticism of these specially qualified o'd women. Disorders of the blood, chronic complaints of various kinds and especially "bealins," abscesses, felons, gathered breasts and the like were prone to be sent to these "healers," and many persons yet living can tell you, either from their own childhood experience or from stories told by their parents, of felons put back, rheumatism cured, "watery blood" restored, and all kinds of aches and pains made to vanish almost miraculously by the touch or ceremony of one of these gifted old-time healers. instance, one of the old grandmothers used to tell how, when she was a young girl nearly a hundred years ago, she became pale and sickly looking from "thin blood," and her mother took her on behind on horseback many miles across the country to a "healing woman," who rubbed her all over carefully from above downward and then "bled" her in the foot. Nothing but water was said to come from the "bleeding." The awe-inspiring old healer then gave her some decoction made from herbs and sent her home, and, lo! she lived to be ninety years old. Another grandmother remembers to have had one time a beginning "catarrh" of the hand, which was taken to old Grannie Morris, a famour pow-wow healer of the Redstone region, who held the hand and said queer things over it for half an hour, and the palmer abscess never materialized, the pain quickly left and the hand was well, thus adding another wonderful "cure" to the old lady's long list of successes, and another welcome coin to her accumulated treasure, for seldom did the recipients of such miraculous cures fail to leave a small donation, which we suspect was usually looked for.

Perhaps the most famous of these old-time witch-healers within the time and territory comprised in our sketches, was one who lived far beyond her own day and generation, and was therefore known to many who may read this book. If you ever lived in the neighborhood of East Liberty you have surely known or heard of "Old Betsy Vernon," widow of Warner Vernon, who for many years maintained a tannery a few miles out on the road from East Liberty to Flatwoods. As long as the writer can remember she was the oldest woman in all the country around about—tall and stooped and wrinkled and

shaky, impressing one with the thought that she was but the tottering, timeworn ruins of a once magnificent specimen of physical development, which she no doubt was in her youth, and when she died at the ripe old age of 104, there probably died with her the secret, and the last remnant of that peculiar and mysterious old-time healing power, born of superstition and ignorance, and handed down from generation to generation until finally destroyed by the advent of free schools and a more liberal education.

We have said she was shaky. As we remember her now, she was one of the most pronounced cases of Paralysis Agitans, or "Shaking Palsy," we have ever seen. This is a nervous disease that seldom causes death and never gets well, and old Grannie Vernon, with her peculiar shaking of the head and hands, her strong-smelling pipe—for she was an inveterate smoker—and her fame for curing all kinds of "gatherings" or abscesses, was long a familiar character throughout this region.

From boyhood up we had been accustomed to hear of this woman's mysterious powers and often we had wished for some excuse to put her to the test. Finally our opportunity came. One of our schoolmates, a boy of about our own age, had a very painful swelling of the thumb, which, to all appearances, was going to be a felon. We had little trouble in persuading him to go with us to see "Old Grannie." We were delighted, not that our chum had so much pain, but that we would now have a chance perhaps to fathom the mystery of the tan-yard "healer." If we remember correctly, it was on a Sunday afternoon when we two boys stole quietly off across the fields to the old log house by the roadside. We dared not let our parents know where we were going, for we knew we were going more for fun and investigation than we were for any good we expect to get out of it, besides, it was Sunday.

Old Grannie was at home smoking her pipe and shaking away as usual, and was soon in full sympathy with the afflicted thumb. Yes, it was a felon sure enough, and she had the power in the palm of her right hand to cure it. She would hold it tightly in her hand, as she had held hundreds before, until the pain passed from the suffering victim into her own hand and arm, after which he would go away cured.

This looked fair enough and we assured our chum there could be no harm in trying. He did so. The good old woman took the thumb into her withered, trembling palm with a great deal more sincerity, we confess, than was possessed by either the owner of the thumb or his companion. We watched carefully for the expected "incantatious, rights and ceremonies." She said there were none. She had no "words" to say. To her there was nothing mysterious about it. It was a "power" she had in the palm of her hand, and that was all there was of it. To her that "power" was as real and as tangible as the silver quarter my friend placed in her other hand. We were impressed with her simple-minded honesty and sincerity. How, then, did she get that "power"? Perhaps she would not object to telling two school boys who would be greatly interested in knowing? Certainly not. It was a simple story. At

three different times, which, of course, had to be, according to certain traditional rules, her grandmother had made her hold a live ground-mole in the palm of her hand until it was smothered; this all had to be done before she was seven years old, and having done this according to the prescribed manner, she ever afterwards had the "power" to heal with the palm of her hand. Just whether the recital of this simple bit of superstition robbed our boy friend of the necessary "faith" or not, we cannot tell, but for some reason or other, the magic healing failed to work, and the deep-seated abscess of the thumb had to be opened and treated by a physician in a less poetic but more effective way.

Such is the story of "Old Betsy Vernon." You would smile now at the credulity of any one who would go to such a person for healing; but you would not have to search long in the community where this, or some other old "healer" has lived, to find persons even to this day whose faith in such things is unshaken, for how can they help but believe what they have seen with their own eyes?

It may be barely possible that some of you who smile the loudest are at this very moment carrying in the deepest corner of one of your pockets the time-honored horse-chestnut to prevent rheumatism; secretly wearing around your neck a silk thread to prevent quinsy; or silently worrying over the unfavorable predictions of a fortune-teller, in whom of course you do not believe, but whose silly words you cannot quite banish from your mind. No, so long as these things are true, superstition is not all dead, and our readers would be more than human if some of them, at least, have not at one time or another gone off after this or that medical cult, "new method of healing," "nature's restorative," "mind curer," religio-medical "faith healer," "bone setter" or a hundred other pseudo-scientific, or quasi-religious fads, fancies or frauds, which have sometimes deceived the very elect themselves, and which from time immemorial have sprung up under one name or another, and have clung to the outer edges of the real garment of science, like the scavengers and vultures that follow around about the camp of a great conquering army. But we need not despair that this is so; that a "Grannie Morris" or a "Betsy Vernon" could have a following among intelligent people; that an enlightened age should furnish adherents enough to keep sundry false cults alive. It has always been so. In the history of medicine there never was a propaganda so erroneous, a method of practice so utterly absurd that it did not number its devotees by the thousands, and that, too, among the most prominent, and sometimes the best educated people of the land. This would be a reflection on the intelligence of the race, sad enough, indeed, were it not far overwhelmed by the fact that thousands of the world's very best men and women are always and everywhere devoting their lives, unselfishly and without price, to the working out of the problems of disease, and the prevention of sickness and suffering. To the man or woman who is a physician in very truth; who follows the science and art of medicine unlabeled by any dogma or name; who, like the Great Physician, goes about doing good, untrammeled by any ism or pathy, there is something inspiring in the thought that his is the most uniquely unselfish and humanitarian of all the professions or vocations of life. It is the only calling followed by man in which, if he were to accomplish its highest ideal—the prevention of disease—he would take away the very means by which he subsists. And the real science of medicine is moving with great strides toward this very ideal. We wish space would permit even the briefest summary of what has been done in this direction in a single lifetime. We wish even more, that we might enumerate a small part of what we confidently believe will come in the near future from the following up of the steps already taken. For instance, the discovery but a few years ago of bacteria as the cause of disease, has already revolutionized the healing art, and has placed under control, if not practically abolished, diseases that less than fifty years ago annually carried away one-tenth of our population; and the possibilities of this one discovery are only just beginning to be realized.

Antitoxins, serums and vaccines are now being carefully worked out in the great laboratories and medical centres of the world, that must soon place in subjection other great devastating diseases, the same as has already been done with small-pox, diphtheria and other once dreaded scourges.

The opsonic vaccines which have barely been announced to the world are apparently destined to work wonders along many lines. And all this is the direct result of one discovery made less than fifty years ago. Not only is this true in medicine proper, but in surgery and midwifery the results are equally marvelous.

The discovery of bacteria led to the perfecting of antiseptics, or substances to kill bacteria and thus prevent wound infection, and the practical application of the principles of antisepsis to all kinds of surgery and to midwifery, though only dating since 1876, has in that short time wrought marvels most wonderful and beneficent.

The death rate following all manner of operations has been reduced fully 50 per cent., and not only has antisepsis saved a half more of those operated upon, but it has enabled the surgeon to hopefully operate upon fully 50 per cent. more of his patients, who, prior to its use, must have died for want of operation. Thus it may truthfully be said that at least a hundred per cent. more lives are saved to-day, in the field of surgery alone, than were saved fifty years ago. Not only has all kinds of surgery been made comparatively safe, but more merciful still, it has been made painless by the discovery of anaestheses, which also dates only since 1846. But this is not all. Fifty years ago it was no uncommon experience for physicians in attendance upon women in childbirth to have from five to ten deaths out of every one hundred cases. Now, thanks to our knowledge of antisepsis, the maternal mortality has been reduced to almost nothing. A physician with whom we are well acquainted has attended over three thousand cases without the death of a single mother.

Far be it from the writer to appear in any way to boast—God knows we have little enough to boast about yet—when he humbly states that in the ten

years he has been in practice, during which time he has had a fairly large experience, having for several years past been a teacher and a specialist in this kind of work, he has never had the death of a mother in childbirth.

The loss of his own mother, as elsewhere referred to, has ever stood out before him as a sad incentive to the best efforts and the greatest care that he is capable of giving to woman

> "in the hour When the vail of the body we feel Rent round us, while torments reveal The motherhood's advent in power."

How we wish space would permit the enumeration of a score of other achievements scarcely less noteworthy or beneficent, all the result of self-sacrificing, patient toil upon the part of men and women devoted to that noblest of all professions,

"For we think the calling we pursue
The grandest, noblest and the best;
Because in it there's most to do,
And by it is the world most blest."



FINALE.

In preparing the foregoing sketches it has been necessary to go frequently into that ever interesting domain known as "the past," and in so doing there have been brought constantly to our attention the great changes in everything about us, even in so short a time as a half a century, to say nothing of that longer period reaching back to the days of our great-grandparents.

So remarkable have been these differences in the mode of living within a comparatively few years that we are led to reflect in the words of some unknown scribe:

"How wondrous are the changes
Since fifty years ago!
When girls wore woolen dresses;
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of cowhide;
And socks from homespun wool,
And children did a half day's work
Before they went to school.

The girls took music lessons
Upon the spinning wheel,
And practiced late and early
On spindle, swift and reel;
The boys would ride the horse to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some fifty years ago.

The people rode to meeting
In sleds instead of sleighs;
And wagons rode as easy
As buggies nowadays;
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast
Some fifty years ago.

Yes, everything is altered;
I cannot tell the cause;
For men are always tampering
With Nature's wondrous laws;

And what on earth we're coming to— Does anybody know— For everything has changed so much Since fifty years ago."

We know that many of our readers who have followed us through these various and all too poorly written old-time sketches are prone to think, with Eugene Field, that "there are no days like the good old days," and while we younger folks may not always agree with you in this sentiment, or may not all believe that everything that was good and great and grand belonged wholly to the past, yet for your sakes and for this once at least we will admit that—

"There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful;
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em—
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em.
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
A piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys
When we were boys together;
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us.
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us.



So we dream and dream of the good old times, And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams Of heaven away off yonder."

Perhaps in some respects, at least, it would be better for all of us if a little more of the "good old past," with all its inconveniences, were still mingled with the "weaker and wiser" present, especially in our home-life. We pride ourselves on our present-day luxuries and domestic conveniences; on our handsome houses with all the latest appointments and comforts; and yet there is just enough old fogyism in the writer to make him sometimes feel that when the dirt-making, smoke-producing (but health-preserving) old open fireplace was driven out of our houses by steam or other modern methods of heating, something was lost from the character-making forces of home that can never be replaced, and the want of which must always be felt in the lives of those who are thus obliged to go out into the world from beside a "hole in the wall" instead of from the poetic chimney corner. No silent register, or lifeless radiator can ever put sentiment, inspiration and character into a boy or girl like the

old open fireplace with its shooting sparks, its dancing, singing flames and its glowing satisfying coals. You may

"Talk about yer buildin's
That's het up by steam—
Give me the old oak fire
Where the old folks used to dream.

The rickety dog-iron,
One-sided as could be;
The ashes banked with 'taters
That was roastin' there fer me.

The dog on one side, drowsin', Or barkin' nigh the door; The kitten cuttin' capers With the knittin' on the floor.

An' me a little tow-head

By mammy's side at night;

With both my cheeks a-burnin'

From the red flames leapin' bright.

These steam-het buildin's make me Jes weary for the blaze That was heap more comfortable In my childhood's nights an' days.

An' I'd give the finest heater
In the buildin's het by steam
Fer the old-time chimbley corner
Where the old folks used to dream."

And when we think of that old "chimbley corner" what a train of precious childhood memories starts, and startles us with thinking of all we've lost in losing our youth. It was not only here where the "old folks used to dream," but here we dreamed, and saw in the ever-changing blaze before us, our first visions of life's coming battles. Here we heard the stories told that filled our souls with horrors, and here we learned to read the books that opened up another world; here we experienced at Christmas time the purest joy of all our childish life, as we received with undoubting faith the story of Santa Claus and the reindeers and felt as never before the beneficent kindness of the mason who had left such a great open chimney expressly, it seemed to us, to accommodate old "Kris" with his big pack on his back. Did ever a fire smile back so bright

or ever an act of childish faith bring half so much joy and excitement as accompanied the careful placing of a row of stockings just where they could be seen and reached the easiest? And then the hurrying down to investigate and enjoy the surprises next morning! What a downright shame it was when we finally had to be undeceived, for as we look back now, there is nothing in all the years that stands out so bright, so dear to the heart, so fraught with the tender memories of father and mother as the "Christmas time of long ago," when

"The snowflakes on the sleeping earth their downy mantle flung, While clanging through the frosty air the Christmas joy-bells rung. It is the hour of eventide—the glowing fire burns low, And in its depths fair pictures gleam of Christmas long ago.

I see the little cottage nestled close behind the hill; To us it was a refuge sweet from every earthly ill. The blazing logs upon the hearth give forth a ruddy sheen To tinge the frosted panes bedecked with wreaths of evergreen.

I see the little stockings hung beside the ingle nook; I see the childish faces—oh, how gay and bright they look! While from the little trundle-beds their merry voices hum, As eagerly they wonder just 'when Santa Claus will come.'

How busy were our mothers then from morn until they slept, And from the quaint old kitchen spicy odors upward crept From shelves all groaning 'neath the pies of pumpkin and of mince— Such appetizing goodies have I never tasted since.

Dear faces that I see to-night have gone beyond the skies, From them the joyous Christmas Day now dawns in Paradise. But they seem to hover near me in the firelight's fitful glow, Sweet spirits of the Christmas-time, dear Christmas long ago."

But our little journey into the past—into the scenes of other days, does not stop at the winter fireside. If you were so richly blessed of God as to have been born and raised in the country, we know these various references to your younger days bring vividly to your mind the woods and fields and streams; the entire freedom you used to enjoy in roaming the hills, or fishing in the brooks, or gathering wild flowers in the woods. As you grew a little older and the cares and burdens of life began to press a little heavier upon you, and you came to feel at times the necessity of getting away from all that was artificial and tiresome, how you enjoyed to get off into the very depths of the woodland, and be for a time alone with the birds and flowers and trees. It put

w life in you, and sent you back to your erstwhile prosy duties, with a smile stead of a frown, with a whistle instead of a whine, and in good humor with turself and everybody about you. We remember once coming out of the conotonous and wholly artificial surroundings of a term's schooling and finding just such relief and pleasure as we have above mentioned, beneath the trees the old hillside woods, where as we sat drinking in the refreshing beauties nature, we gave vent to our feelings in the following lines which may serve help some of our readers, at least, to "take a trip on memory's ship" away om the busy toils of the crowded mart to the woodland paths of their boyood:

How pleasant and how free from care, When aweary of Life's lessons dull, To stroll away in open air To the balmy woodland's quiet lull!

In darkest shades 'mid breezes cool
While flows the winding rippling brook,
To sit and learn in Nature's school
Great lessons from her open book!

Tall trees above whose leafy tops
Commingled in one verdant roof,
Enclose beneath for him who stops,
A rustic seat from sunshine proof;

While at his feet grow wild and gay, Sweet summer flowers and grasses green, Who lift their heads, it seems, and say, What stranger's this upon the scene?

The merry birds whose cheerful notes
Go mingling with the brooklet's hum,
Are startled, too, and from their throats
Cries of alarm and warning come.

Each gentle breeze new life imparts,
And songs of birds and flowers bright
Are precious balms for weary hearts
That soon must make them pure and light.

Oh thus to let the soul drink in

These sweetest draughts from Nature's fount!

They make weak man with Heaven akin,

And give him strength to hither mount!

Perhaps if you have wandered far from the sunshine and shadows of you boyhood, and have long been swallowed up in the vortex of the great bus world, you may have forgotten the pleasures you once knew in Nature's fount and flowers and singing birds. You may have grown very wise and wealthy and books and banks and business burdens may have so crowded out all though of your once free and happy boyhood, that when you do get a sane moment to reflect on the past, or some intruder brings it to your attention, as we have humbly tried to do, you are amazed at how much you have forgotten of the "knowledge never learned of schools; of the wild bees' morning chase; of the wild flowers time and place; flight of fowls and habitude of the tenants of the wood," and you fully appreciate the feelings of that most delightful of our child hood poets, when he says:

"I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees:
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,

I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot,
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he!—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:

I'd wish to be a boy again,

Back with the friends I used to know;

For I was, oh, so happy then—

But that was very long ago."

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And if all of this has set you thinking, or better still, has turned your wandering footsteps backward over the once familiar scenes of your youth, it is well; it will do you good to lose yourself for a time in the reverie that carries you as far as possible from the present and makes you "in fancy tread once more the wayside path to the schoolhouse door," and if it were at all possible, it would do you even more good to go in reality back to the scenes of your school-days, "dear old golden rule days," but you should ever bear in mind the lesson of one who

"Sought the old scenes with eager feet,
The scenes he had known as a boy—
Oh, for a draft of those fountains sweet
And a taste of that vanished joy!
He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams,
He threaded the paths and lanes
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods he forgot his pains.
Oh, sad, sad hills, oh, cold, cold hearth.
In sorrow he learned the truth—
One may go back to the place of his birth;
He cannot go back to his youth!"

The writer of these sketches had this truth very impressively brought to his mind while on a recent visit to one of his early boyhood dwelling places; a place he had not seen except in passing, for more than thirty years, but a place doubly endeared to him from its having been not only his home for a time in early childhood, but the birthplace and early home of his mother; and again her dwelling place in later life, and finally the scene of her sad, untimely death at the early age of thirty-two.

As we stood for the first time since the year of our mother's death, in that little back room of the old Oglevee Homestead, where, in giving life to another she yielded up her own, we could not help but reflect that here as a child, with our younger brothers and sister, we had been robbed of our dearest earthly friend, by the offering up of her pure young life as a needless sacrifice on the altar of the medical ignorance of her day.

Going out from this dark spot, we sought to cheer our saddened heart with the brighter scenes of our childhood playgrounds. Only thirty-one years! But how much the place—the boy—had changed in that time! Here and there a familiar spot is still recognizable in that old back yard sloping down from the hillside orchard; one or two of those great old black-heart cherry trees, now

almost dead, still standing out there on the path to the barn, or rather to when the barn used to be, for it is now all torn away after a hundred years or mor of faithful service to man and beast. The old spring still sends out its abundance of pure cold water, and the fragrant mint is growing around that beneficent old watering trough, just as it did thirty years ago. But we failed to fine the spinning wheels and all the curious old things that used to fill the garret The grape-vines did not appear to climb in such endless interwoven meshe along the garden fence and onto the walls of the old smokehouse as they use to do.

In the edge of the orchard we sought in vain for the old harvest apple tree. It had done its work and gone, but when once again on the spot we could al most see and taste those mellow "redstreaks" yet, and the recollection of then set us thinking of all the fun we used to have in and around that old friendly tree.

Some of you will recall that tree, if not that particular one, you will each one think of another like it, that stood somewhere about the dear old home place, in which you used to climb when a boy and from whose leafy bough you gathered apples, the like of which you never expect to see again. What a host of memories cluster 'round

"That old harvest apple tree—
Haunt of boy, and bird, and bee—
With its arms held wide to welcome all the breeze's revelry!
You remember where it grew;
And remember how we knew
All the goodness and the gladness that it held for me and you.

When the wind was soft and low,
How the leaves swayed to and fro
With the sunshine sifting through them to the dappled grass below;
And the shimmer and the shade
Were an endless cavalcade

Of the fairy troops of summer to attend us as we played!

In the branches, waving high,
We were sailors, and we'd cry
An Ahoy! to all the argosies of clouds a-scudding by.
On the grass below we'd weave
All the fancies that deceive
And convince us of the trueness of the land of make believe.

And the yellow apples, too—
Sweetned by the dripping dew,
Faintly blushing at the kisses that the teasing sunshine threw—
O, the famed Hesperides

Never yielded such as these, With a winy tang that coaxed us till we sipped it to the lees!

The old harvest apple tree—
Haunt of boy, and bird, and bee—
With its arms that waved a welcome every day to you and me!
Clear in memory's dim haze,
Happily it swings and sways,
Wafting us a thousand echoes of the cherished yesterdays!"

And with the hope that these humble sketches may in some measure help to reflect and prolong the thousand echoes of your cherished yesterdays, they are

CORDIALLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

as

Another bond to the seal of family friendship, Another cord to the ties that bind the past to the present, And another impulse to the love of God and fellow man.



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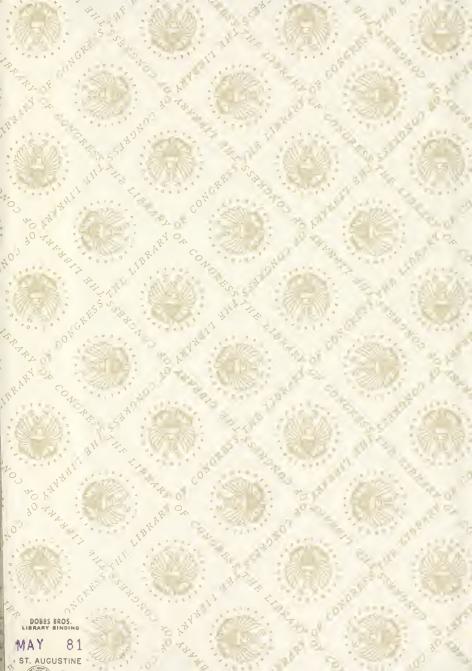
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